

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1924

THE SOCIAL CONTRAST

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I

THE adjective 'social' is used at large, has grown diffuse, and has branched out with many meanings. My brethren of the Press use it as meaning 'of wealthy women.' I use it here in the strict and original sense to mean the relations between the citizens of one community — their general relations: that way of men with men which marks a national spirit. The contrast in this spirit between the American civilization and our own is the first, the most universal, the most characteristic form of contrast to be grasped.

What is the essential mark of the American social spirit? Its essential is publicity: the spirit of the market-place. The contact of individual with individual is indefinitely more continuous and more frequent in America than east of the great water, on the farther shore. To us Europeans rudely surprising, this publicity is the note of all American things. It runs through every manifestation of American life and colors the whole. With us the market-place, the Forum, is a special meeting-place, privacy the rule. With the Americans the Forum is the habit of all life. In the Old World corporation stands separate from corporation, community from community, family from

family, and the rest; among the Americans the sub-units — individuals, families, corporations — are possessed of a ceaseless molecular activity, as it were, and that especially of the individual; each affecting each directly and constantly. The interaction is perpetual between each man and his neighbors of whatever category of neighborhood. It is a quality like that which our physical scientists put forward as their guess at the constitution of a gas, distinguishing it from that of a fluid, a violent rapidity of motion in the particles. It is the extension to the highest degree of what the great Greeks of antiquity called the *political* nature of man: his civic character. It is the extreme of what is much more falsely called, in a characteristically modern metaphor, the *gregarious* quality of man; not in the sense of men's tendency to act together in a great mass, like a herd (though that is one secondary consequence of the thing); but rather in its tendency to make each man affirm his fellowship with his fellows.

For *intense individual contact and energy make for uniformity*. Let me emphasize that very important little paradox. There is no contradiction

between the intensity of individual action and an almost mechanical similarity in general action. On the contrary, the two go together; and where the activity of the individual, his desire to depend upon himself, and his consequent energy in action, are pushed to their furthest limit, there you will have also the most repeated contact between individuals, and, *as a consequence*, the most uniform result. That is why the uniformity of American life is so striking for the European observer.

Put a number of round smooth balls upon a billiard table. Give them each a slow and slight movement, and you will see no general movement appearing. There will be little clatter, few and rare collisions. Impart to them each a very rapid motion, that is, an individual intensity, and while you raise very greatly the noise of the shocks (which is a superficial phenomenon), and while you increase even more the number and frequency of collisions (which is the cause of the noise), you also soon develop a *resultant* of all the random directions. If the sharp speed of each be maintained you will soon perceive in the movement of the whole a general swing, and all that great mass of balls will be moving in a crowd. So it is with a human society.

I am not here concerned with whether this extreme of individual action and individual activity, the consequent extreme of individual contact (that is, of publicity), the further result of large streams of common action and of a vast uniformity also pushed to an extreme, are good or evil; for it is not a judgment of good and evil which I am attempting to describe, but a particular social phenomenon. I do not judge here, I only observe; and I say that the immediate mark, the obvious external mark, of America as compared with our European selves,

is this generalization of the individual in action — his presence everywhere in perpetual touch with his fellows.

To us Europeans coming as travelers to America the degree of the thing is so unusual and, till it is experienced, so inconceivable that it is the first shock of difference we feel between ourselves and our hosts.

The American approaches and speaks to any man anywhere without previous knowledge of him, and is received as an Englishman, German, or Italian would receive a person he had known all his life. In Europe even a man urgently pressed to such action (for instance, a man catching a train and not knowing his way to the station) must always go through some form before he addresses another man; and if there is no urgency, the form must be prolonged and careful. In America this form is unknown. Contact is established at once and as a matter of course; and we of Europe feel this strange American thing subtly and continually in the ordinary approaches of men. One to whom you speak in a shop when you ask him for goods, and that one replying to you; one in a public office, a post office, of whom you ask information and who replies to you; one in any of a thousand relations, which recur daily, treats you in America after a fashion unknown in Europe; and when people are honest with themselves, their sharpest memory of the United States, especially if they remain there (as do most traveling Europeans) for but a moment of their lives, is that brusque relation, vivid, not to be mistaken, different from any experience in their own world.

On most Europeans this novel relation acts as an acute irritant. A smaller number it amuses. To all it is enormously strange; to me attractive. But to the American it is inconceivable that it should be strange. It is to him

as normal as breathing. We call their mood a lack of privacy; they call our mood by equally uncomplimentary names. I have heard the thing deplored by some few Americans, but only by Americans of a leisured sort, and more often by men already acquainted with Europe. The mass of Americans have it of nature and take it for granted.

As the European visitor goes out of one of the great American cities and enters the miles of suburbs where the wealthier men have built their houses, the startling thing to his eyes is to note that *there is no division between one man's ground and another's* — they all stand on one lawn!

The startling thing that strikes his ears is the thunder of electric cars clanging past these houses on their steel rails all day — and all night. Wealth and opportunity in America connote the very opposites of what they do in Europe: extreme neatness, rarity of detail, a hospitable cleanliness of bath, drains, sinks; facile communication, plenty of noise and metal — and no seclusion. With us, wealth — especially wealth long possessed — is marked by an extreme of seclusion; a horror of noise; a carefully acquired distance from communications; a good deal of dust on old books and furniture; a mass of detail in every kind of reading and picture and chance-inherited or picked-up whatnots by the hundred; repose, and (especially with the English gentry) what they call Froust — which some of them also call Fug.

It is not newness which digs this chasm between the two, for the American thing is found in families and fields two hundred and fifty years old; it is a fathomless spiritual gulf separating two kinds of men and making it so that in the world of the one the other could not *live*.

Individuals support the change; but

an English group, remaining English, *could not* (I say) *live* in America: it would breathe an alien air and die.

This element of publicity, then, is everywhere. I could by way of paradox pick out a thousand examples of the apparent contrary: things on which American convention forbids discussion, but European permits it, if not fully, more freely. But these make no counter-balance, for there are an equal amount of conventions the other way about: things not discussed in Europe freely but in America universally discussed — income, for instance, and digestion. But these examples of exception on the one hand, of exaggeration on the other, do not affect the main truths: that the note of American society is life under the eye and in the ear of all.

II

I have said that this root-character of vibrating individual activity leads not only to perpetual personal contact but also to *uniformity*; and I have said that there is here no contradiction, but that the one is an obvious consequence of the other.

This uniformity, this second effect of publicity, is as striking to the European as the first effect, that of perpetual contact. For the contrast here also, in the matter of uniformity, is bewilderingly intense.

In Europe the epigram passes round, 'Everything in America is upon a belt'; by which I suppose the author of it meant that the European observes in America a lack of that high differentiation to which he is accustomed in his own world. Now the American, of course, is awake to a set of domestic differences which the foreign visitor does not feel. But if he will compare the social manner of his own country with that of Europe he will, I think, agree with me that there is in his

society not only uniformity of ideas (compared with ours), but also a widespread uniformity of lesser daily action.

The rapid vibration of individual life has not led to a multiplicity of private habits as a slower but progressive individual pace might have done. It has led to the contrary. It has rendered the individual typical; a common mould exists into which men are run and their surroundings. Thus the large hotel is of identically the same structure, plan, and end wherever you go in the United States; and if it be objected that the hotel is naturally so, being an institution made to be in common and universal, one may reply that nothing in Europe is more personal and 'each-of-its-kind' than our inns. One may add that the human house in America is equally on a pattern, its furniture, its reading, the very details of warming and of cooking and the rest. Every nation, and for that matter every civilization, has some uniformity in such things. There is a French house which is not Italian; a European house which is not Asiatic. But in America uniformity is far more striking (for it is far more exact) than it is with us. It has a far sharper edge, it makes a far neater imprint, it is far less varied within its own genus.

And the converse is true; the traveler is certain of finding one limited set of things everywhere; he is equally certain of lacking others. He will find the same book, the same bath, the same radiator. He will not find Chambertin or, say, 'Lepanto' — a poem, or changing soft songs. He feels a regimental effect.

Upon this I know not how many other causes converge besides those I have guessed at — the even topography; the rapid spread of population over a vast area, still continued in a flood and destined to continue; the delight in mechanical application.

Let me illustrate this last point. A novel form of transport — the American elevator ('lift' in English) — saves a proportion of energy compared with an earlier form, a staircase. In our European world the earlier form will nearly always survive; not precariously survive; not slowly die out; but *survive* — continue, outlast the innovation — and that stubbornly. So also will many other forms, earlier still. This tenacity in the survival of old instruments goes with the spirit of privacy, with the individual private, domestic, turned inward; with the unit of the corporation, of the college, of the family, also turned inward.

And with us such differentiation is not due to dullness or routine, but just the opposite. It is a mark or symbol *in our society* of those who hold a special and even a superior place therein. Thus the high Western civilization of France, Spain, Britain, Italy is far more differentiated than that of Prussia, Russia, or the Balkans. With the Americans it is the reverse. Old forms surviving mean, there, something sluggish or poor: an inhibition. To have things about one less 'efficient' than those of the past is, among Americans, a sign of weakness. Many a European library is proud to be so individual as to be arranged haphazard: to allow a man to browse among its books at the expense of their continual misplacing. Its members choose by discovery, and find the pleasure of such a freedom to exceed the pleasure of rapid delivery through exact order. And in such old European libraries a change of system, the closing of the shelves to such general inspection for the sake of exact order, would be thought a loss, not a gain. But in America the consequent disorder would be found intolerable. The saving of energy in any department is, in America, a progress. To waste energy for the sake of individuality, caprice,

elbow-room, tradition, is, with Americans, to be eccentric and *less* than their standard.

This spirit of common action takes the form also of creating enormous markets even for the things of the soul. It creates on a huge scale, and as a *benefit*, what our urban centres in Europe also suffer from not a little, as a curse — the 'Best Seller': the book which spreads like fire through dry grass, not because it makes any special appeal to individual minds, but because a crowd takes it up. Only some one book can at the same one time thus capture the universal market, but almost any book may do so. One book among a myriad gets the lead (no one knows how) and, immediately, its competitors fall out, and that one book sells by the million for three months — *and is forgotten in six*. That is the astounding part of the affair. The appetite admits itself worthless in judgment and abdicates immediately.

This spirit of common action shows itself much more importantly in the realm of ideas, from which all material manifestations spring. Social doctrines are in America universal. Thus one social doctrine — the treatment of all religious statement and practice *within a certain limit* as private opinions, the persecution of all beyond that limit as intolerable — is universal. It is unquestioned. It is taken for granted. No one may be specifically burdened for rejecting (or accepting) the Catholic doctrine of clerical celibacy. But no one will be tolerated who denies the Catholic doctrine of monogamy.

Again, the value, sacredness, and efficacy of the vote. The conception that a majority¹ has a divine right to decide in any matter is universal in America, not as a conclusion of reason

¹ The Constitution does, in effect, often give a minority power, *e.g.*, through the Senate. But the majority doctrine is unquestioned.

but as an accepted dogma. It is not the doctrine that society as an organism may impose its organic will — *that* all humanity accepts. It is the doctrine that majority voting expresses that will!

The principle is, as all will agree after a moment's thought, absurd. It applies only when three rare conditions are all present together: universal interest, a common experience, a perfect machinery. Shall two lads of twenty-one and twenty-two outvote their father? Is a family less of a social unit than a minx? Do one million care (or know) more about bimetallism than 999,999?

But the case is even worse than such unanswerable questions imply. It is clear to reason that such a conception, even if its principle be admitted, must have physical, necessary, limits. Society could not be conducted at all, and the State could no longer exist, if fifty-one out of a hundred were in all matters whatsoever free to dictate to forty-nine. It would be impossible mechanically, because the number of things to be decided is infinite. It would be intolerable in morals, because it may well be (and usually is the case) that the great majority are slightly opposed to something to which the minority is passionately attached: for instance, the Mass.

In a word, it is self-evident that majority rule, even if you accept it as a divine doctrine, as something in the very nature of morals, can work only on a small field; right or wrong, it can act only over very restricted areas. Yet the limits, until very lately at least, have been accepted only subconsciously in America; only recently has Europe noticed the beginnings of an American discussion upon them, which discussion had hardly begun when I was a young man in America thirty years ago.

It is perhaps the policy of Prohibition that has raised the issue of

majority rule. I do not know. But, I repeat, the discussion has come. It will lead far; but it will not shake that conception of the divine right of a majority. That is a universal idea in America, rooted in the public mind and as omnipresent as was in other times and places the right of the Church to impose itself exclusively in, say, the English world of the thirteenth century.

Philosophers have, of course, debated the matter of majority rule both in America and in our own civilization, and that long before the modern organization of voting upon a very large scale was known. They at once discovered that the right of a majority thus to dictate can be based upon nothing but the absurdity of its alternative. If the majority has not the right to coerce the whole, still less has a minority. Supposing a complete identity of units and supposing an equality of interest in all those units, majority rule is merely the statement that its opposite is more absurd than itself.

But that impassive way of treating the idea of decisions by majorities is not at all the way in which the American mind has received it. It has been received as a self-evident truth in morals.

I know well enough that the wisdom of those who founded the American Constitution checked majority rule, limited it, and so saved the State. But my point is that this dogma, so universal, so unquestioned, so foolish, is an example of *uniformity*.

Another example of this uniformity of social action is found in the great waves of public feeling which sweep the New World. They change rapidly in direction and in object. That of to-day may be almost opposite in direction to that of to-morrow. The object exciting the wave of to-day may wholly differ in nature from the object exciting

that of to-morrow; but the prime mark of *uniformity* is never lacking. The vast mass of human beings moves as one body.

Such cohesive universal action is a most formidable instrument of power. Of all the characteristics of American life which Europe respects, calls upon as an ally or dreads as an opponent, this is the chief; and it is not unamusing to watch the clumsy efforts of European propagandists to produce these waves in the United States. Even as I write the opposing interests of the French and English are urging these peoples to attempt by print and missionary speakers the rise of such a wave; with France it takes the form of attempting to raise an enthusiasm for her sufferings, with England it takes the form of appealing for American entry into a League of Nations, which it is hoped may be turned into an anti-French instrument. These attempts fail. For no force can raise these waves save one arising upon American soil. But when the source of an American enthusiasm is native it may have an astonishingly rapid rise and a still more astonishing vigor. Such emotions come too suddenly for us Europeans even to note their origins. We do not understand their nature.

III

Among the universal ideas which in practice are thus everywhere accepted, and which stamp the public mind of the United States, Europe has in particular noted one; and Europe (particularly England) has so misunderstood this one, that I hope to be excused if I attempt at some length to explain it. I mean the money standard — the close connection everywhere apparent in the American mind between civic value and an individual accumulation of wealth; the use of *acquired* (not inherited) fortune as a test of worth.

There is no point on which more acrimonious folly has been talked by foreigners than this, and all that folly proceeds from a lazy, or an ignorant, or an imperfect analysis of the thing.

There is an attitude toward private fortune, the private possession of wealth, which is, exactly, *idolatrous*; that is, which (a) imputes to this dead thing living attributes, (b) worships this dead thing. For in these two errors combined does idolatry consist. Where that spirit of idolatry is present, where there is a worship of the wealthy man, where there is a confusion between the advantages of wealth and the objects proper for human admiration, there you have as base a corruption of the religious instinct as man can suffer. That is, *very* exactly, Mammon.

Now at the risk of appearing paradoxical and fantastic to nearly all European readers, and even to many American readers, I will boldly say that no modern society is so free from this detestable heresy as the American. To transfer admiration from the thing possessed to its possessor; to conceive that the mere possession of material wealth makes of its possessor a proper object for worship; to feel abject before another who is wealthier — such emotions do not so much as enter the American mind. To say to himself, 'That man is an owner of great wealth; therefore I respect him as I would respect a great poet or a great soldier,' is impossible to an American.

In Europe this mood of Mammon is never absent. I am glad to say that even with us the degrees vary in different places and different times. It was very much worse before the war in England than it is to-day. It was very much worse just before the war than it was a generation earlier. It is worse in Paris than in any of the French provinces, and worse in the French provinces than in Italy. But

throughout our long-stratified European societies there is everywhere a measure of this money-worship; and it is detestable. You may compare the beastly thing to the smell of gas. A leak may be just strong enough to be slightly unpleasant; or stronger and very unpleasant; or appalling. In a few places, it will make a place uninhabitable and cause death. Now, to apply the parallel to Mammon, we in England live to-day complaining of that smell of gas as pretty nearly intolerable. Just before the war (which came in to correct the thing) it really had become intolerable. We were in a room where the leak was so bad that it drove people out. All over Europe (even in Castilian Spain, which is the freest of all our societies from the horror) you can smell that gas. In America you are wholly free from the faintest odor of it.

Mammon is not the passion for *getting* money, nor the desire for what money *can buy*; still less is it the envy of those who have more money than one's self. It is the transference to the wealthy man of qualities not present in him and suggested only by the fact that he is wealthy. It is expressed in the feeling of genuine respect for a rich man and genuine contempt for a poor one; in the attribution of virtue to the one and of vices to the other. You will, I say, find that disease of the soul less present in the United States than in any other modern society. Mammon does not appear with the Americans in gesture, or tone of speech or glance, nor in any of those things which betray the deference of the soul. I, at least, have never seen those glances, or gestures, or heard those tones in America. With us they are universal.

What, then, is it in the American attitude which has been mistaken for Mammon?

It is something quite other. It is the

threefold conception (1) that success in accumulation connotes effort upon the part of any man; (2) that American opportunity should make this equally possible for any man; and negatively (3) that there is nothing else in the State either so easily measurable as the money-standard or so universally present.

The American sees civic life as a race, entry to which is open for all. Nature around him lies still largely unexploited, new ideas of its new use arise day after day. The race is, as a fact, entered by nearly all, and your place in it can be — very roughly — measured by your material achievement. It is natural that under such conditions such a test should be applied.

The simplicity of the standard has its evils, and they are gross. They lead to a difference between the idea of production and the idea of accumulation. They lead to an excess of cunning, though that, again, is cunning of a simple type. But these and many other defects attaching to the conception most emphatically do not include that disgusting, that degrading element of base personal worship, and the exclusion of this evil is well worth the admission of all the rest.

As to the weak side of this 'money-standard' habit, what else would you expect to find in a society which has had for its main temporal task during three centuries the development of a vast and still unexhausted continent? As to its strong side, it is a credit to the civic sense of Americans that they use it as they do without admixture of false emotion.

There is proof that what I say is true. In a society degraded by Mammon, those qualities in man which are inherent (from, say, Literary Talent, which is among the lowest, to, say, Holiness, which is the highest of all) are held to be less significant than the

mere possession of money. They are more or less admired (and that in the wrong order), but they are never worshiped. Worship, to parody the theological definition, 'is reserved for Money alone.' Now among the Americans these inherent qualities not only reach their right place, but take, if anything, a place a little too high. A great soldier having saved Europe on a salary of five thousand dollars a year, the Americans are moved to receive him as he should be received. Did a poet appear nowadays (the world is waiting for him, but he has not come), the Americans would receive him as he should be received. In London rich women would ask him to lunch; but not the same rich woman twice. The poet would, in London, be an exhibit and a trapping at her table, like the ephemeral hero of the last scandal. That is not true of America. Hostesses scramble for lions there as here. But in America the lion is more than the hostess. With us, unless the lion is the richer, the lion is the less.

Or again: among people in one house-party, upon our side of the Atlantic, degrees of deference are almost entirely determined by wealth. A very rich man is, in such a party, a special and sacred being, far more to his companions than to the servants. A poor man is insignificant. Such is our chief vice. We see men through an atmosphere or colored screen of *possession*. In America they enjoy the corresponding virtue of seeing men as they are. In the midst of so much which spiritually weakens the New World, this virtue, which is part of its candor, permanently strengthens it.

So much for the American money-standard, our European misconceptions on which have bred so much false judgment as to merit this long digression. The digression arose, it will be remembered, in connection with the effects of American uniformity.

Now in this matter of the moral effects of American uniformity, two are worth noting before we leave it: an advantage, and a defect. The advantage is a universal courtesy, the defect is assurance.

Courtesy in America never fails. It is found in all states of fortune and in all degrees of haste. That it has not our forms makes it, to those of us who care to observe, the more conspicuous. The great machine of American Uniformity needs such oil and gets it abundantly. In no community I know will you find a less number of proud, or surly, or neglectful men; for pride and surliness and neglect are the fruits of isolation. On the other hand, there is none in which assurance — that is, certitude based on insufficient evidence or on mere repetition — is more rooted. And it is a weakening thing to the individual man and to the State.

For example, each latest fad in the physical or historical jargon of guesswork is accepted for gospel after a fashion far more universal than with us. With us it is a mark of intelligence and reading to ridicule the successive imaginaries which are presented to us for realities — the Cave Man, and the Nordic Race and all the rest of the ephemeral procession. To accept these things seriously and make them a basis for action, or even thought, is associated in the European mind with something imperfect in a man's training. I have even heard them called 'suburban' and 'middle-class' by middle-class people in the suburbs; and when things get as far as that it is a wonder and a sign. For instance, such ephemeral books as these, *Outlines of History* and the rest, have about them, in the eyes of the cultured in Europe, something comic and absurd. The musty, belated, elementary 'science' and history of their authors, half of it already proved wrong and the other half guess-

work, is a joke — especially with the French, who are keenly alive to the fun of such figures. But in America I found that trumped-up stuff taken quite seriously.

This assurance, doing harm within to the American, is a domestic concern of his own; doing harm in foreign relations it is the world's concern, and in that field it might at any moment do the greatest harm. To accept insufficient or actually false stock phrases in ethnology and history is a bad thing for society, but to accept them in international politics is ruinously dangerous, both to the acceptor and the foreign object of his judgment. Words like 'caveman,' 'natural selection,' 'psychoanalysis,' are one's own family affair; but 'Anglo-Saxon,' 'Latin,' 'Nordic,' 'self-determination,' and 'militarism' may start a war.

Luckily, two powerful checks restrain the effects of these asphyxiating tenuosities: first, the Americans have a vivid and most healthy *instinct* against foreign entanglements; secondly, they possess a distinct, clearly-defined *tradition* against the same: a tradition derived from the great founders of the American Commonwealth and fixed in memorable phrases.

IV

I now come to a quality in the American social spirit which cannot be attached to any material cause, which is a product of — I know not what virtue or happy accident in the origins of that society. To this quality one can give only the name of *candor*; it is straightforwardness and unasking sincerity. It has a general effect (I know not for how long this effect may endure) of joy.

I have heard innumerable judgments passed upon the American people by Europeans. But in all these judgments, favorable and unfavorable, unintelli-

gent (as were the great majority) or intelligent (as were a rare few), there almost always appeared with a note of envy, of surprise, of bitterness, — or of mere regret, — the statement that the Americans were happier than any people of the Old World.

They *are*: much happier. It is the astonishing and outstanding thing upon the spiritual side which no one, seeing that people, and telling honestly what he has seen, can hide. They are the happiest white people in the modern world.

Wherever you go, in the whole of the vast territory of the States, you discover that sort of freedom in the soul which is the breeding soil of happiness. I have said that I could discover no cause — certainly no moral cause — for the candor which is at the root of all this happiness; but at any rate I am sure that the cause of the happiness is candor. The American people live in truth.

By this I do not mean that they have not the vices common to mankind, and the particular vices common to our Western race, and the still more particular vices which attach to their own predominant doctrines. What I mean is that the perpetual habit of repression, accompanied by an indurated falsehood of expression, which runs through and through the governing classes of Europe, is absent; and I am fully confident that to the absence of such an evil we must ascribe that other good of a light heart.

Now will this effect endure? I return to that question. About a year ago a German traveling in America for the first time, and saying what I say, that this note of joy had struck him most, added: 'Nor is it marred by any foreknowledge of its own cessation. They do not know for how short a time this joy will last!'

I cannot pretend to this critic's

prophecy. The joy may last or it may not; it cannot last forever, it cannot last, indeed, for very many generations. Every civilization that has developed upon this earth has passed rapidly enough from simplicity to doubt, and from doubt to despair, save indeed where it has been relieved, as was Rome in the fourth century, by that one sublime philosophy which alone can redeem us from despair, but cannot give us back our innocence. Every civilization which has appeared upon this earth has either ended by accepting sorrow as a portion, or by rebelling against that human fate, and so destroying itself. But every civilization has also passed through an early phase of full expression and satisfaction, and in that phase the American people are to-day.

So true is this, that with difficulty does any European man, acquainted as he is with the numerous and accumulated moral evil of the Old World, and haunted, as he must be (if he is of any sufficient culture) by the putrescent hypocrisies of those who are still, with us, in the tradition of government, convince Americans of how false our world is.

There is still in the atmosphere of the United States — and pray God it may long so remain! — a taking for granted of certain fundamental simplicities and sincerities in motive and action which we have overlaid with I know not how many traditional silences. Here in Europe, and particularly in England, a man who knows how government is now conducted since it ceased to be aristocratic feels himself in the presence of silent men furtively beckoning one to another. In America he knows himself to be in the presence of men speaking frankly and aloud. It is the difference between foul air and fresh.

I know that there is a curl of contempt against simplicity, but upon the

balance, and having seen many men in many places, I for my part will give my vote for candor; for its fruit is happiness, and happiness is the end of man.

V

I will conclude this brief analysis of the Social Contrast with one other of those statements which I know will sound fantastic or, in the abused modern sense of the word, 'mystical'; and this also I am going to say because I believe it to be true. The American use of *time* and *space* is in high contrast with that of the Old World; by which I mean that the rhythm of life is other from our own in Europe; quite other.

Everything is in the mind. What men *think* of an hour or a hundred miles is the important thing in the making of their corporate lives. There are, indeed, modern fools who go on to tell you that what the mind holds of these things is all they are, and that they do not exist outside the mind. I will leave them at it. But without delay upon such follies it remains true that a society is wholly colored by the effect of time and space upon itself: the way in which it uses, and is affected by, those dimensions.

Now, according as you use your time and space, and as they affect you, your *rhythm* is produced. A man who speaks at a certain rate, who in his work works half a day at a stretch, who in a short progress feels a great sense of distance, is under one rhythm. A man who speaks or thinks rapidly but otherwise has the same habits is under another rhythm. A man who speaks or thinks slowly but can work at only one thing in short bouts is under a third. The rhythm of a diverse action spread over many activities differs in quality from the rhythm of concentrated action upon one — and so forth. Well, in every character of social rhythm, in

the wave-length and the elevation of the wave, and the oscillation-ellipse of the wave, and the cross-section of the wave, and the rate of the wave, and the matter of the wave, American life and thought contrast completely with those of Europe. Nothing in all the aspects of the general contrast is more conclusive to my thesis than this. Whether that contrast proceed mainly from material conditions (as many would say), or from deeper and unseen causes (as I believe), it is clearly present. Men upon both sides of the ocean express their sense of this continually, but do not, I think, as a rule express it accurately. The American is rather proud of asking the European whether he is not 'rattled' and 'hustled' by the speed of American life. The European complains, on that suggestion, of just the things suggested to him; and the American judging Europe will (of all adjectives!) use the adjective 'slow.'

Now, as I see the thing, these statements are not only simple but wrong. The great quality of the American rhythm is shortness of scale as applied to time and the opposite as applied to space, compared with the European rhythm. The American rhythm is more vibratory, the European more surging; there is in the one something more metallic than in the other; there is in the one something more mechanical and less organic. I hear in one the sound of a hammer, in the other wind through trees. Prolonged effort and effort spread over many fields of life are less consonant to the American air than to the European.

So much for time: but distance, space, has a different effect upon the American mind, and an opposite one. A man going from Paris to Rome, a European, has a different spiritual experience of space from that of a man going to New York from Chicago. It is not a matter of frontiers. A man

going from London to Glasgow and back subtly receives quite another effect of space from one who takes the round-trip between New York and Pittsburgh.

This other-use, other-relation of space comes in by many unexpected ways. You are 'in' Chicago — a town of under three millions — ten miles from its centre either way, and more. I do not mean only technically or legally within nominal city boundaries, but under the same conditions urban and of Chicago. Paris is much the same. London is more than double. But in twenty miles you traverse London from countryside to countryside, and Paris in far less. You carry an American town out with you indefinitely into the country. *Space is less.*

And what is true of space spread out lengthways is also true, somewhat, of space up and down. American height seems less high. Height (on the east coast at least, and in the middle-west) receives, in my eyes, the same impress of reduction: why, I cannot tell.

Testimony to such influences is difficult to give: the modern world is warped by the idea that exact measurement is the only source of knowledge. But the testimony is true. Space is not to the American what it is to us. Beauvais soars higher than the Woolworth Building, and the Palace of Avignon is bigger than the Brooklyn Bridge.

This contrast in rhythm is a fundamental contrast and a permanent one. If it changes it will change only to increase. It affects the whole of life. It has all sorts of odd side effects which I perhaps exaggerate from the very fact of their strangeness, but which are certainly there.

For instance, it affects the quality of repose. The European rhythm demands longer and more absolute repose — perhaps I should say repose of a different kind. The European will say

that the American city appalls him with its noise. It would be more subtle and nearer the truth to say with the *quality* of its noise. I have used the metaphorical word 'metallic' of the New World; it applies here. There is a difference between noise metallic and non-metallic, and there is no doubt whatever that the former is distressing to one sort of mind and negligible to another. Now the first kind of man is typical of our side of the sea and the second of the other side. But this does not mean that mere repose is more necessary to the European than to the American. It is a matter of quality, not of degree. There are forms of repose less necessary to us, more necessary to them.

Here I am in deeper water, for one can talk of one's self with security, of a foreigner one must talk with hesitation; but it seems to me that the 'short' rhythm connotes repeated repose. If a man is disturbed by a long and complicated process of thought, and craves rather for lucidity and brevity, this, indeed, connotes a form of high activity, but it also connotes a special form of fatigue at the end of it.

Of this difference in rhythm I will give an instance that comes home to all travelers across the Atlantic. Five men, illustrating in conversation some point between them, will in America develop five full accounts and will be listened to separately and in turn. The pattern is one of five units spread over a certain short space of time, with silence for the listeners, no interruption, and an end of the affair after a few such interchanges of fixed and exactly limited expressions of thought.

The same point, debated with us over a much longer space of time, uses a much larger number of units, exceeds such limits, is filled with adventitious allusion; and this contrast I take to be a function of the contrast in rhythms

of which I have spoken. For in the case of the European man, whose habit is one of lengthy concentration and correspondingly lengthy repose, the many aspects of a thing can be presented in many short statements, subject to interruption which does not mar the whole. Whereas the American man, whose concentration is intense but brief, will give all that he has to say, give it in a very limited field, but that field fully covered.

And I feel no oddity in the apparent paradox that the shorter American rhythm uses a more even intonation, a lesser vocabulary, a longer unit of expression; the longer European rhythm more inflection, shorter individual speeches, and the irruption of

side aspects. The one seems to be a consequence of the other, for the European manner defers repose, the American secures it at more frequent intervals and ends the *whole* effort sooner.

When I hear a European saying that the Americans 'make speeches' at him, or an American that the European 'talks in snatches and leaves the point,' I think I understand them both, and that the mutual accusation is due to a misunderstanding parallel to the misunderstanding which the general contrast creates in every other activity. If we admit the contrast, expect it, make it our first postulate in analyzing this very distant world, we shall less misjudge; if we ignore it we shall have what are called 'rude awakenings.'

ONLY MONGOOSES!

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

I

THE mongooses to whom this 'In Memoriam' is dedicated belonged to the African variety known to the naturalist as *Herpestes zebra* or *fasciatus*, as distinct from, but less well known than, the two most celebrated varieties of this rich species, viz. *Herpestes Javanicus*, to which belonged the mongoose of mongooses, Rudyard Kipling's Rikki-Tikki, and *Herpestes ichneumon* the 'rat of the Pharaones,' once as sacred as the cat, but now fallen from its high estate.

In appearance, the African variety are quaint-looking, 'cobby,' rather clumsy little creatures, not larger than a guinea pig when full grown. Their legs

are short, and those in front are bent like those of dachshunds, to whom they have a certain resemblance. To sit up is, with them, a pose as familiar as it is with the bear, and when they do so, and let their bent forelegs hang down on both sides of their chest, they look very much like penguins on shore. In some individuals, the hair of the lower part of the jaws is of a much lighter shade of gray than is that of the rest of the body, so that they appear, when looked at *en face*, as if they wore whiskers.

Their chief strength lies in the neck and jaws, which are, comparatively speaking, of tremendous power; this

quality, joined to the extreme accuracy of their aim, of which their game affords so startling a proof, supplements, when they hunt or fight, any disadvantage which may be due to deficiencies in their build, and explains the fact that they almost invariably succeed in seizing a snake behind the head, before it has had time to strike.

Nevertheless, I did not encourage my mongooses to tackle snakes, except small ones, for it always appeared to me as if a zebra mongoose, owing to that clumsiness of shape just mentioned, must be at a disadvantage when confronted by a full-grown and wide-awake cobra. In my own experience, I have known only one instance of a snake's striking a mongoose. The mongoose was still very young and the snake a small green tree-snake. The mongoose was apparently lacking in the inherited instinct of its race, and seized the reptile, in a desultory sort of way, far below the neck. The snake struck, without much energy, at the jaw of its aggressor, who at once dropped it, and slightly shook himself, but showed no further signs of distress. He did not, however, renew the attack, and the snake made off. I was not sure that the latter was venomous, but I watched the mongoose with some anxiety for the next twenty-four hours. Nothing happened, and I concluded that everything was all right. A month later, the mongoose died with all the symptoms of having been poisoned; but its mate died at almost the same time, showing exactly the same symptoms, and as these pointed to sublimation, of which my boys — who hated the mongooses — knew the effect, and which they could, besides, easily procure, I incline to the belief that the poor little creatures fell victims to native vindictiveness rather than to the self-preserving instinct of the snake.

Brehm mentions somewhere, and

seems to disbelieve, a statement which he heard from Arabs in the Sudan: that ichneumons combine to attack and kill large snakes. I have never seen this happen, but I have been assured by natives in Taveta that mongooses *do* combine to attack and kill pythons, and that they do not devour the dead reptile, but let it lie and putrefy, returning to the spot every day, until they find that the maggots are large and numerous, when they will feast on these.

It has also been said about our mongooses, that they imitate the call of gallinaceous wild birds, and thus attract them near enough to seize and eat them. There is no doubt that among the many various sounds which they are able to produce, there are some which are an almost exact imitation of the voice of the francolin; but here the story ends, for mongooses, like dogs, refuse to eat game birds, whether raw or cooked.

Unlike the larger varieties of their species, banded mongooses are no danger to poultry, although they will sometimes start charging chickens for fun, as dogs do. Their natural food consists chiefly of amphibians, small reptiles, mollusks, insects, spiders, and mice. Of snails they are extremely fond. To break their shells, they seize them with their hands and, with unerring aim and marvelous strength, propel them through between their hind legs, against a rock or a tree in front of which they post themselves for that purpose, sometimes bucking with incredible swiftness, just in time to let the projectile pass clear underneath. They treat large eggs in the same manner, a habit which accounts for a common belief that eggs form the chief item of their bill of fare. As a matter of fact, they much prefer a snail to an egg, and they will not eat the latter if they have other, more congenial food,

although they will generally break the egg, just to amuse themselves, even if they do not touch the contents afterward.

I regret to say that they are also very keen on eating batrachians. They dig these out of their aestivation-holes, which they discover by the scent. Frogs they will eat without preparation, but toads they roll about first like a rolling-pin, the object being, no doubt, to make them get rid of their secretion. They handle hairy caterpillars in the same manner before falling to.

Out of a number of mongooses which I have possessed, three stand out prominently in my memory — never to be forgotten. One of them, Rikki-Tikki, was my companion for close on eight years; the two others — two ladies, called Maskini (Swahili: 'poor person'), and Mshenzi (Swahili: 'uncivilized') — entered into my life two years after he did and preceded him in death by one year and six months respectively. Only once, as long as this symbiosis lasted, have we been separated for the duration of thirty-six hours. I can therefore write about them with as much authority as could Boswell about Dr. Johnson.

During the five years which I spent, uninterrupted and solitary, in a forest of the Shiré highlands, my chief pleasure consisted in the rambles which I took every morning in the company of these three friends and my two fox terriers. The five of them enjoyed these excursions even more than I did, being scarcely able to restrain their impatience when, after my early breakfast, the time to start was getting near.

The greatest sport for the mongooses, and, *par ricochet*, for me, who watched them, was the hunting of tarantulas. These love to build their underground dwellings — which are shaped somewhat bell-like with a small,

sometimes invisible, hole on the surface — along the native paths.

When the mongooses followed these, they now and then stopped short, and applied their little pink noses to the ground, sniffing. If the scent appeared promising, the lucky discoverer at once started digging with the greatest energy and an excitement which increased as the orifice grew larger. From time to time the digging was interrupted and the nose applied to the ground, to make sure; and then the work was resumed with renewed activity. Occasionally the digger was shoved off by her mate, — never, however, by Rikki-Tikki, who, like most male mammals and birds, always gave precedence to the ladies, — when a short tussle ensued, and the burrowing was taken up again by the winner of the contest. Sometimes it happened that, after repeated aspirations, the digging was abruptly discontinued, the hunter having come to the conclusion that the fortress was tenantless.

But when this was not the case, as soon as the size of the hole allowed it, the long-clawed hand and arm were inserted into it to the elbow, and a most careful and thorough groping began inside, guided by the sense of touch only, with what sensations for the unfortunate tarantula one may imagine: feelings which must be identical with those of the boy in Wells's *War of the Worlds*, when the mechanic tentacle of the Martians was groping for a victim inside the hut where he was hiding.

And then, when the presence of the prey was ascertained beyond a doubt, came the dénouement, as quick as lightning. One sudden backward movement of the groping foreleg, and the spider, jerked out of the hole, came flying in an arc to a foot or two beyond the aperture; before it had time to recover from its surprise and indignation it was seized, and its dangerous man-

dibles crushed with a single bite. Then the hunter sat down, and deliberately, and with evident gusto, munched the fat body.

But it would be a mistake to conclude that animals which stand as high in the scale of sentient beings as zebra mongooses are addicted to no other pleasures than those of the table. They are also passionately fond of music, and they love perfumes.

It sometimes happened that, carried away by the ardor of the chase, they turned a deaf ear on me when I started to return to my camp. On these occasions I always resorted to the same expedient. One of the two 'boys' who usually accompanied me in order to watch the mongooses, which were apt to stray, was sent back to the camp for his 'limba,' the native guitar, which he started playing as soon as he had come back to our hunting-party. The moment he struck the first chords, the three mongooses desisted from whatever pursuit they happened to be engaged in and ran toward him, and then, as we all turned homeward, followed close on his heels, tumbling one over the other, and never left him until the music ceased! We must have looked a funny procession! First, the boy pinching the strings of his instrument; then the three eager mongooses, the white man, the two fox terriers, the other native, all walking single file on the narrow path; I imagine the surprise which a European fresh from Europe — nothing of course surprises an African — would have felt if he had suddenly encountered us in the forest. No doubt he would have thought that he was facing a colored reincarnation of the Pied Piper of Hamelin!

That they are fond of smelling perfumes mongooses show by the pleasure which they manifest when they inhale the odor of flowers, frequently standing up on their hind legs and stretching

themselves in order to reach to the height of the blossoms.

Their favorite smell, however, is civet. Civet cats are very frequent in the Myombo forests of Nyasaland, where one often hears at night their monotonous call as they walk about in search of those berries and fruits which constitute their principal food. They have the curious habit of getting rid of their surplus wealth by rubbing themselves against the foot of trees; such spots are conspicuous by the odor of civet which emanates from them and permeates the atmosphere in their immediate neighborhood.

To strike one of these places on our wanderings was, to my mongooses, an occasion of excitement and pleasure. It almost seemed as if they became intoxicated by the powerful perfume; they would rush to the anointed tree, embrace it and rub themselves against it with all the appearance of the greatest enjoyment, and it was only with difficulty that they could be prevailed upon to abandon it.

Unlike cats and dogs, mongooses also love the smell of tobacco. Both Masikini and Mshenzi rolled about on my knees with delight when I blew the smoke of my cigar at them, and tried to catch the clouds of smoke with their paws; one of the favorite tricks of Rikki-Tikki was to seize unexpectedly the burning cigar in my mouth, with his half-prehensile fingers, jump to the ground with it, roll it about until the fire had gone out, and then tear it to pieces and wallow on the debris. But woe to me if I attempted to recover the cigar once it had been taken possession of!

So far, however, from indiscriminately favoring all kinds of perfume, my pets were, on the contrary, fastidious in their choice. I once bought, for their special benefit, a bottle of strong scent of the kind which is sold in native

stores and in great demand with Negroes. They treated it with the utmost contempt, turning away with an expression of disgust after one inhalation.

II

Zebra mongooses are strongly individualized; they each have a distinct personality of their own and differ from one another probably as much as human beings, although certain qualities and defects, as, for instance, courage, and a quick temper, are common to all.

In their tastes they vary as much as in their qualities. No two individuals will favor exactly the same diet or prefer the same dishes. All my mongooses, for instance, liked pork and chicken, but only one of them ate beef, and only one goats' meat. Maskini doted on tadpoles, which neither Rikki-Tikki nor Mshenzi would touch.

The same applies to their sympathies and antipathies. Rikki-Tikki loathed all Europeans except myself, and attacked them savagely when he had the opportunity, so that I had to shut him up every time I saw a visitor approaching my dwelling. When, the visitor gone but still visible in the distance, I released Rikki-Tikki from his confinement, he would rush to a place whence he could overlook the road and stand there, head erect, uttering savage screams, and stamping one of his forefeet on the ground, in a peculiar way he had, which appeared very human. But to all natives, without exception, he behaved in the most friendly manner.

The Sultana Mshenzi was just the reverse. She greeted all white men with the greatest cordiality but could not stand natives, not even those of my 'boys' whom she had known for years. They had to be constantly on the lookout when moving about, for, when they passed too close to her she

immediately made a dash at their feet, an idiosyncrasy which, alas! brought about her untimely end.

And Maskini, the second female, who had the sweetest of tempers, entertained no color-prejudices of any kind! It was interesting to observe the behavior toward one another of the mongooses according to their sex.

Two male mongooses, except when they have been brought up together from childhood, will not tolerate each other and keep on fighting like stags until they are separated. The manner of these contests is very peculiar; they wrestle, shoulder against shoulder, applying all their energy, apparently, to no other purpose than that of making the antagonist lose ground. But these seemingly harmless efforts, which are carried on with the greatest patience, are from time to time interrupted by a sudden, fierce seizing-hold with the teeth, on the soft part of the nose, or the lips, or the nape of the neck, where severe wounds are inflicted. I have found it quite impossible to accustom to one another two adult male mongooses.

Female mongooses also fight, but never without a special reason, and their battles are much less fierce than those of males, being almost entirely restricted to the shoulder-to-shoulder wrestling just mentioned. Very rarely do they make use of their teeth. What they lack in dash and violence, however, these fights make up in dogged pertinacity, for they may last for hours!

Whenever Mshenzi and Maskini engaged in one of these wrestling-matches, Rikki-Tikki used to behave in a very characteristic manner. It was quite obvious that he took an intense and painful interest in the contest, but he was far too much of a sportsman to interfere. He would, on these occasions, approach without haste to within a couple of yards from

the two litigants, and then watch them, his eyes riveted on them, standing quite still. His expression, while he did so, was incredibly human. He looked puzzled, shocked, and sometimes I thought I saw a slight flicker of amusement pass in his gaze. After standing and watching like this for some considerable time, he would move away abruptly, follow his own occupations for a while, then come back straight to where the fight was proceeding, and again stand and watch with the same half-sorrowful, half-whimsical expression; and in this way he continued to behave until the two antagonists became tired and separated.

As a rule, these fights originated in an attempt on the part of one of the two ladies to seize a plaything of which the other had taken possession.

All mongooses, and the sedate and worldwise Rikki-Tikki made no exception to this rule, are passionately fond of seizing hold on small objects which they use for their national game of Fives, which I have described above in connection with snails and eggs. For they do not use foodstuffs only, in this manner. They take the greatest delight in propelling any small, hard object against a solid surface, with a strength which is prodigious for their size, and in seeing it rebound to a distance of many yards, when it is eagerly searched for — this is also part of the entertainment — and then used again and again for the same purpose.

As it is quite impossible to recover by force, without being severely bitten, an object of which a mongoose has taken possession, one had to keep carefully out of their reach all those things, like, for instance, watches, or liqueur glasses, which would have suffered if they had been used as high-velocity ammunition. They were awfully keen on getting hold of small coins, and used to ransack all my pockets for odd

shillings and pennies, inserting their hands into each one of them in turn. As soon as they found what they wanted, they brought it to the surface with their fingers, seized it with their teeth, jumped to the ground, and made off. Maskini and Mshenzi I had to watch on those occasions, for there was always the possibility of the coins getting lost if they were taken too far away or into remote corners.

Not so, however, where Rikki-Tikki was concerned! For, strange to say, that little creature, which had been bred in the wilderness and belonged to an order as remote from human influence as are lions, leopards, or tigers, possessed an innate sense of honesty, such as is only rarely found in the first representative of the *Primates*, who is still supposed by some to be the fountainhead of all the virtues —. No matter how far out of sight and to what distance from the hut or tent Rikki-Tikki had taken the borrowed coin, *he invariably brought it back of his own accord*, when his game was finished, *and dropped it on the ground in front of me*, just looking up to me for a moment afterward to see if I had noticed it.

Needless to say, there had never been the slightest attempt on my part to teach Rikki-Tikki to retrieve. What a mongoose does, it does *proprio moto*. It is easier to train a hyena than to train a mongoose, for there exists no creature in the world more impatient than the latter of coercion or interference. I have been snarled at by mongooses because I had tried to interfere with their mates while they were near; and, once when a young mongoose, for some reason, got angry with me and attempted to bite me, another, standing by, jumped toward it and shoved it off, growling.

I have known only one other mongoose which shared that peculiarity of Rikki-Tikki's to return property which

it had commandeered. I did not keep it very long, for unfortunately it died before it was full-grown. It must be added, however, that Rikki-Tikki was already over two years old when I first became aware of his habit to return things borrowed for use in his favorite sport.

Mongoose take a long time before they are full-grown, and they do not attain maturity until they are two years of age. None of the mongooses which are offered for sale on the coast are full-grown, just as in the case of grivet monkeys, and I do not remember ever having even seen a full-grown mongoose in Zanzibar, where so many used to be kept. They are probably all killed before they attain full size, either because the natives fear the temper of the adults, or because they want their skins. The long time they take to grow up — so much longer than do cats — would seem to indicate that, in congenial surroundings and under favorable circumstances, they might live to a considerable age. Rikki-Tikki was still in the prime of life — nearly eight years old — when he became ill and died.

To my great regret, all my mongooses have remained without issue. I have never heard of zebra mongooses breeding in captivity, however great may have been the liberty of movement which they enjoyed. My own observations in this respect have been confirmed by all the natives whom I have consulted on the subject. My pets were absolutely free to roam about as they liked, wherever I lived at the time, the only restrictions on their movements being occasioned by my anxiety lest they should stray and be killed by natives. Yet this moderate measure of interference was sufficient to prevent them from breeding. No doubt, their ideas of liberty differ from ours; however great may be, in our own minds, the freedom which they enjoy,

they themselves still look upon it as captivity.

I regretted this circumstance all the more, as both Mshenzi and Maskini gave me evidence enough of the strength of their maternal instinct. I happened to keep, at one time, a female Nyasaland cat, a breed of domestic cats indigenous to Nyasaland and Zambesia, which in appearance is indistinguishable from that of the wild bush cat and most probably identical with it.

It was a great event in my household, when Shri, one day, brought inside for approval her first litter, consisting of three kittens marked exactly like herself, which she had, so far, kept hidden in the thatch of the roof. The two female mongooses, when they saw them, went beyond themselves with joy. It was the latent maternal instinct suddenly awakened, manifesting itself in a touching and pathetic way. They put their arms round the necks of the kittens, and licked and fondled them, as if they had been their own, and when I had prepared a place for Shri and her brood, they remained with the latter, and were not to be persuaded to leave the room. In the beginning I felt some anxiety, because I was not quite sure what unexpected turn these demonstrations of affection might suddenly take. But my apprehensions disappeared as minute after minute passed without bringing any marked alteration in their quality.

I had also feared that Shri, who could be terribly fierce on occasion, and who, moreover, was considerably larger than the mongooses, might object to their endeavors to monopolize her progeny. But in this, as in so many other ways, she was perfectly surprising. Wiser than her master, she did not for a second show the slightest doubt as to the benevolent character of the endearments which her babies had to

endure. After a day or two, she even came to the conclusion that nothing could be more convenient than this unceasing attendance of Mshenzi and Maskini on her family; for she allowed herself, between fulfillments of her unavoidable maternal ministrations, the relaxation of frequent and prolonged strolls in the neighborhood.

Rikki-Tikki, as might be supposed, took no part in this cajoling, but, after one coldly surprised glance at the newcomers, ceased to take any notice of them.

As long as the kittens were too small to leave the room, the interest with which they inspired the two lady mongooses never flagged, and included all their actions. I shall always remember the day when one of the kittens, for the first time, gave voice. Both mongooses began to scream in a way which is common to them all when anything gives them pleasurable excitement, a demonstration which caused two Negroes, who witnessed it, to roar with laughter.

Strange to say! From the day when the young cats first followed their mother outside, they forfeited all the affection of their two friends, and were henceforth ignored.

III

The reference to the 'eternal feminine' brings me, reluctantly, to the mention of the least pleasant side of my long and affectionate friendship with Rikki-Tikki. Alas! he, like elephants, stags, and camels, became 'musth' every year at the beginning of the rainy season — a most trying ordeal for myself and my household, but particularly for myself. He had three or four fits of musthness during the first half of the rainy season, at intervals of about a month's time, and each fit lasted nine days.

Rudyard Kipling's mahout says about his musth elephant: 'It is me he wants to kill, because he loves me most of all' — or words to that effect; and the same was the case with Rikki-Tikki when he was musth. All the passion, rage, and hatred of which he was capable were then concentrated against me, and me alone, while he left my native servants unmolested. As is the case with lions, leopards, and the large birds of prey, Zebra mongooses are monogamous, and the amorous passion of Rikki-Tikki, whenever he had been hit by Cupid's arrow, had for its object one only of his two companions, and that one always the same through all the years — Mshenzi, the negrophobe.

All his efforts, during these periods of trial, tended to one object — to keep me and the Sultana separated. These fits of temporary insanity did not appear all at once in their full strength; they evolved gradually, from what was, during the first two or three days, merely a display of bad humor and ill temper, into the maniacal fury of the end. At that time, he tried to prevent his consort from taking any food at all, so that the poor creature had to subsist on small scraps which I threw to her, and which she managed to pick up on the run! Several times I tried to feed her while I was sitting on a table with my legs drawn up; but Othello would have none of this and chased her away mercilessly when she attempted to stop. On one of these occasions he jumped up and caught my hand and fastened his pointed fangs into it like a ferret, so that I had the greatest difficulty in shaking him off, the flesh being badly lacerated in the action. On another occasion he tore away with his teeth a large piece of leather from a mosquito-boot which I was wearing. Fortunately he just failed to reach the foot.

Whenever I happened to live in a house, I kept the two shut up in a separate room as long as Rikki-Tikki's *dementia amorosa* lasted; but this was impracticable when I was camping, and under the latter circumstances — a stockade in the open being excluded from fear of leopards — there was nothing to do except to be incessantly on the lookout during the day, and, during the night, to shut them both up in a cage into which they had to be decoyed.

I think I hear some people saying: 'I cannot understand how you could put up with all this! I should have killed the brute if I had been you!' To which I make reply: 'I do not think you would have, not even if you are a professional slayer of elephants, not if Rikki-Tikki had shared your fortunes, as he had mine, with unwavering devotion and loyalty, year after year, — the short intervals of "musth" excluded. Not if you had ever seen him when, the period of his trial over, he crawled up timidly to my chair, and then, after some anxious hesitation, having noticed no discouraging gesture, he climbed up on my knees, and thrust his cold little nose under the bosom of my shirt, and nestled close to me — humility and apology and affection personified. Of course you would have forgiven him every time, and, every time, your mutual friendship would have grown the stronger for the ordeal through which it had passed!'

During the remainder of the year, Rikki-Tikki showed no preference for either of his two companions, and he often used to play with one or the other after the manner of cats or dogs. But there could be no doubt that the sweet-tempered Maskini recognized Mshenzi's position as favorite and meekly submitted, for whenever she was engaged in playing with Rikki-Tikki and the Augusta approached, she immediately ceded her place to the latter and

went quietly away, while Mshenzi herself accepted this self-effacement as her due.

One of the most wonderful attributes of zebra mongooses is their *copia verborum*. They dispose of so many different sounds, uttered in so great a variety of intonations, and with such convincing expressiveness, of joy, of sorrow, of anger, of regret and disappointment, of expectation, of longing, of desire, of surprise, of anxiety and fear, that it amounts to a language. Unlike any other mammals known to me, they converse at a distance, even when they are out of sight of one another, as, for instance, when they happen to be in two different rooms.

They often talk in their sleep, and Rikki-Tikki, from time to time, gave vent, while sound asleep, to an endless lament, a series of long-drawn though not unharmonious wails in a rising and falling cadence, expressive of heart-rending sorrow and distress, painful to listen to in the silence of the night.

Yet another curious peculiarity of theirs is, that they look, intently, and with evident interest, at stretches of country lying in front of them, when they find themselves at the top of a hill or of a mountain where they have not previously been. Their eyesight is marvelously sharp, and they detect birds of prey — the only thing in the world which they fear, apart from leopards and servals — at incredible altitudes in the sky.

IV

Those wild creatures of the bush are capable of feelings of affection and love as strong as those of men.

When Rikki-Tikki was brought to me as a youngster still far from maturity, two years before the appearance on the scene of Mshenzi and Maskini, I owned a nearly full-grown female

mongoose, a charming and affectionate creature whose name was Mzuri, and the two became great friends. About a year later Mzuri was killed by a native who threw a stone at her, accidentally, as he said, because he wanted to prevent her from following him out of the camp. Rikki-Tikki was not present when this happened, nor did he see the body of his dead comrade.

During the first twenty-four hours after her disappearance, he gave no signs of worry or uneasiness, obviously thinking that she was somewhere about and would soon turn up. On the second day, however, he began to show symptoms of distress, and started searching about the camp and in its vicinity, standing still to listen from time to time. As his search proved fruitless, his unrest developed into a perfect fever. He extended the field of his investigations far from the camp, diving into every hole among the rocks and into every thicket, and all the while he was calling her in the most affectionate tone of voice, as if he thought that she was in hiding somewhere, and that he must persuade her to come back. These untiring efforts lasted from morning till evening, when he returned into the tent, quite exhausted, to sleep with me as was his habit.

Once, during the night, there was a noise heard near the tent, as of some small animal passing or approaching. Never to my dying day shall I forget the cry of joy which Rikki-Tikki gave when he jumped down from my bed and out of the tent — only to crawl back slowly and disconsolately a few minutes later, to regain his post by my side.

I had, by that time, decided to return to Mwakete, where I had spent a former rainy season and built a larger shed, almost a house, which I had used as my headquarters. My return-journey to that place took me over

country which I had not yet passed, and, owing no doubt to these new and strange surroundings and to the excitement of travel, Rikki-Tikki's grief, during that short journey, which took me about five days, appeared to be subsiding. I began to feel hope that he would at last recover from it. But I was, alas, destined to be disappointed.

Both Rikki-Tikki and Mzuri had been in Mwakete with me when I had lived there last, and, as soon as we arrived, the familiar surroundings kindled afresh, in the former's mind, the memory of his lost friend. He again began his hopeless quest. It was not the habit of my mongooses, as a rule, to leave the immediate vicinity of my camp, unless they were following me, and that Rikki-Tikki should have departed from this habit in his anxiety to find his vanished companion shows how profound was his affection for her. Once, as I had lost trace of him, I sent after him a search-party of boys, who found him at a distance of over a mile from Mwakete!

Six weeks passed before he appeared to resign himself to the inevitable, and I succeeded at about that time in procuring another lady mongoose to keep him company; but she was still very young, and, although the two became friendly, she did not obliterate altogether from his memory the image of his first love.

After the lapse of six months, I left Mwakete for Buanji, a country situated at the northern end of the Livingstone Range. In the course of this journey my safari crossed a former track of mine, where I had passed a year before, when Mzuri was still alive. We camped at the same place where we had camped on that first occasion. After the tent had been pitched, and Rikki-Tikki released out of his travelling-box, he became restless, started ferreting about in one direction and

another, and finally took up the search again with such intensity, that, as I intended to continue my march on the following morning and feared that I might be delayed if he strayed, I had to shut him up again in his box.

After the death of Mshenzi, six years later, — she had been preceded in death by Maskini, — it took much longer ere he realized that she had gone from his life forever. I did all that was humanly possible to find a successor for her, but I failed — and Rikki-Tikki, once he had given up hope, refused all food, and died, worn to a skeleton. A few nights before the end he uttered, while asleep, in an inexpressibly tender and wistful tone of voice, the call which he used toward her during her lifetime.

The affection of mongooses for friends who belong to the human race is as great as that of dogs. My mongooses, when I had to dispense with their company on leaving the house or camp, had to be prevented by force or stratagem from following me, for nothing else would deter them from doing so, even in a pitch-dark night, although they are diurnal animals. When, from my camp, I could be seen at a distance on my return, they would run hundreds of yards to meet me, and when they reached me and I stopped to greet them, lie down and lay their heads on my feet as a sign of submission and love.

Although zebra mongooses are fond of bathing and like to splash about with water in a shallow tub, they do not as a rule enter deep water of their own accord, good swimmers though they are in an emergency. Yet I have been told about two of them which jumped after their master, a carpenter of the Berlin Lutheran mission, into a deep pool.

In the house, they show their affection for their master, and the pleasure which they take in his presence, in many small ways, by act and speech.

My affection for Rikki-Tikki turned almost to idolatry after a bad accident which I had in a wild part of Ukinga where I happened to spend eight months without meeting a single European. He was the only mongoose in my possession at that time, indeed, he was my only friend, as Jerry, my faithful old fox terrier, had been killed by native curs a short time before. During the six weeks which my illness lasted, and which I passed almost entirely on my bed, as I was unable to move without feeling excruciating pains, Rikki-Tikki voluntarily shared my confinement and never left my presence except for a few moments at a time.

I feel not a shadow of a doubt that he knew that something was wrong with me and that he remained with me day and night for that reason. He gave up his habit of running about in search of beetles and other creatures, a habit in which he always indulged when I was well, and which he took up again as soon as I had recovered.

Apparently insignificant actions sometimes throw more light on the psyche of man and beast than a more spectacular behavior. I should class within the former category the fact that my mongooses, when they wanted to be scratched, — a proceeding which they greatly liked, — intimated their wish to me by softly stroking my chin with their claws.

As long as they were young, when they felt hungry they had a habit of climbing on my knees and pointing with their own mouths at mine, in a marked and quite unmistakable way, until I 'tumbled' to their meaning.

Their skill in opening complicated fastenings, including bolts and hooks, was astonishing. No box or basket was safe from their investigations for any length of time. And although it takes days for a cat or a dog to discover the proper way to get inside a mosquito

curtain, mongooses find out at once that what they have to do is to lift it and pass underneath.

V

In the preceding pages I have attempted to show that zebra mongooses possess some of the qualities which we admire most in men. One may safely assume that if, while remaining psychically unchanged, they walked about exclusively on their hind legs and had no caudal appendage, some society for the protection of aborigines would include them in the number of its protégés. This being, however, not the case, they are left exposed, without effective interference in their favor on anybody's part, to unrestrained perse-

cution by the peoples among whom their lot is cast. The natives of East and Central Africa hunt them with packs of curs for their flesh and for their skin, without any necessity whatsoever; for those tribes which are chiefly responsible for this wholesale extermination are rich in goats and in cattle, and may besides, in many parts, hunt game to their hearts' content.

It is with a bitter feeling that I bear testimony, in conclusion, to the melancholy fact, that the missions do nothing to prevent this wanton destruction of highly gifted, sensitive, and harmless creatures.

Neither must I omit to mention, O Christians! that the *Herpestes Zebra* has one ally, one only: the True Believer does not hunt it. Allah Akhbar!

THE RECEDING TIDE OF DEMOCRACY

BY H. H. POWERS

I

FIVE years have passed since the armistice put a nominal end to the greatest of all world struggles. We can now see things somewhat in perspective and may profitably attempt an inventory of results. Men have indeed long been busy at the task, but it is significant of the spirit of our time that most of these surveys have been economic. So far as I am aware, no one has attempted to estimate the influence of the war on democracy or the principle of self-government. The men of my generation were reared in the faith that democracy was our most precious heritage, the palladium of our liberties, and in

general the cure for all our social ills. Both our Revolutionary War and our Civil War were fought with this conviction in the foreground of consciousness. The measures adopted, following the decision, expressed that conviction. The one was epitomized in the Federal Constitution, the other in the Fifteenth Amendment.

But while the recent conflict resulted in the most sweeping changes in government, affecting two or three hundred millions of the human race, changes almost wholly in the apparent interest of democracy, surprisingly little attention has been paid to these changes.

They have received but moderate editorial notice and the note of exultation has been conspicuously lacking. Reparations monopolize the front page, and while we are sharply divided on the questions of the Ruhr, of French militarism, and the like, these questions are discussed with little reference to the German Republic whose fate hangs trembling in the balance. Have we become disillusioned with democracy and lost faith in its saving grace, or have other interests for the moment made too heavy a demand upon our finite attention and induced a neglect of democracy which belies our true convictions?

Undeniably the economic problems that now engross our attention are of extreme importance. They are basic to our civilization and failure to solve them will destroy both democracy and civilization itself. Yet the problem of political organization remains one of the great interests of mankind. If our fathers saw things in somewhat distorted perspective, is it not probable that we do the same? It will not be amiss for us to try to redress the balance.

It may be well to recall at the outset that the traditional faith in democracy is of comparatively recent origin. The founders of our republic accepted the principle with many misgivings. Probably those who accepted democracy rather as the one thing possible than as the one thing desirable were in a minority, but a minority which included a Hamilton was a potent minority. If these men only half believed in democracy, the statesmen of Europe in their day did not believe in it at all. Even in England, by far the most advanced of European nations at that time, there were few serious statesmen who saw in popular government anything more than a useful check on the indispensable power of the monarch.

Distrust and even denunciation of democratic tendencies was as common among English statesmen of the time as among German statesmen of a century later.

If we are tempted to criticize this attitude as narrow and prejudiced, it is well to recall that the facts of history certainly favored their contention. Democracy was not an unproved thing; it was a discredited thing. It had had many trials, all of them failures, ending in relapses into autocracy. The solitary democracy of the time, that of Switzerland, existed under conditions too anomalous to serve as a precedent.

The next century and a quarter, from 1789 to 1914, witnessed a remarkable change of sentiment. Doubts slowly yielded and hopes increased until democracy became the hope of humanity and faith in it a shibboleth of sanity.

First of all, American democracy made good. We effected a union of diverse elements, enormously extended our domain, assimilated alien populations, evolved an efficient government organization, and came unscathed through the ordeal of civil war. It was not a case of mere survival, but of unprecedented advance in wealth, in education, in culture, and in political and military organization. Nor did we have covert recourse to autocracy in the crises of our national life, but rather we steadily fostered the atrophy of the less democratic features of our constitution and moved constantly toward the full realization of democracy.

Fair-minded men in Europe could not but be impressed by such a record. In fact they were unduly impressed by it and, like ourselves, attributed to democracy much that was due to other causes.

But this was not the only triumph of democracy. Before half a century had

passed, all Latin America had thrown off the yoke of allegiance to Europe and adopted constitutions like our own. France had followed promptly and dramatically, if somewhat fitfully, in our footsteps, and the great Dominions of Canada and Australia had unmistakably mapped out a democratic future. Before the end of the period China had added her vast amorphous bulk to the group.

Less conspicuous but more significant was the change wrought in States still outwardly monarchical. Great Britain retained her king but transferred his prerogatives to the Commons, leaving him indeed a useful functionary but in no sense a ruler. Influenced by American and British example, the idea gained currency that Anglo-Saxon prosperity was due to constitutional government. Constitutions were therefore extorted or willingly granted in nearly all the monarchies of Europe and even in far-away Japan. Russia fell into line in 1905, Turkey in 1908, and even Persia a little later.

It is true that these constitutions varied greatly in the powers conferred upon the people, some — like those of Germany and Japan — refusing to recognize the responsibility of ministers to the representative body, while that of Russia largely withheld from popular control some of the most important departments of government. But it was popularly believed that the whole was a ratchet movement which could end in but one way.

What was granted could never be recalled and what was withheld could not long be retained. Potentially, therefore, the world had been won for democracy before the year 1914. Autocracy retreated like a hunted thing into the wilds of Africa, the fastnesses of the Himalayas, and the sheltered preserve of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

II

However just men's faith in democracy, it must be confessed that this confidence has been at times naïve. This was especially true of the period following our Civil War. It was then that we sponsored Liberia and enfranchised our slaves with few misgivings and inadequate safeguards. It was at this time that Britain took steps to withdraw from Jamaica, convinced that the islanders were ready for self-government. It seems strange now that Britain should have found the example of Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Venezuela reassuring, but prepossession seems to have precluded observation. The possibility of retrogression in these exotic republics seems not to have been entertained. Progress might be slow, but the nature of democracy made progress inevitable.

To be sure, the quarter century immediately preceding the World War somewhat moderated these hopes. It witnessed the failure of democracy in Liberia, the virtual cancellation of Negro suffrage in the South, the collapse of the Caribbean republics and the growing tendency to deadlock in the popular governments of continental Europe. Men took a more sober view and allowed more time for the realization of their hopes. But men still believed in democracy and found in new territorial gains compensation for local failure and disappointment. If Santo Domingo, Haiti, and Nicaragua had fallen prey to anarchy, their place in the democratic procession had been taken by Russia, Turkey, Persia, and China — each with its new Magna Charta. What were such losses in the face of such gains!

The World War naturally marks an epoch in this development, with which, by the way, it avowedly concerned itself. The war was fought, we were told,

to make the world safe for democracy. If this pronouncement was not altogether borne out by events, it unquestionably struck a popular chord. There was a very general hope that the war might advance the cause of democracy and a strong conviction that the triumph of democracy would go far to ensure the world against a repetition of the great horror.

The first result seemed to promise the fulfillment of these hopes. Before the war ended, the Russian autocracy, conspicuous misfit in a combination to make the world safe for democracy, had collapsed. With the collapse of the Central Powers fell the most venerable and firmly established dynasties of Europe. In Germany alone twenty-two hereditary rulers lost their thrones. Even the one country where democracy seemed impossible has since dismissed its sultan and elected a president. All this was very gratifying. It seemed that whether the world was safe for democracy or not, democracy had decided to take the risks.

It is needless to say that this spectacular overturning of thrones had no serious significance in this connection. The whole performance had about the same relation to the establishment of democracy that Fourth-of-July fireworks have to the winning of a battle. But it appealed to the popular imagination and strengthened the popular faith in the ultimate triumph of the cause. Back of this pyrotechnic display, too, there was something of real achievement. The German Empire, for instance, had long had its Reichstag elected on a basis of complete manhood suffrage, but the principle of ministerial responsibility to the Reichstag had been strenuously and successfully resisted by the Emperor. His overthrow removed the obstacle to the complete recognition of the democratic principle. Much the same was true throughout

the domain of the Central Powers. These countries had had the institutions of popular government, but the powers of government were divided between these and the monarch. Popular government was encroaching steadily on monarchical prerogative and the outcome was hardly in doubt, but the disappearance of the monarchs, in theory at least, completed the transfer.

This period of showy and more or less nominal triumph, however, has been followed by a series of unmistakable defeats. Democracy has lost immense territories, and its position has been visibly weakened in territories which it nominally retains. Withal it seems to have lost ground in the confidence of mankind.

The case of Russia comes first to mind — that vast territory where we hoped so much and where our disappointment is so complete. The apologist will of course remind us that this is no real loss to democracy. Russia was an autocracy before and is an autocracy now. The change may be for better or for worse, but it does not concern democracy. There is a degree of truth in this popular view, but I believe it to be largely erroneous. There was a real beginning of popular government in Russia in the decade preceding the war, and the extinction of these incipient institutions probably constitutes one of the most serious losses that democracy has suffered.

In 1905, following the disasters of the war with Japan, popular pressure extorted from a weak tsar a constitution which provided, among other things, for an elective assembly or Duma. The Duma was elected by practically manhood suffrage, a suffrage which the Tsar virtually pledged himself not to restrict. On the other hand the Duma was given but little authority over such important departments as foreign affairs, finance, the army, and

the royal household. Limited as were its powers, however, they included a certain control of the purse, a power which, all history shows, can be used to extort further concessions without limit.

It is a curious fact that while those who believed in a Duma met only to demonstrate its futility, those who did not believe in it, fairly justified its existence. Called together by the Tsar, they went through the parliamentary motions. Commissions were appointed to study national problems and reports and discussions followed. Inevitably an interest in these questions developed, and the Duma found itself in conflict with bureaucratic views and procedure. During the later years of the decade it developed a serious programme, compelled increasing recognition, and showed an unmistakable determination to champion the popular cause. The prime minister found himself compelled repeatedly to prorogue the Duma and have recourse to ad-interim legislation by decree in order to carry on the government. This was resented as hotly as it would have been in any Western country and the conflict was developing that cohesion and discipline which the Duma required for its task. It was this onetime reactionary Duma, headed, it is true, by Milyukoff and his constitutionalist associates, but presenting a fairly united front, that overturned the autocracy in 1917.

For a moment the destinies of Russia seemed committed to its keeping. Milyukoff was the man of the hour. But with the brake of tsardom removed, the new Government went spinning down the toboggan slide of revolution. After Milyukoff came Kerensky and after him Lenin.

We must resist the temptation to digress on the masterful personality of Lenin. Suffice it to say that he has demonstrated immense ability, prob-

ably the greatest of any man in our time. Most successful leaders are opportunists. Like the surf rider, they are clever in balancing themselves on the crest of the curling wave that bears them shoreward. But it is the wave that sets their course. Not so Lenin. No leader of revolution ever held so consistently to a philosophy not born of the situation or favored by events. He has constantly taken the half loaf, but never abated his ultimate demands. He said at the outset that his experiment in Russia would probably be a failure. The marvel is that he has so nearly made it a success. Whatever the outcome, he seems to have avoided the fate of most leaders of revolution. He has kept his principles. He began as a communist and he is a communist still.

But Lenin is not and never was a democrat. He believes that democracy is a device of the capitalist to divert popular attention from the real issue and that it has always served that end. The people are not able and never will be able to anticipate the conditions of their own welfare. They can learn to appreciate these conditions only through experience. It follows that the conditions of well-being must be imposed upon them by the few who have the gift of foreseeing them. Once enlightened by experience — perhaps a long and painful experience — they will recognize and defend their true good, but never in advance. This philosophy, which is more or less present in the subconsciousness of every imaginative and aggressive man, is, apparently, unqualifiedly accepted by Lenin. I have seen no evidence that he ever quarreled with the institution of tsardom in principle. He objected merely to the ends sought. The Tsar would have been all right if he had used his power to establish communism. It is needless to say that this philosophy

is in permanent conflict with democracy to which it assigns but the humble task of ratifying the *fait accompli*.

The modern obsession in favor of democracy was never more clearly shown than in the early charge of inconsistency brought against Lenin. When he dissolved the newly invoked National Assembly because he found the majority opposed to his plans, we accused him of abandoning his principles. We assumed that, as a champion of the people's cause, he would rely upon the people's support. Why? Only because we have so thoroughly accepted the idea that the people can be trusted with the people's interests. Lenin does n't think so. Perhaps we should n't if we lived in Russia. To him the hope of the world lies in communism and for the establishment of communism he is ready to use every available means. Democracy is not an available means, and for democracy as such he cares nothing whatever.

It is undeniable, therefore, that Russia represents, in a very real sense, lost ground for democracy. Paradoxical as it may seem, it was the overthrow of autocracy which was the occasion of this loss. The autocracy, always resistant but inevitably yielding, was the necessary steady and consolidating force. Had the tsarist régime continued, there can be little doubt that an evolution more nearly like that of England would have been the lot of Russia. At present there seems to be no such prospect. Present-day Russia is not even incipiently democratic.

III

Italy furnishes another example of territory recently lost to democracy. Constitutional government, though completely recognized in Italy and loyally observed by the Savoy dynasty, has never been wholly successful. The

Italians have not succeeded in forming two coherent political parties. Political groups have been numerous, fluctuating, and largely personal in their allegiance. Government majorities have been formed on the bloc principle with its corollary — the fatal minority veto. The circumstances of the recent revolution are familiar but its true scope is not commonly understood. The fact that the change has been made without violence and that the machinery of popular government has been preserved and to some extent utilized has somewhat obscured the fundamental character of the change.

The organization of the Fascisti is to me one of the most significant achievements of modern times. Mussolini seems to have grasped the fact that subversive radicalism rests not upon reasoned conviction but upon the restless energy of youth. There is something of the Jacobin about every young man. It is not that he has clearer vision or more public spirit than older men, but that he longs for something to do. The conservative says to him, 'Things are pretty much right as they are. Don't disturb them.' That offers no relief to his pent-up energy. The radical calls to him, 'Come and help us smash this rotten thing and we will build a better one afterward.' That appeals. The impulse tingles out to his very finger tips. Conviction follows easily under such circumstances. Philosophy is but the shadow cast by passing events.

Having resolved upon a drastic plan of action, Mussolini made his appeal to the millions of young Italians as they were released from military service. There is reason to believe that they were ready to a very large extent to join the revolutionaries. He called them to save Italy and laid out a programme congenial to their tastes. Appealing to their patriotism, to their

military pride, and to their desire for action, he launched them with superlative skill against the hydra-headed revolution. There was bloody retaliation, but this only gave them martyrs to avenge and fired their zeal. When the radicals tried their favorite stunt of a general strike, sprung upon an unsuspecting country at midnight, the Fascisti jumped on to the abandoned tramways and locomotives and set things going. Marvelous as was their discipline, the most striking thing about them was a certain spirit of moral exaltation which must not be forgotten in our estimate of Mussolini.

From first to last, however, there was no appeal to the law. It may be that this is Mussolini's temperament, or, not unlikely, the result of his disgust with the Italian Government as he knew it. But the more important fact is that legal methods were wholly unsuited to the occasion and to the instruments of his choice. It is probable that if Mussolini himself had been at the head of the Government, and had attempted with the aid of honest courts to suppress the revolution, he would have failed. He certainly could not have enlisted the enthusiastic coöperation of twenty-year-old youths.

For a long time the Fascisti seemed hardly to come into contact with Government. That contact came when they gathered strength sufficient to invade the great socialist strongholds in the industrial North. Here, in cities like Milan and Turin, the radicals controlled the Government and their stronghold was the city hall. Here, when their plans were ready, the Fascisti appeared in numbers before the mayor and other officers and presented a courteous request that they should resign their positions. When this was refused, they picked them up bodily and carried them out on to the sidewalk, while those of their number who

had been previously designated sat down in the vacant chairs and assumed their respective duties. It was a primitive form of recall, but prompt and effectual.

With amusing inconsistency the radicals in Parliament now raised a clamor that Government should protect life and property. Too late the Government tried to recover its usurped prerogatives. A new prime minister in his opening speech used the significant words: 'It is obviously inadmissible that Government should relinquish its prerogatives to a private organization.'

The test soon came. A large body of Fascisti, attempting to raid the radical headquarters of a Tuscan industrial town, were opposed by the military, and, refusing to withdraw, were fired upon and seventeen of their number killed. I well remember the wild excitement when I awoke the next morning in Florence, the Fascist stronghold. Crowds were gathered at the street corners where the walls were covered with black-bordered posters announcing the new martyrdom and repeating the familiar assertion that their only crime was to have saved Italy. There were others of mediatorial intent, among the latter one of the noblest patriotic appeals that I have read in any language.

There was a brief lull in Fascist activity, but the Government soon fell, and its successor did not, and probably dared not, renew the attempt. The Fascisti soon resumed their activity and Mussolini boldly declared that the Fascisti were going to govern Italy — under the constitution if possible, without it if necessary. Soon all talk of the constitution ceased. Fifty thousand strong they marched on Rome, and the king, refusing further attempts at constitutional temporizing, called Mussolini to form a ministry.

Nominally there was a shadowy

regularity in this as the king is still the mouthpiece of the constitution in summoning a minister to power. But as the Fascisti had but a feeble following in Parliament, and no effort was made to form a government bloc, the spirit of the Constitution was obviously violated. Mussolini's attitude toward Parliament was soon made plain. He addressed each House in turn and told them they might stay and play at governing if they would rubber-stamp his programme; otherwise he should send them home. The lower House, by an enormous majority, and the conservative Senate with unanimity, voted to remain on his terms. Whether he was more deferential than Napoleon or simply more contemptuous, I do not know. Doubtless all parties realized the value in this age of the world of the formal parliamentary sanction, and possibly there was a thought that the future might have for this Parliament a more serious use in store.

The Fascisti seized the capitol at Rome much as they seized the city hall at Milan. The entire movement was extra-legal from start to finish — indeed rather ostentatiously so. This extra-legal character continues not only at the centre but in the details of administration. The organization constitutes a supergovernment without a shadow of legality but with the only real authority in Italy to-day.

This is revolution, surely, but is it perchance a democratic revolution? Is it the organization, or Mussolini, that is the source of authority? The answer is not doubtful. The Italian soldier swears to his sovereign, 'obedience, prompt and absolute.' The Fascista swears to Mussolini, 'obedience, prompt, absolute, and *blind*.' These are no empty words. When his chief lieutenant in Naples, the man who had been responsible for rallying all of southern Italy to his standard, ventured to dis-

agree with him on a question of policy, Mussolini promptly dismissed him. Later, when a difference arose between him and the central executive committee, the governing body of the whole organization, he not only dismissed the committee but expelled them from the organization. He is master and he does not hesitate to show his mastery. Nor does he fortify himself behind orders in council. His decrees are written in the first person and bear only his personal signature. Beyond the measure of most autocrats he seems to reach his own decisions and assert his own authority.

The continuance, even for a day, of such an autocracy in the twentieth century is profoundly significant. It implies of course, very remarkable qualities on the part of Mussolini. But it implies also a profound reaction against democracy. Italy plainly welcomes the change with a sense of relief. Extremes meet under the dictator's banner. The radicals, true to Mussolini's diagnosis, have found in his programme of drastic reform and direct action the opportunity which they crave, and, despite old rancors and Fascist suspicions, have disbanded their organizations and flocked to his standard. But the conservatives as well, the soberest men in the kingdom, have pledged their allegiance. Mussolini has won Italy.

Foreign opinion, too, has been significantly favorable. Our American ambassador in Rome is his outspoken partisan in a measure approaching diplomatic indiscretion. The dictator is apparently *persona grata* in every European capital. There have been head shakings, but the disposition seems general to judge Mussolini by his administrative reforms rather than by the principle at stake. The passing of democracy calls forth surprisingly little protest.

IV

It was on the evening of the twelfth of September that I arrived in Madrid. Stepping out of the hotel early next morning, I hardly noticed anything remarkable in the few persons who stood talking or reading their newspapers in the neighboring square until my eye caught the headline: **THE GARRISON OF BARCELONA IN REVOLT.** I had dropped down into a Spanish revolution.

Later in the day I witnessed the gathering of a small crowd of idlers to hear read the proclamation of martial law. There was no disturbance, no excitement, scarcely even moderate interest. I had difficulty in gleaning from the papers and from conversation the facts regarding the uprising. Those of whom I inquired invariably prefaced their reply with the contemptuous remark that it amounted to nothing. Yet it was the collapse of constitutional government in Spain.

The occasion of it had been the severe defeat suffered by the national arms in the preceding year at the hands of the Rif tribes in Morocco. The investigation demanded by the exasperated people had been dilatory and evasive, a round-up of insignificant scapegoats and the exoneration of the suspected higher-ups. This, I have said, was the occasion. But the cause lay far deeper — in the universal conviction that the Government was hopelessly corrupt and incompetent, and that it had won and retained power by bribery and the manipulation of electoral machinery. I have never heard the citizens of any other country speak of their Government with such absolute loathing and contempt.

Banking on this feeling of the people, a group of generals had conspired to oust the Government, and the rising in Barcelona had been the signal. The

ministry began with a grandiloquent pronunciamiento, then appealed to the king for help, and, failing in this, resigned and fled the country. The king called the Barcelona general to form a Government, which he did, not in the constitutional form, but in the form of a military triumvirate, euphemistically styled a 'directorate.' This was followed by the declaration of martial law and the substitution of generals for the provincial governors throughout the kingdom. The country acquiesced with scarce a voice of protest.

This military dictatorship rules a willing country still. The movement is apparently patriotic and the house-cleaning now in progress is eminently wholesome and long overdue. The apathy with which the Spaniards regard such a change is a sorry commentary on Spanish democracy, not to say on democracy in general. Here is a people in a comparatively advanced stage of intelligence and culture, which, a hundred years ago, fought with desperate energy for its constitution and which has since been living in the full enjoyment of a well-developed constitutional government. And this people witnesses the passing of all this in complete indifference. Can we prescribe democracy and constitutional government quite so confidently as has been our wont for the healing of the nations?

As the preceding period witnessed the failure of the Caribbean and Latin-American democracies, so the present period witnesses the failure of democracy in the parent countries of Latin Europe. The suggestion might seem to be that democracy is ill suited to the Latin temperament. But the story does not end here.

V

The Teutonic race with whom it is generally assumed that all modern

democracy originated, has had its share of humiliation and failure. Such was the result in Austria, a country not usually associated in our minds with democracy or self-government but actually the scene of some very conscientious experiments in this connection. One of the most interesting of these experiments was cut short by the war, to the regret not only of those who are committed to democracy but of those who are interested in political experiment.

In 1905 Austria adopted a new constitution. Having in mind the diverse nationalities and special interests to be represented, great attention was paid to the principle of proportional representation, the provision for that purpose being, perhaps, the most perfect yet devised. The election which took place in that year met all expectations. Every element in the polyglot realm was represented by numbers equitably proportioned to its importance. The Parliament thus elected remained in session for four years and accomplished virtually nothing. Each element was in a minority and insisted upon its right of minority veto. Race antagonisms overrode all public interests. When the Bohemians tired of blocking German proposals, they enlivened the scene by insisting that the proceedings should be carried on in Bohemian — a language known only to themselves while everybody spoke German. It was with a sigh of relief that the country heard the message of the aged Kaiser sending these wranglers to their homes.

Doubtless the heterogeneity of the Austrian population accounts in a way for this fiasco, but that heterogeneity was precisely the problem which government was called upon to solve and which democracy failed to solve. That heterogeneity is there still and is almost as marked in the several parts of di-

vided Austria as it was before in the whole. Nor are *we* exempt. There is always heterogeneity, of class or of section if not of race, and the principle of proportional representation, so often lauded, guarantees no more solution in one case than in another. It but furnishes the raw material out of which the necessary coherent majority must be built by mutual concession and discipline. Failing this there may be democracy, but certainly not democratic government. There has been much criticism of Hapsburg despotism. As a matter of fact the Hapsburg ruler has been for a century a refuge of his people from the intolerable excesses of popular government. I prophesy that he will be missed.

VI

As I write, two new republics seem likely to offer their contribution to our subject. Turkey has abolished her sultanate, restricting the functions of the present incumbent to an innocuous spiritual headship, and placing the supreme authority in an elective assembly and president. We shall await the event. The prospect is encouraging for a reorganized and prosperous Turkey, but our confidence reposes in the character of the strong man at the head rather than in the institutions of popular government. I am not sure but our confidence is based largely upon the fact that the strong man at the head is in reality little hampered by constitutional limitations. One fact is significant. When the recent election took place the real issue before the country was the abolition of the sultanate and the adoption of constitutional government. There was known to be a division of opinion on the subject in the provisional Assembly at Angora. The strong man, however, not caring to go to the country on that issue, drove

through the Assembly a bill making it high treason to propose the restoration of the sultanate, thus making it a capital offense to urge the very programme on which the opposition was preparing to appeal to the electorate. Thus armed he got his mandate, but the proof that the new government rests on the popular will is not conclusive.

Doubtless some hundred-and-odd millions of the American people feel encouraged by the fact that Turkey has unfurled the banner of democracy. Doubtless the same persons will greet with acclaim the accession of Greece to the circle of the republics. Whatever significance the proposed change may have, it has little bearing on the question of democracy. Throughout her brief period of independence Greece has had a constitutional government, corrupt, to be sure, and occasionally suspended, but genuine, at least so far as the noninterference of the monarch was concerned, with a single and not unparalleled exception during the great war. Such success as constitutional government has achieved in Greece is due more than anything else to the prudence and tact of the monarch who was permitted so long to preside over her destinies. His successors unfortunately have not been able to exercise a like steadying influence over an exceptionally mercurial people, but the throne itself serves as something of a balance wheel, even when weakly occupied. Greece has been signally blessed in the appearance, during her brief period of self-government, of two very great statesmen, but her treatment of them hardly justifies the gift of more.

It is too early to pass judgment on the new democracies in Germany and the other Central Powers. Conditions are too abnormal to permit of their natural working and development.

Useful conclusions can hardly be drawn from countries utterly bankrupt and crippled by foreign occupation. It is not too much to say, however, that democracy has shown no particular aptitude for dealing with a difficult situation. Acting under popular mandate the country has pursued a policy of low taxation and currency inflation which has plunged it into hopeless ruin. Perhaps a different government would have done no better, but it is difficult to see how it could have done worse. More significant but more difficult would be the study of the older and more firmly established democracies — such as France, Great Britain, and the United States. Here there is little apprehension of collapse and a fair measure of success has undeniably been achieved. But there are disquieting symptoms. Both Britain and the United States have recently lost the conditions of majority rule and have fallen, at least for the present, into a condition of partial paralysis. We are to have emasculated programmes, blocs, and deals. The class struggle, too, shows ominous signs of getting out of hand. Despite the enormous representation of Labor in the British Parliament and its constitutional triumph, the demand for direct action is loudly heard. Dean Inge notes as the most conspicuous fact in English life to-day a widespread revolt against majority rule.

VII

These observations lead to no novel conclusions. The phenomenon is as old as government itself. If we seek an explanation for the failure of democracy in the cases mentioned, we shall, of course, find it in the general facts of ignorance and selfishness, in the lawlessness of individuals and of groups. Let us if possible be more specific. What particular principle or practice is

it that is wrecking democracy to-day, not merely in its tentative stages, as in Russia, but in countries of settled democratic procedure, like Italy and Spain, and possibly even in its strongholds, like Britain and the United States?

The answer, I think, cannot be doubtful. The thing that made a fiasco of the Russian Duma, that reduced Italian and Spanish democracy to impotence and contempt, that has tied the hands of the American Senate, and that threatens the oldtime stability of the British government, is simply the refusal loyally to accept the principle of majority rule. The refusal may come in the form of violation of law, disreputable in an isolated individual but condoned and held up to honor in the case of a brazen minority. It may come in the making of law, in the filibuster, and the minority hold-up. In whatever form it comes, it is in essence lawlessness and anarchy. As such it spells doom to democracy. There is and can be no democracy without honest acceptance of the will of the majority. Democracy is nothing else than the rule of the majority, as autocracy is in essence the rule of the minority. For minority rule with adequate constructive powers and ultimate responsibility there is much to be said. Under certain conditions it is the preferable, sometimes the only possible, system. For majority rule there is also much to be said. It is slower, less intelligent, less efficient, and less constructive than minority rule at its best, but it has the universal advantage of consent and popular support.

But for majority rule with minority veto there is nothing to be said. The majority can do nothing because the minority obstructs, and the minority can do nothing because it is the

minority. The result is stalemate and government paralysis, the worst of all vices and the one most certain to bring retribution.

The principle of minority veto has wrecked democracy in Italy, in Austria, and in Spain. It is this that menaces democracy in Britain and America. It is found not only in nefarious alliance with the selfish and the predatory, but in the complacent pose of patriotism and superior virtue. Though the principle of majority rule is basic to our political philosophy, it is accepted in practice by no section, no party, no class, no militant ideal. The caucus or party convention that smooths out difficulties and with infinite patience closes up the ranks of a working majority, is stigmatized as the 'machine,' and the individual who surrenders his hobby to the will of the majority is pilloried as a 'traitor to principle.' Above the clash of self-interest and the din of individual opinion, is heard the exhortation of the idealist to stand by your hobby though the heavens fall. Whether we demand a League of Nations or a glass of beer, we invoke the same right of minority veto.

Do we believe in democracy? It is time for a searching of heart. Do we believe in the loyal acceptance of the will of the majority — not a will which wholly meets our approval but a will based on mutual concessions to which we have contributed our share, not a suppositious and imaginary will ascertainable only under ideal and impossible conditions, but that will as actually expressed through the imperfect organs which we possess? Or are we prepared to defy that mandate and discredit its decisions to secure ends more selfish — or perchance more ideal — than the majority wills?

THE PRIZE

BY MARY WEBB

I

THE vicarage lawn, bright green in the August sunshine, with beds of golden violas, had been galvanized into frantic gayety by the incursion of the entire village. It was the great day of the year in Cherrington Magna; for the school treat and the festival of the local club had been rolled into one enormous — and, to the hermit vicar, horrific — revel. A tea, a dance, and races were included in the programme. Tea was over and, with the lusty country scorn of digestion which prevails at such festivals, everybody was now prepared to run races. Their faces shone with pleasure, hope of useful prizes, and honest yellow soap. They were of the good but unemotional type produced by preoccupation with the material side of life, and they had the touch of harshness which comes from absorption in petty worries. The women's dresses, of homely stuffs, in neutral or primary colors, made dark or brilliant patches on the green grass.

Apart from the rest, in deepest black, stood a tall, rather harsh-featured woman, who seemed to have about her something of the atmosphere of the pariah. She leaned against the churchyard wall in the purple shadow of the yew tree, which spread its flat, dark masses over the daisied lawn from the dank enclosure of the churchyard, and she had the look of a creature at bay — sullen, and inexpressive. She was of the age that corresponds to the apple tree's time of hard, green fruit, half

way between maturity and middle age. She had the spare angularity and weathered complexion of all field-workers. Yet, although she had no beauty, she was, in a curious subtle way, arresting. She had the air of remoteness that some people always take with them, so that their lives seem to move to a different rhythm from the lives around them, and one surprises in their eyes an impassioned secrecy, and feels in their presence the magnetism of great things forever unrevealed. She stood fronting a little crowd.

'I'll run for pig,' she said.

'What?' cried Mrs. Parton of the shop, roundly, 'd'you mean to tell me, Selina Stone, as you're going to run for pig, and your lawful 'usband lying by lonesome over the churchyard wall?'

A slight flicker of emotion lit Selina's face and passed. It might have been anger or scorn or even mirth.

'I'll run for pig,' she repeated tonelessly.

The sexton's wife took up the argument as of inalienable right. 'And poor Bobbie Stone only measured for coffin Friday was a week!'

'Scarce cold! Scarce cold!'

This was from Mrs. Marsh, the washerwoman, whose face was large and white, and had the appearance of perpetually reflecting the full moon, and whose hands were always bleached and wrinkled and water-logged. But her feet were, as she put it, 'as the Lord made 'em,' and she intended to com-

pete for the pig, and would have been pleased to know that Selina, with her long tireless legs, was out of it.

'It's not what the vicar will like,' said Miss Milling, the schoolmistress, very quiet in gray silk, and having the air of politely ignoring the world, the flesh, and the Devil.

Jane, the vicar's cook, whose hair was so tidy that it looked like black paint, said 'That it inna!' She was going to run herself, as proxy for her sister, whose complaint it was that Providence, while giving her an enormous progeny and thus making her both need and deserve bacon at Christmas, saw fit every year to incapacitate her for competing for the pig by decreeing that she should be 'in the family way.' So Jane was to run for the family, and she felt that she was supremely in the right, and that this muscular Selina had 'no call' to triumph over her slight stoutness (due to the generous living at the vicarage) by thus breaking all the laws of good taste.

Jane's sister looked up from suckling the latest addition to the family. 'She's got no little uns to feed. She dunna need bacon,' she said decisively.

A murmur that matched the wind in the yew tree ran over the group, a shocked, and withal an interested, sigh.

'Run she will!'

'Dear 'eart, to think on it!'

'Run for pig, and poor Bob not sodded!'

'You're a bad 'oman, Selina Stone!'

Selina's sallow face looked sallower. She swallowed hard, but she gazed unflinchingly into the moon-face of the washerwoman, and she remained self-poised, like a heavy pebble in a water-course. She held on to her own personality, though whelmed in the currents of public opinion.

Jane's sister tried the human note, looking up over the bundle that was her new, creased, enthralling baby.

'My dear, you've no need to do any such thing. Bob was insured, as I very well know. Think how my little uns could enjoy that dear little pig come Christmas. Dunna rob them! Of such is the kingdom of 'eaven.'

'Amen!' said her husband.

Three or four girls, all more or less blooming and blossomy, looked at their young men and giggled. Save for these young men, the race would have been a 'walk-over' for them, but the consciousness of admiring eyes seriously disturbed their breathing apparatus and, by the justice of things, gave the unromantic a chance.

'Selina! O Selina Stone!' quavered a very old man with an impressive falsetto voice. 'You'll ne'er run, my wench?'

'Ah, I'll run.'

'You'll fall afore the fall of the leaf if you do wrong by the dead.'

'Oot give it up if Vicar says no?'

Selina, weary of repetition, merely shook her head and leaned back against the churchyard wall. Hostile eyes focused themselves upon her, hostile thoughts washed over her. A man pushed his way through the little crowd and came to her.

'My girl,' he said, stooping so that she could hear his undertone, 'best not! Looks queer-like. Ye can have a plenty of bacon when ye set up with me.'

People nudged each other. This was Bill Jakeways, the hedger, to whom, it was said, Selina had given all he asked when, in sultry summer evenings, she had worked overtime, hoeing turnips, and he had done piecework at the hedges between hay harvest and corn harvest. What he had ever seen in her had always been a puzzle to the village. He might have taken his pick, it was said. He was the best-looking man in the place, a splendid creature, like a statue, minded like the naïve dumb

things of wood and meadow. Like a dumb creature he had worked for Selina, carrying water, lugging wood, helping her in the fields.

'I won'er what Stone thinks of it!'

This was one of the village phrases. But Bobbie Stone, slight and frail and tired, coughing now and again over his bespoke boots in Selina's tidy kitchen, never divulged by any word or look what he thought. He and Selina lived like middle-aged people, far outside the scope of passion. He would look up and smile when she came in from the fields to get his tea of bacon and potatoes; and if she was late and more flushed than usual he never seemed to notice it. They were judged by the village to be well matched, for she had always been 'poor favored' and he was 'not much of a chap — a rickety piece.'

So life went on until Bobbie, coughing a little more each month, became too tired to push the needle through the leather. The doctor ordered this and that. Selina sat up at night and often stayed away from the fields. Bill was sent here and there for medicines and delicacies. But none the less, when the hot weather came, Bobbie laid his weary head on the pillow, and smiled wistfully at Selina, and said, 'I 'm tired, lass. I 'll sleep a bit.'

And he slept on now under the ugly battened mound of brown earth. The pansies nodded golden heads as they did last year, the pig awaited the race with the same complacent ignorance as had the pig of last year.

Jakeways was rather shocked at this callousness of Selina's. 'I doubt it's no good to fly in the face of folk. It's the same in pleachin' — yo mun lay the bough the way it wants to go,' he said.

'Fine and pleased they be,' remarked Mrs. Marsh to the sexton's wife, 'and it wunna be above a month

or so afore there's a wedding in Cherrington.'

'She's a lucky woman, no danger!'

'Ah! A tidy chap. Keeps off the drink too. Never merry but of a Saturday night.'

II

Meanwhile the competitors were gathering for the most exciting race of the day. Even the vicar and the doctor drew towards the course to see the ladies distinguish themselves. The vicar kept a deaf ear turned to the broad jokes and the betting among the young men, each of whom backed his own girl, speaking of her in racing terms.

The doctor, knowing everybody's constitution to a nicety, was entrusted with the handicapping. He gave Mrs. Marsh a tremendous start, because he knew she had incipient dropsy. Nobody else knew it, however, so there was a general groan. Mrs. Marsh decided to glaze the doctor's collars as no collars had ever been glazed. She stood far up the course, and the judge, at the winning-post, saw her round white face shining there like an argent shield. Jane, with her cheeks as suddenly red as those of a Dutch doll, and her neat black hair, also like a Dutch doll's, was heavily handicapped; and so were the half-dozen giggling village girls.

Behind all the rest stood Selina.

'You're not in the race, of course, Mrs. Stone,' said Dr. Pierce.

'Ah, sir, I be.'

He looked surprised. The vicar was distressed.

'No, no, Selina! Think!'

'I be to run, sir.'

'It's not wise, Mrs. Stone,' murmured the doctor.

'No, already there are strange rumors afoot,' said the vicar. 'It would not take much to make them say you murdered poor Bob.'

Selina flung her head back with the air of a savage queen.

'What do I care if they do, saving your presence, sir! Let 'em talk till their tongues shrivel! I shanna hear 'em.'

'Ready!' shouted the starter.

The pig was placed in position by his owner's oddman, and firmly held in spite of expostulation. Mrs. Marsh took off her bonnet. So might Britannia, for some enormous conflict, temporarily doff her helmet. The girls flung their hats to their mothers or friends.

Selina turned to Jakeways with a smile of great sweetness and sadness. It came on her harsh face like dawn on a mountain side. It was clear from her smile that she loved him, but with an anguished love.

'I'm bound to run, lad,' she said.

There was in her voice the mournful note that the wind raises about the shell of ruined masonry, its lament around old dead cities, its cry in the cornices of abandoned homes.

'Ready — Steady — Go!'

The oddman let the pig go, and tumult broke over the course — yells from the various backers, squeals from the pig, hands held out to snatch, flying feet, laughter, fury.

'Selina runs as if life and all was on it.'

'I'll be bound she'll win.'

'Go it, Mrs. Marsh!' shouted the doctor.

Like a nest of hungry birds, Jane's nephews and nieces lifted their voices: —

'Keep at it, a'ntiel' Then, jubilantly, 'Mrs. Stone's fell down.'

'But she's got the pig,' wailed their mother.

Far up the course, with both arms round the pig, lay Selina. The roar of applause died away as she still lay there.

The crowd surged forward.

'It's a judgment.'

'Ah! She's strook.'

'Sarve un right.'

'Being so desper't set on a pig! And poor Stone not sodded!'

'Well, seems like she's done for herself now, no danger.'

'Struck down in 'er pridel'

'What is it?'

'What's took the woman?'

'T was poor Bobbie Stone as come agen in the middle of the race and called 'er. They come agen very bad afore they're sodded, you mind.'

Meanwhile, by the silent Selina and the shrieking pig knelt the doctor. She was coming round, but he knew the case was hopeless. It was heart-failure.

'You know what I told you after that influenza — about your heart, Mrs. Stone?'

'Yes.'

'You knew what would happen. Why take such a risk for a pig?'

'A pig? What pig?'

The doctor was puzzled, but silent. Jakeways elbowed through the crowd, and, seeing her deathly face, burst into tears. He knelt down and loosened her tense, unconscious fingers from the pig.

'There wunna no call for you to do it,' he said mournfully. 'I'd ha' seen as you'd enough o' meat, if you'd set up with me.'

'I know ye would.'

'I like ye right well, Selina.'

'And I like you. Only I was sore set on poor Bob. Baby an' all was Bob to me.'

Dr. Pierce returned with the vicar. 'But if she did n't want the pig, what *did* she run for?' he was saying. 'Ask her, vicar!'

The dreamy vicar stooped and took her hand. Their eyes met, and understanding flashed from one to the other. Then Selina's heavy lids came down, and the only reply the doctor ever had was her faint, enigmatic smile.

PEPYS AND GOD

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

WHAT religious training Pepys received from his mother, what childish prayers he murmured at her knee, we shall never know. The Diary does not indicate any very great respect for her character or her admonitions; but doubtless in this matter the child was different from the man. The only direct reference to the religious aspect of the relation that I have noted is argumentative: 'After supper she and I talked very high about religion, I in defense of the religion I was born in.'

Though during the Diary period Pepys was a loyal member of the Church of England, it seems likely that in his youth his sympathies were distinctly with the prevailing Puritanism in some form, he not being the sort of man to court martyrdom for any faith, religious or political. Late in 1660 his pleasure in meeting an old schoolfellow was much tempered by the fear that his anti-royalist proclivities would be remembered, and probably his anti-clericalism was no less ardent. He is apt to speak of the Puritans with respect, not to say awe. Toward the very end of the Diary he openly admits his disposition to be civil to them, 'in expectation that those fellows may grow great again,' and he puts his feeling on a little higher plane in the notable passage in which he criticizes Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, a play which he otherwise greatly admired: 'only the business of abusing

the Puritans begins to grow stale, and of no use, they being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest.'

Also, it is everywhere evident that the Puritan tradition had got hold of him somehow, and haunts him and hangs about him, even in his wildest vagaries. Profanity is apt to give him the shivers. He hates to break the Sabbath, hates to have others break it. And the strain of Philistinism, of formal, conventional regard for the outside, for appearances, so oddly and strongly interwoven in his nature, is always cropping up in unexpected ways.

If the influence of his early surroundings pulled him toward Puritanism, that of his wife later might have tended toward the Catholic Church, unless it worked the other way, as is not unfrequently the case. He has some interesting contacts with Catholicism. There is the delightful visit to a monastery, in which all the little, petty, striking details are chronicled with the usual unforgettable vividness: the priest in his cell, with his haircloth and his scanty garments, and his little bed without sheets, 'but yet, I thought, soft enough'; his cord about his waist, 'but in so good company, living with ease, I thought it a very good life.' And the conclusion is cheerful and even suggests a moderate sympathy: 'I do not think they fared very hard. Their windows all looking into a fine garden and the Park; and mighty pretty

rooms all. I wished myself one of the Capuchins.'

Then there is the Catholic service. Pepys always finds the music captivating, as is natural. But the democracy puzzles and amuses him: footmen, beggars, fine ladies, zealous poor papists, and a few Protestants come to see the show, really, 'I was afraid of my pocket being picked very much.' Otherwise he gets an impression of trickery and frivolity and pretense, beads turned over and prayers said, without any very deep impression of piety. But things are made handsome and comfortable: 'and I see the papists have the wit, most of them, to bring cushions to kneel on, which I wanted, and was mightily troubled to kneel.'

But when it got to be a question of politics, it was a much more serious matter. With his deceased wife a Catholic, and his Navy chief a Catholic, Pepys's enemies had plenty of handles for mixing him up with the prevailing excitement at the time of the Popish Plot in 1679, and a brief confinement in the Tower was a superb antidote to any Roman leniency that may have found a lodging. In his letters of that period Pepys insists, with the most reiterated fervor, on his thoroughgoing, unshaken Protestantism, and one has no difficulty whatever in believing him.

All through the Diary, at any rate, and probably all his life, Pepys was a faithful churchgoer. Though regularly a member of the Parish of Saint Olave's, his attendance was quite widely distributed, and he appears now in one church, now in another, as convenience, or some notable occasion of service or preaching, guides or attracts him. He is often interested and full of curious, entertaining comment of all sorts. I do not know that there is any evidence of his being profoundly

touched or moved. If this happened, it must have been very rarely. That the observance was largely perfunctory, a matter of habit and early discipline, is clear from the whole tone in which he treats it. Indeed, he was much too inclined to fall asleep, and confesses it on a number of occasions with quite brazen equanimity.

And, do your best to be solemn and reverent, there are always the distractions of all sorts. You may go to church with your mind full of cares and the service may prove altogether insufficient to rid you of them. Say you are jealous of that quick, vivacious, pretty lady who bears your name. When she is mixed up with that horrid dancing-master, you may keep away from church altogether, because it represents quite other things than religion. Then there are those queer organs, the eyes, and the strange, misleading pleasure of them, so apt to be incompatible with devotion or even with decorous attention. People may be looking at you, or you think they are, as in that inimitable episode of the periwig: 'I found that my coming in a perriwigg did not prove so strange to the world, as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me, but I found no such thing.' And you are constantly looking at other people. For there are shoals of them about you, and their clothes and their manners and the odd composure of their faces and their behavior toward each other offer such an entrancing feast for vision that the mind can hardly fix itself upon the religious ceremony at all.

There are the pious people, or those who appear so. We regard them with respect and a trifle of wonder. To be sure, they are apt to be somewhat elderly ladies, and the diversions of this world having palled, piety may

come more easily. And yet — and yet — can it be quite genuine? 'The three sisters of the Thornbury's, very fine, and the most zealous people that ever I saw in my life, even to admiration, if it were true zeal.' Of course, after the great fire devotion was natural. A visitation of God like that makes everybody think of Him and of other possible fires even more dangerous and disagreeable. Church, under such circumstances, becomes not only an obligation but a relief: 'I to church, where our parson made a melancholy but good sermon; and many and most in the church cried, specially the women.'

But the pious people, though edifying, somehow do not hold the attention, which naturally strays to more agreeable objects. The young eager faces, gleaming and sparkling with the joy and light of this world, are so much more attractive. 'And there heard a silly sermon, but sat where we saw one of the prettiest little boys with the prettiest mouth that ever I saw in my life.' And such queer things happen in church, too, things quite shattering to gravity, if your eyes are wide-awake and watchful for them. What would you think to see a new-married couple sitting in a pew hung with mourning for the mother of the bride? Odd lack of tact, was n't it? And when your mind was all set for solemnity, to see the minister pull off his surplice as if it had been a nightshirt, before all the congregation, and then go up into the pulpit to preach, might destroy all the flavor of his sermon.

But incontestably the charm of church is the ladies, and if you want us to edify, they should be entirely kept out of it. No doubt heaven swarms with delicate angels, and no doubt we shall enjoy their society, if we ever get there. Meantime, there are these exquisite creatures on earth,

right here, and really it is impossible to keep one's eyes and thoughts off them. Sometimes it is a mere matter of æsthetic contemplation. For example, there is the fair Butler, 'who indeed is a most perfect beauty still and one I do very much admire myself for my choice of her for a beauty, she having the best lower part of her face that ever I saw all the days of my life.' Sometimes, regrettable to relate, these dainty faces are so engaging, so provoking, that one loses one's head entirely, and leaves church and heaven and all to follow them. There is that lady who lives in a house near Tower Hill. Pepys simply 'dogs' her home, and thinks her one of the prettiest women he ever saw. Then there is the gay, piquant adventure of the coy maiden and the pins: 'Stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand and the body; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again — which seeing I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design.' And meantime, the preacher? Ah, we had forgotten all about him!

II

Still, the preachers too were immensely curious and entertaining as well as profitable. Some were prominent celebrities, notable divines and theologians. Pepys went out of his way to hear them, sometimes a long way out of it, and then commented on all their peculiarities with his usual startling, delightful freedom. Dr. Fuller was most learned and in conversation most delightful, as a commentator on the worthies of England most inspiring; but he preached but a poor dry sermon and 'I am afraid my former high esteem of his preaching

was more out of opinion than judgment.' On the other hand, the famous young Stillingfleet does an admirable piece of work, and is heartily commended. And there are bishops; but bishops prove to be amazingly like other people. One of them preaches before the King; but the discourse is full of abject flattery and Pepys does not like it and says so. Again, there is the bishop who arrives while worship is going on and is expected to take part in it. As he is 'rigging himself,' in Pepys's phrase, he tells his man to find out where they are in the service. The man listens, and hears, but cannot place it for the life of him, and no more can the bishop. As Pepys expressed it to friends afterwards, 'the man said they were about something of saving their souls, but could not tell whereabouts in the prayers that was.' And the bishop was much amused, and so was Pepys; but I do not know that it was particularly edifying.

There were minor preachers, too, men with neither great names nor great stations, and long ago buried and forgotten. But Pepys is just as keenly interested in them, and portrays them perhaps with even more vivacious touches, so that the reader is as interested in them as he is. Respect for the cloth? Oh, yes, he feels it; but may it not be overdone a little? For instance: 'a learned man used to say, that if a minister of the word and an angel should meet him together, he would salute the minister first; which methought was a little too high.' Well, perhaps it was. And, after all, these ministers are queer. Or rather, they are not queer, but just like everybody else. Only it is queer they should be.

Some are square, plain hypocrites. There is Mr. Messum who preaches such an eloquent sermon about the

duty of giving a good example, 'which I fear he himself was most guilty of not doing.' There is Dr. Jacomb, who is an adept at getting the ladies to supply him with dainties, and confesses with cunning gravity that he heard more of the Common Prayer while he was waiting in the vestry than he had done for twenty years. Others again are good enough, estimable and useful in their way, but so deplorably heavy. Might they not have been even more useful in some other, plainer walk of life? There is our own rector, Mr. Mills, who, to be sure, spoke well of Pepys in later days, and Pepys thought well enough of him. Still he did make 'an unnecessary sermon upon Original Sin, neither understood by himself nor the people.' Yet it must not be supposed that Pepys decried the profession entirely. There were plenty of honest, earnest, high-minded men in it, and he recognized this at all times. Even a somewhat dull man might be stirred into good preaching, like Meriton, who 'hath a strange knack of a grave, serious delivery, which is very agreeable.' And there were many others like Dr. Crew, who could make 'a very pretty, neat, sober, honest sermon; and delivered it very readily, decently, and gravely, beyond his years.'

Pepys was attentive to the substance of the sermons also—much more than one might look for when there were apt to be so many pretty faces about him. To be sure, with the sermons as with the plays, there was the too high expectation and the consequent disappointment. Great things had been told of Mr. Alsopp, and Pepys went to hear him very eagerly, a good man, no doubt, and evidently a clever man, 'but as all things else did not come up to my expectations.' Which is the quaint, deceiving way life has, when you let your imagination

work upon it. And many, many sermons were dull. Oh, how many dull sermons there have been since the beginning of the world! And many were silly, pointless, and pretentious, made much more to show the ingenuity and scholarship of the preacher than to feed the hungry flock. But there were also others that were weighty and solemn and profitable and edifying, and Pepys recognizes it heartily and rejoices in them and even occasionally appears to derive some benefit. There is Mr. Floyd, who 'made a most excellent good sermon, of our duty to imitate the lives and practice of Christ and the saints departed.' There is Mr. Fullword, of the almost unbelievably felicitous cognomen, who preached 'a very good and seraphic sermon, too good for an ordinary congregation.' And there is Mr. Gifford, whose discourse especially received the Secretary's exquisitely Philistine approval: 'A very excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon. Shewed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich, than sin and villainy.'

But with sermons, as with plays and poems and music, what counts is not any abstract value of Pepys's opinion, but the charming and vivid freshness of it, the absolute sincerity with which it is set down, whether favorable, or unfavorable, without regard to position or reputation or distinction or prestige. One of Mr. Mills's sermons is 'pungent.' What Pepys says is pungent always, even when one disagrees with it most entirely. With what force and directness does he dispose of another of Mr. Mills's efforts: 'There proving the equity with what justice God would lay our sins upon his Son, he did make such a sermon (among other things pleading, from God's universal sovereignty over

all his creatures, the power he has of commanding what he would of his Son by the same rule as that he might have made us all and the whole world from the beginning to have been in hell, arguing from the power the potter has over his clay), that I could have wished he had let it alone.'

As this analysis shows, Pepys was fond of theological discussion and interested in it. He was by no means a profound or logical speculative thinker; but his acute and ready wit delighted in controversy and especially delighted to watch others battling with thorny difficulties. With the compromising instinct of the practical man he deplored quarrels over doctrines and forms. When the Court and the city differ about bishops, his comment is, 'the more the pity that differences must still be.' But he likes to see a knotty point dissected; for instance, as to whether there could possibly be room in the Ark for all the live stock which Noah had accumulated. He likes to read Church history. He likes even to read sermons; reads *Five Sermons of Five Several Styles* and declares frankly that, contrary to the design of the book, he thinks the Presbyterian and the Independent styles are the best.

It may be said that, on the whole, Pepys inclined to a traditional and orthodox view of things. In theology, as in politics, he liked the world to go on as it had gone: it was a fairly comfortable world for him. He seldom indulges in pessimistic observations about the general government of the universe, and is disposed to accept the ways of Providence as fatal and perhaps good enough, if somewhat inexplicable. He mocks occasionally, in a quiet way, as when he points out that June 12, 1661, was kept as both fast and feast: 'the Bishops not being ready enough to keep the fast for foul

weather before fair weather came; and so they were forced to keep it between both.' He criticizes occasionally, as when he expresses agreement with the view that the higher prelates are more zealous to increase their own estates than to relieve the poor. And there was one very dark or very daring day when he and Lord Sandwich got together and held all sorts of wild discourse, particularly as to religion, 'wherein he is, I perceive, wholly sceptical, as well as I,' a declaration supplemented a little later by the even bolder comment: 'so I see that religion, be it what it will, is but a humour, and so the esteem of it passeth as other things do.'

But this was at the very beginning of the Diary, and hardly expresses a permanent state of mind. An established religion was a good thing, a desirable thing, a necessary thing, possibly for the other world, certainly for this. There are a lot of points a man might argue about forever; but it is far better to take for granted what your fathers handed down to you: 'There is room to cavill, if a man would use no faith to the tradition of the Church in which he is born, which I think to be as good an argument as most is brought for many things, and it may be for that among others.' A large portion of humanity gets along with it, at any rate.

III

As to the more emotional aspects of the spiritual life, Pepys is perhaps no more enlightening than as to the intellectual; but he is equally alive, always alert and inquiring and ready to receive facts and investigate them and give an opinion — or withhold it. The cruder and more fantastic forms of popular superstition do not appeal to him much, except as matters of sci-

entific curiosity. He reads Glanvill's book on Witches, and finds it well writ, but not very convincing. He discusses some of the extensive crop of prophetic anticipations of the great fire, together with the usual dismal foretellings of greater disasters to follow, and concludes the evening by laughing at the prophecies of Lilly, the astrologer. In his later years he makes rather extensive inquiry into the question of second-sight, amasses a considerable amount of testimony and sifts it with shrewdness, even his favorable conclusion being based on the acute remark that those who claimed to possess second-sight were far from being benefited by it.

As to omens and auguries and special interpositions of Providence, he proclaims a decided skepticism, though I have some doubt whether the attitude always held. To suppose that good weather came merely to suit the King's coronation and then at once gave way to thunder and lightning strikes him as too preposterous for notice. In ghosts and apparitions he was always fearfully interested. The appearance of the Devil in Wiltshire, promenading the streets and beating a drum, excites his curiosity amazingly; yet his musical instinct protests against a devil who could not pick up a tune. Long years after he spends eager hours on his trip to Tangier discussing the question of spirits, and he and Dr. Ken even get into hot dispute about it. But the aptest case of Pepys and ghosts is the bit of self-confession as to one evening devoted to them: 'After supper we fell to talk of spirits and apparitions, whereupon many pretty, particular stories were told, so as to make me almost afeard to lie alone, but for shame I could not help it; and so to bed; and, being sleepy, fell soon to rest, and so rested well.'

On the minor phases of superstition,

charms, amulets, philters, dainty bits of folklore, Pepys has a good deal to say, and his own concern with them is, as always, the point of interest. The seventeenth century had by no means outgrown such things, was indeed full of them. There is that charming incident of the learned Burton and the spider wrapped up in a walnut-shell as an antidote for ague. He had heard of the matter from his mother and thought it nothing but an old woman's nostrum. But one day, turning over old authors, he came upon the very same thing in that venerable worthy, Dioscorides, and ever after he entertained a better opinion of amulets. Pepys was curious, at any rate, whatever his more settled opinion may have been. The neglect of proper ceremonial rites made him uneasy, as when the clergyman omitted the sign of the Cross at a christening, 'to my and all our trouble.' He liked to gather up odd ends of rhyme that might have some mysterious curative property, and exhibits a choice collection of such on one page of the *Diary*, for example this for cramp:—

Cramp be thou faintless,
As our Lady was sinless,
When she bare Jesus.

Above all, there is the excellent magic of the hare's foot. Pepys procures one and carries it in his pocket. It may be all fancy. 'It is a strange thing how fancy works'; but I have carried the hare's foot as a preservative against wind, and 'I never had a fit of the collique since I wore it.' There is the fact, explain it how you may. And, for that matter, there are men in the twentieth century carrying hares' feet and luck-pieces, though they may not say much about it.

Do men in the twentieth century make solemn, elaborate vows to resist temptation, to break up bad habits, to forswear drink and women and general

wrongdoing? Or does Pepys in this also diverge slightly from the average type of common humanity? Do you make such vows, and write them down formally, and establish penalties for neglect, and invoke punishment from Almighty God if you fail to keep your resolutions? Was this a common custom in the seventeenth century? I somehow cannot quite imagine Shakespeare binding himself in such a fashion, or that gay, gilded, laughing John Fletcher, or the quaint, severe, austere, superbly human old poet Donne? Yet it would not surprise me a bit if a lot of men had done it and were doing it now. The world, the flesh, and the devil are such desperate nuisances, and if a vow or anything else will help to get rid of them, why not try it? Yes, I imagine some of your neighbors make such vows, if you do not, and read them over and recur to them as Pepys did, and get some good of them too. Only I doubt if many women do it. That seems to me more a man's resort than a woman's. A woman sins and stops more by natural instinct than does the fantastic imagination of a man, and a woman would see through the sham of such a thing more quickly and laugh at it. In any case, those who favor the practice would naturally not advertise it, and that is why I cried out with delight when I ran across just such a vow as Pepys's, made by a man of an entirely different type, a shrewd, skeptical, cynical self-analyst, Benjamin Constant. Does not the following, written in English by Constant, in 1788, throw a priceless light on the whole business of Pepys's solemn obligations?

By all that is deemed honorable and sacred, by the value I set upon the esteem of my acquaintance, by the gratitude I owe my father, by the advantages of birth, fortune and education, which distinguish a gentleman from a rogue, a gambler and a

blackguard, by the rights I have to the friendship of *Isabella* and the share I have in it, I hereby pledge myself, never to play at any chance-game, nor at any game, unless forced by a lady, from this present date to the 1st of jany, 1793: which promise if I break, I confess myself a rascal, a liar, and a villain, and will tamely submit to be called so by every man that meets me.

Note the delicious 'unless forced to it by a lady.' Is not that perfect Pepys?

Unfortunately, Pepys gives us no such elaborate sample of a vow written out in full detail. If he had appreciated our keen interest, no doubt he would have done so. As it is, the vows were for himself, not for us. But he refers to them at all periods of the Diary, meditates upon them, alters them, renews them, with all depth of sincerity and all solemnity of conviction. 'Home and to my office till 12 at night making my solemn vowes for the next year, which I trust in the Lord I shall keep, but I fear I have a little too severely bound myself in some things and in too many, for I fear I may forget some.' That is making a sufficiently serious business of it, is n't it? And to Pepys it was a serious business. Take this one as to the theatre: 'I am not able to conquer myself as to going to plays till I come to some new vowe concerning it, and that I am now come, that is to say, that I will not see above one in a month at any of the publique theatres till the sum of 50s be spent, and then none before New Year's Day next, unless that I do become worth £1,000 sooner than then, and then am free to come to some other terms.'

As to the substance of the vows, they covered pretty much anything a man would want to do and ought not, from the major sins to the minor vices, drink, the theatre, women, anything. As to the penalty, it was good hard cash in the poor-box. And that made the sinner think twice. Yet there were

some temptations so sweet and bewitching that one yielded to them deliberately — if the price was not more than the dainties came to: 'though by my vowe it costs me 12d. a kiss after the first, yet I did adventure upon a couple.' Oh, the gay, the delicate, the fascinating conscience of the man!

As to the keeping of the vows, it certainly was a ponderous matter. You had to read them over: there was no other way. It was an excellent occupation for the Lord's Day, and Sunday evening Pepys was apt to settle himself to a serious perusal, to impress and re-impress upon his flighty spirit the demands of virtue and of business, so that he might go forth on the Monday morning prepared to fight the good fight. In the tranquillity of those remote Sabbath evenings it all seemed so simple and so dazzlingly profitable. Why should a man run after wine and woman, when the satisfaction was so fleeting and the benefits of abstinence so evident? 'And all I do impute almost wholly to my late temperance, since my making of my vowes against wine and plays, which keeps me most happily and contentfully to my business, which God continue.'

To be sure, the temptations would come again, when you got out into the wide world, with laughter and clinking glasses and bright eyes all about you. But if you did triumph over it all, what a triumph it was, and what a sense of peace and contentment when you came home to a domestic evening and a quiet sleep! What a satisfaction there was in the feeling that you were going to triumph as you had in the past, even if there was a rather odd mixture in your experiences: 'But, Lord! to consider how my natural desire is to pleasure, which God be praised that he has given me the power

by my late oaths to curb so well as I have done, and will do again after two or three plays more.' How heartily Pepys would have sympathized with the charming remark of the high priest Calchas, in 'La Belle Hélène': '*Si j'avais suivi ma vocation, j'aurais été homme de plaisir.*'

The prettiest point of all in the keeping of Pepys's vows is the tricks he plays with himself, tricks such as you and I have played since we were five years old. You bind yourself in the closest manner by your vows, and then you immediately begin to seek loopholes and evasions by which you can get out of them. This is a broken day, anyway, says Pepys: vows don't count, and you can do what you please. Wine? Oh, no wine; but burnt wine is different, burnt wine is not included, I can drink burnt wine: 'but it is an evasion which will not serve me now hot weather is coming, that I cannot pretend as indeed I really have done, that I drank it for cold, but I will leave it off, and it is but seldom, as when I am in women's company.' You remember Benjamin Constant might play when he was forced by a lady.

Also, there are the delightful compromises. Only so many times at the theatre? But Mrs. Pepys has an allowance also, and she has not used all hers: what if we were to beg one of her? And she agrees, of course; 'so my vow is not broke at all, it costing me no more money than it would have done upon her, had she gone both her times that were due to her.' Can't you imagine the scene? Pepys invoking his ingenious casuistry, and Mrs. Pepys, perfectly indifferent to his arguments and his scruples both, smiling a little, queer, contented smile at the devious mental processes of her beloved lord?

But sometimes vows are broken, straight and square, with no evasion or

compromise whatever. Some unseen play lures too facile footsteps, some un-kissed mouth whispers momentary oblivion. And those solemn obligations are blown to all the winds of heaven. And repentance comes afterward, and a dark, dreary hour: Why did I do it, why, why? 'So against my judgment and conscience (which God forgive, for my very heart knows that I offend God in breaking my vows herein) to the Opera.' Did it pay, Pepys, did it pay?

The only remedy is to make more vows and more, and read them over, and stick to them when one can, and when one cannot, pay one's forfeit, and sigh and hope for better things: 'Though there was good singing and dancing, yet no fancy in the play, but something that made it less contenting was my conscience that I ought not to have gone by my vow, and, besides, my business commanded me elsewhere. But, however, as soon as I came home I did pay my crown to the poor's box, according to my vow, and so no harm as to that is done, but only business lost and money lost, and my old habit of pleasure wakened, which I will keep down the more hereafter, for I thank God these pleasures are not sweet to me now in the very enjoying of them.' So we go on, like Sisyphus of respectable memory, rolling the same old weary stone up the same old weary hill, only to see it roll back again, the one consoling difference being that with Sisyphus the iteration was immortal, whereas Pepys and you and I get to an end of it sometime, for this world at any rate.

By all which it becomes very evident that, whatever numerous sins Pepys may have been guilty of, he was not a man without a conscience. On the contrary, that same haunting, clinging, persistent little devil, — or angel, — conscience, was always at his

elbow, taunting him with something he had done, or reminding him of something he had n't done, and generally doing its best to take all the sweet out of life. In other words, Pepys presents an entirely different type from Aaron Burr, though the diaries of the two men have such striking points of resemblance. If Burr had a conscience in youth, it was largely atrophied before he came to the Diary. Perhaps his grandfather, Jonathan Edwards, absorbed all there was in the family. Spirits like Burr flit from one pleasure to another, from one pair of soft red lips to another, and there is no more scar left on the conscience than on the lips. God made us with these passions. If we indulge them, it is God's affair, not ours. Why worry?

Not so Pepys. With his type life is nothing but sinning and repenting, not only as to broken vows but as to many things, pleasant sinning and anguished repenting, without end or limit. And the tangle of mixed motives and considerations — of moral scruples and practical scruples and quick darting gleams of sensitive, sensual ecstasy — in which he ties himself up is fascinating beyond expression. Take this little blend of religious reserve and adulterous indulgence: 'So walked home, about eight at night, it being a little moonshine and fair weather, and so into the garden, and, with Mercer, sang till my wife put me in mind of its being a fast day; and so I was sorry for it, and stopped, and home to cards awhile, and had opportunity parabaïser Mercer several times, and so to bed.' Or again, how ravishingly human is the mixture in the story of the visit of Mrs. Penn's pretty maid. 'So I carried her some paper and kissed her, leading her by the hand to the garden door and there let her go. But, Lord! to see how much I was put out of order by this surprisal, and how much I could

have subjected my mind to have treated and been found with this wench, and how afterwards I was troubled to think what if she should tell this and whether I had spoke or done anything that might be unfit for her to tell. But I think there was nothing more passed than just what I here write.' So Sisyphus goes on rolling.

IV

There are persons who, when they are overwhelmed by these conflicts and struggles, seek divine aid to help them out. What use did Pepys make of prayer, and what did he think of it? When his aged aunt, as is the fashion of aged aunts, points out to him the efficacy of the prayers solicited for him at the time of his operation for the stone, he agrees, but rather casually: 'which I also in complaisance did own; but, God forgive me, my mind was otherwise.' The proper external forms of prayer are duly observed. Family worship is a regular practice in the household, so much so that on several occasions the master regrets that his return home in a slightly intoxicated condition makes it expedient to violate the custom, for fear of infringing due decorum — an omission which causes some scandal. All this is rather perfunctory. But when the great catastrophe of Deb. Willet comes, we have seen that the distress of it drives Pepys to his knees: 'I did this night promise to my wife never to go to bed without calling upon God upon my knees by prayer, and I begun this night, and hope I shall never forget to do the like all my life; for I do find that it is much the best for my soul and body to live pleasing to God and my poor wife, and will ease me of much care as well as much expense.'

Always shrewd, you see, always practical, always with a canny, careful

instinct for the saving of expense, even in matters of God. God was a universal institution to turn to when you wanted something. He was an obscure, terrible, overmastering institution, which blasted you and blighted you, when, as so often, you did those things which you ought not: 'It is a cold, which God Almighty in justice did give me while I sat lewdly sporting with Mrs. Lane the other day with the broken window in my neck.' It may seem strange that God should bother with the fantastic tricks of such petty creatures, but He does, and we should bear ourselves conformably — if we could.

So much for the dire hours of need and terror. But in general it cannot be said that Pepys was spiritually obsessed by the essentials of religion. God is frequently and reverently mentioned in the Diary. He is mentioned still more frequently in the later correspondence, and the testimony as to Pepys's dying moments shows that he passed away decorously, as a good Christian should. But through the Diary, at any rate, considering the general frankness in treating all subjects, there is singularly little reference to a future life, though the writer of course took it for granted. There is no suggestion whatever of the abiding,

haunting sense of God, longing for God, thirst for God, which inspire every page of Amiel or of the *Imitation*. Pepys simply knew nothing about these matters. He was a healthy, practical man of the world, largely and constantly occupied with getting and spending, eating and drinking, loving and hating, and music. God belonged to another order of things altogether, to church and Sunday and your best clothes and ministers and death and heaven — all things to be treated with immense respect and to be avoided and postponed as much as possible, while you hurried to do what had to be done here.

Perhaps it will be thought that, in discussing a busy, active, external, material life, I have given too much space to God altogether. It is because the vast, brooding consciousness of God alone gives such a life all its significance — and all its emptiness, and because I believe the busy, active, external, material life of America to-day, so much the life personified by the great Diarist, needs God more than anything else to save it. How the need is to be satisfied is another question, and one that can never be answered from the Diary of Pepys.

THE FARM

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

WHY do you listen, trees?
Why do you wait?
Why do you fumble at the breeze —
Gesticulate
With hopeless fluttering hands —
Stare down the vanished road beyond the gate
That now no longer stands?
Why do you wait —
Trees —
Why do you listen, trees?

(1750)

Ephraim Cross drives up the trail
From Worcester. Hepsibah goes pale
At sumach feathers in the pines.
The wooden wagon grunts and whines.
Blunt oxen leaning outward lurch
Over the boulders. Pine to birch
The hills change color. In the west
Wachusset humps a stubborn crest.
Ephraim takes the promised land,
Earth, rock and rubble, in his hand.

(1800)

Young sugar maples in a row
Flap awkward leaves. Ripe acres blow
In failing ripples to the blue
Of hemlocks. Ephraim's house stands true
Above the troubling of a brook.
Ephraim's grave stones seem to look
West of the Berkshires and still west.

THE FARM

Hepsibah's stones turn back compressed
 And bitter silence toward the sea.
 Between, her sons sleep patiently.

(1871)

A blind door yawing to the snow
 Questions them in. They knock and go
 Through the old bedroom to the back.
 The kitchen door swings out a crack
 Framing Aunt Aggie in her chair —
 Dead as a haddock — ragged hair
 Scrawled over on her shriveled eyes.
 Since Monday morning, they surmise:
 Last of her name she was, and best
 Be lyin' up there with the rest.

(1923)

Plummets of moonlight thinning through
 Deep fathoms of the dark renew
 Moments of vision and deflect
 Smooth images the eyes expect
 To images the brain perceives.
 Choked in a pine wood chafe the leaves
 Of aged maples, but the moon
 Remembers; and its shadows strewn
 Sidelong and slantingly restore
 Ephraim's trees about his door.

Why do you listen, trees?
 Why do you wait?
 Why do you fumble at the breeze —
 Gesticulate
 With hopeless fluttering hands —
 Stare down the vanished road beyond the gate
 That now no longer stands?
 Why do you wait, trees?
 Why do you listen, trees?

THE MODERN VIEW OF EVOLUTION

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

WHEN there is talk of evolution among laymen it is because of an interest, first, in the evolution of man — our view of Nature is strongly anthropocentric; second, in the evolution of animals — we all recognize something of their kinship with us; and, third, in the evolution of plants — they are farthest away from us. By layman I mean anyone not a working biologist.

The working biologists use evolution all the time as a guide in their work, a determinant of their point of view and method of study, a proved and accepted fundamental fact and principle in the science of living things. Hence the biologist in his relation to evolution is as likely to be interested in the evolution of plants, or in a single group of plants, as in the evolution of animals, or even in the evolution of man — though even biologists are human, and it seems an attribute of humanness to have a prime interest in human beings. But now and then one comes across a naturalist who does seem to be more interested in extra-human Nature than in human nature. Just after the great California earthquake of 1906, which gave scientific men an unusual opportunity to study earthquake ways, the sister of a Western scholar confided to me, somewhat bitterly, of her brother: 'He is no longer a man; he is just a geologist.'

But the layman is always a man, and he sees most importantly in evolution something significant in the problem

of the whence, how, and whither of man, and something that must be attended to in developing his world philosophy. Also, and of the same kind and degree of importance, something that has a specific delicate relation to religion, or, at any rate, to theology.

To the mind of the public, evolution has recently assumed again a position of seizing interest. The last time it had such an interest was in the immediate years after the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. The psychological results of the tremendous cataclysm produced by the war have made men take stock of the status of religion among them. Is religion stronger or weaker because of the war? Or did the realized possibility of such a war, such an unchristian behavior on the part of supposedly Christian peoples, reveal an antecedent and continuing feebleness of religion that must be thoughtfully considered and immediately attended to? Whatever the reason, there has been, since the war, a quickening of attention among us in Europe and America to the status of our religion. And in course of this attention evolution has come again to the position of whipping boy for those who take their religion too emotionally and thoughtlessly, hence violently. If religion is weakened it must be the fault of something and somebody. Putting aside swiftly the uncomfortable thought of the possibility of anything being wrong with religion

itself and with its expounders, the fundamentalists see in those black beetles, evolution and Darwin, the disturbing and criminal something and somebody who are guilty of this weakening. Have at them! And Mr. Bryan does.

II

So here is evolution, especially the evolution of man, again on the defensive. Are we to go through, all over again, the recital of the classic evidences of the actuality and manner of evolution as read from the four great documents of comparative anatomy, embryology, palæontology, and geographical distribution? And then add to these the confirmatory new evidences that the years since Darwin have brought forth? Must we recall again the fundamental identities, with their obviously adaptive modifications, of the organs and organ-systems of man with those of the other vertebrate and especially mammalian animals; the convincing recapitulation in man's embryology of successive conditions of heart and blood-cells and lungs and brain and other organs, which conditions are more or less like the adult conditions of these parts in the successively higher vertebrate classes, the fishes, amphibians, reptiles and birds, and, finally, mammals; the occurrence of fossils of prehistoric man from the days of early glacial time, a half-million years ago, up to the near-present, showing the gradual changes in skeletal structure, with their unmistakable implications, the straightening legs and reducing jaw and orbital and occipital crests, and the expanding brain cavity, in a word, the changes from beastliness to humanness; and, finally, the distribution of the living races of man in such a way as to tell the same story as the distribution of the animals and plants? Must all this

overwhelming testimony that man is an evolutionary product be rehearsed again because Mr. Bryan says that it does n't exist; or that, if it exists, it need not be taken into account by the truly informed, who have in the book of Genesis a complete manual of world and human origin?

If so, biologists are willing to tell it all over again. But it does seem absurd to have to do it. Especially when there are some other matters concerning evolution that have not been so often retold, and rather need telling and discussion. Sixty years of active study since Darwin, of evolutionary phenomena and of technical discussion among specialists, do not leave evolution just where it was when Darwin and his coadjutors had to drop it. For example, Darwin saw in natural selection a satisfying explanation of the origin of species. We do not see this now. We see in natural selection an important factor in the control of evolutionary lines of plant- and animal-development, and a restraining sieve for the too unfit species, but not a sufficient unaided cause of species-transmutation and -adaptation. There is no mere 'survival of the fittest'; there is a survival of all not too unfit.

But this does not mean returning whole-heartedly to an acceptance of Lamarck's proffered explanation of species-transmutation as caused by adaptive individual modifications and the inheritance and cumulation of these 'acquired characters.' Nor does it mean accepting exclusively the mutations explanation of species origin, despite the general agreement that mutations (rather large, immediately heritable variations) do occur and do make some new plant and animal forms. Nor, finally, does it mean seeing in the Mendelian juggling and recombining of unit characters in the case of hybridizations a sufficient explana-

tion of new species and adaptive specialization.

What it does mean is that, despite the much additional that has been learned confirmatory of the actuality of evolution, and the new wealth of knowledge that has been gained about the manner and mechanism of some of the principal basic factors of evolution, notably heredity and variation, biologists to-day are less agreed among themselves, or, better put, are more agnostic concerning the causal explanation of evolution now than they were just after Darwin and Huxley had made evolution a household word and natural selection its widely accepted explanation. Of course, natural selection, or Darwinism, never was a unanimously accepted evolution explanation. There were always Lamarckians; but after Weismann, the post-Darwinian champion of Darwinism who out-Darwined Darwin in his insistence on the *All-macht* of natural selection, had made his fight on the inheritance of acquired characters, Lamarckism went largely into eclipse. Yet there have always been Lamarckians since Lamarck, and are to-day, although there are but few who adhere to Lamarck's own naïve form of Lamarckism, with its assumption of the direct inheritance, in photographic replica, of bodily modifications acquired during the lifetime of the individual.

III

The Lamarckians of to-day are Neo-Lamarckians, with various forms of explanation of how parental modifications may cumulate in successive generations by heredity. And new examples of such claimed inherited modifications are every now and then put forward. Among the more recent and important of these claims are those of Kammerer of Vienna, whose accounts

of his experiments in inducing changes by environmental influence in the mode of reproduction of various salamanders and in the color of various amphibians and reptiles, with a claimed definite hereditary transmission of these changes in later untreated generations, excited much attention at the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Also those of the Americans, Guyer and Smith, who have reported the positive inheritance of certain eye-defects induced in rabbits by a toxic serum, and whose unusually carefully conducted experiments and elimination of alternative explanations give their claims a very serious importance. And, finally, those of Pavlov the great Russian physiologist, whose white mice, trained to come to their food by the ringing of a bell, produced young who learned their lesson much more quickly, and in turn produced young still more quickly responsive to the signal. However many carelessly claimed instances of modification of species-character by an inheritance of acquired characters can be proved to be uncertain, and thus to be useless as evidence for the Lamarckian explanation of evolution, any single one that cannot be otherwise explained will have the gravest consequence in the search for the actual causes of evolution.

As a matter of fact, despite the inability of the Lamarckians, or of biologists in general, to offer any indubitable cases of Lamarckian inheritance (unless the most recently advanced cases are of this character), and despite the heavy weight thrown against the Lamarckian explanation of evolution by almost all that has been learned in the recent years about the physical basis of heredity — in spite of all this, many reputable and thoughtful biologists remain convinced in their own minds that any satisfactory causal

explanation of evolution, especially adaptive evolution, must contain as an important fundamental element some form of the Lamarckian assumption. There must be more than just chance variation in successive generations out of which adaptive modification and specialization are to arrive. Almost all the palæontologists believe, on the basis of their knowledge of animal and plant series extending through long periods of time, in some form of orthogenesis, or determinate variation. There must be something, they believe, that drives evolution on in more or less fixed lines, even though these lines lead, as they have led in the case of the crinoids, the ammonites, the great dinosaurs, and various other highly specialized lines, to over-specialization and extinction. Now unless the palæontologists accept some mystic inherent driving factor, such as the *élan vital*, or other, to explain this phenomenon, they must find in environmental influence and the impression on heredity of the changes caused by it, the explanation of the initiation, if not the maintenance, of this evolutionary movement.

Another fact of much significance in connection with adaptive evolution — a fact which I first stressed sixteen years ago in my *Darwinism To-day* — and which points strongly, to my mind, to some as yet unexplained means of introducing the acquirements of the individual into the heredity of the species, is that many of the inherited species-adaptations of plants and animals are in quite the same direction as the adaptive changes acquired in their lifetime by individuals of closely related species, which may well be the original species from which the newer more adapted ones have branched off. For example, in streams into which hot springs flow individuals of species occurring in the streams may, in the

search for place and food, find themselves in warmer and warmer water, and may adapt themselves physiologically, sometimes with slight but recognizable structural changes, to high-temperature conditions.

But in the very hot springs themselves may be found species living which show, only in more marked degree, as definite and inherited species characters, the same adaptive changes as those shown by the individuals of the stream species which have found their way into the warmer waters. Similarly, the dwarfed growth of individuals of valley plant-species which have been planted on alpine heights is the same adaptive change as that which has been in some way acquired by typical alpine species, and is now an inherited characteristic of such alpine plants.

Altogether, it may fairly be confessed that evolutionists would welcome the discovery of the actual possibility and the mechanism of transferring into the heredity of organisms such adaptive changes as can be acquired by individuals in their lifetime. It would give them an explanation of evolution, especially of adaptation, much more satisfactory than any other explanation at present claiming the acceptance of biologists. For the truth is, as already suggested, that although we know much more about evolution than we did fifty years ago, and are more than ever sure of the reality of evolution, we are distinctly less confident concerning the causal explanation or explanations of evolution than we were a half-century ago. Darwinism (the selection theories) upset Lamarckism as an explanation; but the new knowledge of variation and heredity largely upsets Darwinism, at least as an explanation of species origin, and at the same time offers no satisfactory replacing explanation. Mutations and

Mendelism may explain the origin of new species in some measure, but they do not explain adaptation in the slightest degree.

IV

But it is not with the troubles of the biologists seeking the causes of evolution that the anti-evolutionists concern themselves, although it comes to me with constant surprise that they have not taken more notice than they have of these differences of opinion and questionings on the part of the biologists concerning evolution explanations. But they are not looking for any such small game. The thorough-going anti-evolutionists simply reject evolution outright; they dogmatically assert that there is no evolution; and let it go at that. From a letter just received from a friendly correspondent I quote the following sentences: 'So far as evolution is concerned, it is not an established fact. . . . There is not an established factor supporting it to-day. . . . Oh, how I wish we could get our schoolmen to drop this evolutionary nonsense!'

In answer to this the biologists assert that evolution is scientifically proved. They are quite willing to add that there are many puzzling things about it, the most puzzling thing being its causal explanation. Of course, the biologist might simply be content to say that evolution, like gravitation, exists; that it is a fundamental phenomenon of Nature, which can be described, but not explained. But gravitation can be described or defined in very few words. Evolution cannot be so simply and succinctly described. It has numerous manifestations; it is a complex thing; it is a group of many things. The evolutionist is concerned with the analysis of evolutionary phenomena and an attempt to relate a

variety of effects to a satisfying cause. Here is where his puzzles and differences of opinion come in.

Also the relation of evolution to man has so far been a very much more complex and disturbing matter than the relation of gravitation to man. Its significance in relation to the very existence of man is pregnant with opportunities for trouble. Emotions, traditions, old beliefs, religion, and especially formal theology, are involved. Our anthropocentric system of world philosophy, outgrowth of centuries of self-worship, feels itself assailed. The reaction is one of anger and fear. Is man after all not a unique, specially created being, around whom and for whom an all-powerful Creator has produced the rest of life and the world? Evolution comes as the iconoclast to rob man of his sacred isolation. Repulse it; deny it.

This tempest created by a wounded, false self-pride seems unnecessary and rather absurd to the biologist. In the first place, he does not see man robbed by evolution of his high place at Nature's head. In fact, a belief in evolution confirms him in this place. He is still unique, the only thing of his kind or at all closely approaching his kind. His body is no less a wonder-exciting combination of matter and energy because it is composed of natural matter and energy, and is, after all, really a machine or group of machines, and not a mysterious something unrelated to the natural world. His mind is no less an endowment that lifts him far beyond all other living creatures because it reveals in itself basic elements common to the mentality of all life. Nor, finally, does an acceptance of human evolution deny the human possession of spirit, which we all know we have, however unagreed we may be as to how or when we came to possess it.

An evolutionist may be a good man, may be a profoundly religious man, as truly as may a philanthropist or a preacher. Being an evolutionist is not necessarily being any less a man. It is, indeed, being more of a man, if one characteristic of being completely human is the use to the utmost of that noble endowment of intelligence and reason which constitutes the chief special advancement and advantage of man over the lower animals. Evolution makes its appeal to reason, but its acceptance does not mean the abasement, let alone the denial, of emotion, faith, and religion, those great springs of the higher human attitudes and activities.

V

The evolutionist does not like being called a bad man. He does not like being posted as an enemy of poetry and faith and religion. He does not like being defined as crassly materialist, a man exclusively of the earth earthy. For, simply as evolutionist, he is not necessarily all or any of these unpleasant things. As individual he may be anything — as anybody else may be. I have known several bad men — one or two of them are in the penitentiary now — who were not evolutionists; who, indeed, even posed and were accepted as very good men, full of faith and religion. One was a Sunday School superintendent. And just as religion and cheating can apparently be compassed in one man, so can one man be both evolutionist and idealist.

What the evolutionist believes, on the basis of a mass of what seems to him unrefuted and irrefutable scientific evidence, is that the plants and animals and man and woman were not created by some sudden supernatural treatment of clay and ribs, but that they have slowly and gradually

come into existence through the orderly processes of Nature extending over much time. He sees a fine and awe-inspiring order throughout Nature, some of which can be discovered and, in a measure, understood. He sees in this order, this immense capacity for natural being and doing and becoming, a beauty and majesty in Nature which cannot be transcended in conception. In recognizing the creation of man as its supreme achievement, he sees no belittling of man, but a proof of the extraordinary potentialities of this natural order. In organic evolution he sees just what the name signifies, the unfolding of organized matter, the outrolling of the possibilities of life.

Since the beginning of life on this earth this evolution has led constantly, even if slowly and with retrogressing side branches here and there, or extinctions, now and then, of unadapted or over-specialized kinds of creatures, ever onward and upward to higher life possibilities. It is a grandiose and noble sight which the evolutionist, surveying the natural occurrences of the many long geologic ages through which this earth has passed, as revealed to him by the testimony of the rocks and the accumulated results in the myriad life forms of to-day, sees spread before him. He sees life stretching in a long, continuous, and fascinating series of forms, from simplest, through more and more complex and amazing, to culmination in humankind. He sees even many of the details of the special perfecting of this humankind from its rough and still bestial beginnings of half a million years ago to its present high estate.

With all this in his eyes, is the evolutionist likely to be more blind than other men to the potentialities and possibilities of man himself? He knows no more than other men of the ultimate origin of life itself or of the

limitations or lack of limitations of evolution. He sees in evolution the explanation of man's origin and of the character of his present structural and physiological make-up. But of all that is the possession of man, or of all that is the possibility of man, he stands only on even footing with others to learn. If man lives in two worlds, one of his body and one of his soul, the evolutionist, like the rest of us, would like to know it. If imagination and love and faith and religion are something in man's life which are so different from the other things of his life as to call for some other explanation of their existence than the evolution that has given man the special form of his body and manner of its functioning, the evolutionist is not one who cannot be shown it. That there may be a God who has put his Spirit into men, the evolutionist can believe as well as anybody else. There is nothing in the conception of evolution to deny God, or to make man irreligious, or to lessen the aspiration of his soul.

With some naïve beliefs in an unnecessary interference with the observed order of Nature on the part of an anthropomorphic God, conceived as behaving in a manner quite too restricted to excite respect, the conception of evolution does cross swords. The evolutionist believes that the description of the origin of earth and life and humankind as given in Genesis is mythological, perhaps allegorical, at any rate not true as a literal account of these happenings. This, however, is something quite distinct from denying God or refusing to see in the Bible a guide to the highest of human conduct and an inspiration to the highest human ideals.

In a word, evolution and the tenets of the Christian religion are not in opposition. They have really little to do with each other. They concern

themselves with essentially different affairs. For anti-evolutionists to encourage the popular error that they are incompatibles and even mortal enemies is a crime against both. It leads to an unnecessary and disastrous confusion in men's minds. It is a blow to human understanding of human life.

VI

The conception of evolution has had an enormous effect on our view and understanding of Nature. It has touched and colored all our natural philosophy. It has introduced irrevocably into our thought two fundamentally important ideas: those of continuity and transmutation in the things of the world. We find evolution, not as an isolated or particular phenomenon in Nature, but something all through and almost identical with Nature. All that we see of the make-up and behavior of living things constantly spells evolution to us. We see change always and everywhere, if we take the long view of Nature. What seems, in the short view, to be rest, or static, reveals itself, when the perspective is lengthened, to be movement, and dynamic. But that is precisely what evolution is: constant, slow, continuous change. Thus it is not too far-fetched to see an identity in Nature and evolution. Certainly that is the impression that the naturalist studying in any field of Nature, studying any phase of Nature, gets. Wherever or to whatever he turns his attention, he sees evolution. It is no wonder, then, that Nature and evolution come to be, to him, nearly synonymous terms.

This is an idea that has been growing on me with the years. More and more I have come to feel that our long-used meaning of evolution is too narrow. To the extent that we understand Nature we understand evolution, and

vice versa. There are many, many things about Nature that we do not understand. We do not understand the origin of life or the fundamental cause or causes of its constant flux. We lack a satisfying explanation of such highly specialized adaptations as the extremes of protective coloration, the nest-making habits of the solitary wasps, the extraordinary structural modifications and elaborate life-history of the complete parasites, and, even more baffling, those adaptive specializations which require for their utility very precise reciprocal modifications of structure and habit on the part of two different animal species, as two commensals, or on the part of a plant and an animal, as the orchids and the insects that cross-pollinate them. But these are precisely the things that are the outstanding puzzles in evolution. What we do not understand about Nature we do not understand about evolution; what we do not understand about evolution we do not understand about Nature.

So I want to plead for a wider conception of evolution, a conception as wide as that of living Nature itself. One of the obstacles to the acceptance of evolution has been its particularity. It has seemed to too many to be a special explanation of a few special problems in Nature. To a large part of the general public it has seemed chiefly an explanation of human origin which flies in the face of the Biblical explanation, and hence, by easy implication, is something that denies the Bible, God, and religion. But it is much more than this, and at the same time does not have all the significance attributed to it by the theologians.

It is living Nature, and the way

that living Nature has become what it is and will further become what it will be.

Considered, and I think justifiably, in this large way, evolution is not to be denied so categorically and completely as my correspondent would deny it. To deny evolution in toto seems to me like denying the fact of life itself, life plastic, changing, adapting, perfecting; life not created once for all in rigidly fixed form, but developed and ever developing slowly, wisely, or at least as if it had wisdom, or was guided by wisdom, in the way and ways which lead to constant betterment. This is how evolution seems to me to be revealed by the study of Nature; this is what evolution seems to me to be.

Well, this is also what living Nature itself seems to be: a slow, mighty, constant movement of matter and energy, showing itself in ever-changing form and behavior, and revealing potentialities and possibilities that seem limitless. Man is a part of this Nature; hence, is endowed with these limitless potentialities. In this lies the basis of a religion of hope and inspiration. In whatever varying terms various ones of us name or personify the limitless potentiality of Nature and man, that need make no disturbing difference in our common acceptance of this fundamental basis of our religion. It need not make us less good or less honest. It need not undermine our belief in and practice of love and charity; it need not make us have lesser visions or smaller faith. It can magnify our conception of Nature, confirm our confidence in the limitless possibilities of life, and exalt our hopes for the future of humankind. Is this a form of religion to be banned?

AT THE CENTRAL PRIMARY

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

THE Central Primary was a wooden building that had once been the Colored Baptist Church. The Boy never knew why it had changed its estate. Either the colored Baptists had prospered and builded a more sumptuous tabernacle, or the mortgage had been foreclosed, and deprived them of any. But for as long as he could remember, the big building beside the public square had been the portal to education, where he would have to go when he was six years old. He had been taken once to visit the school, arrayed in absurdly short 'short-pants,' the pocket flaps of which were a vain show and led nowhere. This so pleased the boys when they discovered it, that they celebrated the fact by filling the pseudo-pockets with stubs of slate pencils which fell through on the Boy's shoes. But he did not mind. He gathered that it was part of the ceremony of School, and looked eagerly forward to the day when he would don the *toga virilis*.

And sure enough, one bright September morn, having attained the legal age, he set out for the desecrated church, in high hopes and a kind of fever of anticipation, because no one in that school, teacher or pupil, realized how very much he already knew, and they were in for a big surprise. He could read and spell and write, or at least 'print'; and so, although no one was aware of it, he was going to school primarily to display the stores of knowledge already accumulated. This thought filled the

inside of him with a warm glow of expectation, which he has felt sometimes since, and which the hand of Fate has dampened and extinguished as effectually as it did in this earliest instance he remembers.

Little had been done to the church to fit it for a schoolhouse. The pews had been taken out and replaced by short benches, divided by broad arms into two seats, like those in the help-yourself lunchrooms. The old gallery where the choir used to sit was still in place, and the dark stairway that led to it was used now only as an oubliette for the confinement of the more dangerous law-breakers among the pupils. The bell that formerly rang only on Sundays now enlarged its labors to a five-day week, sounding at eight, eight-thirty, and eight-forty-five; again at ten-thirty for recess, and at the end, fifteen minutes later. The morning session ended at twelve, without bell, book, or candle. Contrary to the laws of physics, less energy was required to stop a session than to set it in motion. After dinner, the bell rang at one and one-thirty, and for all whose record was spotless, the day ended at half-past three. Others stayed after school, the incident ceremony being called 'taking your name.' Thus was enacted each afternoon a miniature replica of the Day of Judgment, so graphically described in the Book of Revelation when the Heavens were rolled up like a scroll.

On the rostrum stood, this first morn-

ing, a teacher with curls, who plays the part of Fate in the Boy's tragedy. Her name was Nora McClay. Assigned to one of the seats with broad arms, the Boy found beneath the arm a small cubbyhole in which were to be kept what the social economists call the implements of production. The teacher ordained and authorized the purchase of these implements — a slate, a slate-pencil, and a primer. The slate which the Boy's parents could afford was the proletarian one — a square of thin black stone framed in wood, the frame bound with a strip of red flannel by means of what looked like a black shoestring, not so much for ornament as to enable it to live up to its name of 'Victor Noiseless.' Attached to the slate by a string was a small sponge. Slate-pencils were of two kinds — soapstone, which were soft and never sharp, and regular slate, which had fine points and sometimes came covered for half their length with paper gay with the Stars and Stripes. There was also a more costly and aristocratic slate called a book-slate, having four to eight leaves, of black silica, which could be written on with a slate-pencil and rubbed out. Many of the wealthier pupils had this Persian apparatus, which gave the Boy some heartburnings and early introduced class distinctions into his life.

But it was the primer which dashed the Boy's hopes and dreams of triumph, and turned them to ashes in his mouth. It was a small, thin, blue book, and its official name was *McGuffey's Primary Reader*. To his horror and dismay, he discovered on looking it over the first evening that it was written in an unknown alphabet. All, all were gone, the old familiar faces. Here and there was a recognizable letter, but every word contained some uncouth, obscene character that rendered it unintelligible. This book was one of the educational fads of that time, an attempt to teach

children to read phonetically. It had been prescribed by the Board of Education, and it had to be taught, even to those who were so unfortunate as to have already learned to read before coming to school.

An alphabet had been designed with diabolical ingenuity, which was supposed to represent the sound of the spoken letter. *Th* as a diphthong was a character something like the Anglo-Saxon symbol for the same sound — though of course the Boy did not know that. *C* soft had a tiny *s* cunningly concealed in its insides, while *C* hard was similarly equipped with a *k*. Soft *G* had a small *j* depending from its lower lip. *Wh* as in 'who' and 'when' was a monogram of the two letters, and *ai*, *ae*, and *ou* were disfigured like Siamese twins, with ignominious ligatures and bands that deformed them in the Boy's eyes like monstrous growths on human beings. Not only was his dear and familiar alphabet made into a strange and grotesque thing, but this Cubist alphabet was expanded to include as many symbols as Mr. McGuffey supposed there were sounds in the English language. More than that, the so-called silent letters were printed in light-faced type, utterly ruining the physiognomy of the word. There were other complexities and vexations which the Boy has now forgotten. He has not set eyes on that accursed book for forty-eight years.

Nor did spelling escape the hands of the vandals. The Boy rather fancied himself a speller. To him the printed word was a picture. It did not look right if a single letter was altered or missing. In the vision of his coming triumph, spelling had loomed large. But the new learning did not include spelling. One did not spell; one 'sounded.' The curly-haired teacher commanded, 'Sound dog'; and the intelligentsia went through something

like this: 'duh-awe-guh.' When you spelled the word in this new fashion, you were supposed to have pronounced it, like a movie film of the word run very slowly.

The Boy could have wept, and, in fact, did weep. Not only were his dearly bought accomplishments rendered of no avail, but the alphabet, instead of being one of the verities acquired for a lifetime, was a transient and mutable thing. How many alphabets was one supposed to learn to keep up with this mysterious something called reading! Was nothing permanent — not even ABC? The Boy felt, as so many of us have since the war, that a lifetime of laboriously acquired experience was suddenly rendered useless by a new era.

Years afterward, in the course of his work as an advertising man, the Boy came across an old metal-worker who was strongly prejudiced against the tar and composition roofs that were then beginning to be advertised. 'I don't hold with these new-fangled roofings,' he averred. 'I believe in covering roofs with tin, as God intended they should be.' To the Boy the alphabet as he had learned it had the same inviolable character that roofs had.

That little book had other vagaries. The world that it revealed was as unfamiliar as its typography. On the very first page, after the new characters began to have a meaning to the Boy, he read this text: —

'Is it an ox?'

'It is an ox.'

'Is it my ox?'

'It is my ox.'

'Go on, ox, do go on.'

At the top of this page was the picture of an animal that even a cursory inspection showed was a cow. True, the boy had heard of oxen. They had them in the Bible. But he had never seen one — and certainly never owned one. To him an ox was as strange as the blood-

sweating behemoth. The only part of this lesson that roused enthusiasm was the last line.

It was like that all through the book. There was a man with a cart, a high cart, with two huge wheels, drawn by a horse which wore a great saddle on its back. The man had on some sort of basque. But every day farmers drove past the house where the Boy lived, riding in green lumber-wagons, drawn by two horses, and they wore coats like the Boy's father, and had their pants tucked in their boots. The man with the cart was no more related to everyday life than the circus clown with the calico pony.

The boys in this book bore such names as Hugh and Miles, and they were fond of saying 'Ah' when they began to speak, which, it will be remembered, was the favorite expletive of Rollo's friend Jonas. In the Boy's circle there was an Art and a Sanny; but Arthur and Alexander were barred from primers by their length, and Art and Sanny by their utterly improper colloquialism. And 'Ah' was a shibboleth.

By a triumph of ingenuity that should earn it a place in Miss Wells's *Whimsical Anthology*, McGuffey's primer was written entirely in words of one syllable. By consulting Codex A *supra*, it will be seen that the naïve dialogue about the ox is narrated not only with words of one syllable, but with syllables of two letters. As the book progresses the words get longer and harder, without abandoning the monosyllabic form, until they attain such heights as 'bough' and 'straight' and 'through.' The Boy knew many words of two syllables, and even three, that were easier than these; but McGuffey was joined to his idols. The last lesson told of a rose, a blush rose, which of course had its monitory attendant thorn. The word 'thorn' in the bastard text of McGuffey was a

weird vocable. Decision wavered for a time as to whether it was a thorn or a throne the rose had. In the Boy's life roses were almost as rare as oxen.

II

Despite heartburnings, the orthoëpic alphabet did not detain him long. He was, as the actors say, a quick study. Under the tutelage of the teacher with the ringlets, whose Scotch name suggested affinity at least with the Clan McGuffey, the Boy learned the new text, and then read the thin, blue book through from ox to thorn. Having thus again demonstrated his superiority and won back a portion of the self-esteem that had been dashed by the rejection of his home-grown ABC's, he was disposed to rest on his laurels and wait for official recognition of his prowess. But his only reward was to sit with his hands folded and wait until the rest of the class was ready to recite. And while he waited, his thoughts, with some retrospective assistance, ran about like this: School was a delusion and a snare. Instead of being a place where education was pursued with delight, where one went from triumph to triumph amid the plaudits of the multitude, where one continued the adventure of learning with growing excitement and pleasure, it was really a dull place where character was formed by tribulation and disappointment. Its purpose appeared to be discipline rather than education. The important thing was to obey the rules. Falling ahead seemed as reprehensible as falling behind. The Shakespearean tradition of the schoolboy creeping like a snail unwillingly to school was sedulously upheld.

There is reason to believe that, if one could have read the minds of the adult world at that period, some such conception would have been found in them.

They would have agreed that the Boy's arraignment was a true bill. They would have had grave doubts about any school that its victims found pleasant. Education was a painful process, and its painfulness was a part of the education. Not one of those grown-ups — teacher, superintendent, board of education, or parents — could foresee the time which now is, when school is the supreme adventure of childhood, and when, as I am credibly informed, children resort to the same subterfuges to avoid being kept away from school that they once practised to escape going. The story of Tom Sawyer's hypothetical toothache must seem as legendary to the modern child as the account of William Tell and the apple to a walking delegate.

The Slate served no better than the Book, but for the opposite reason. Its chief function was to aid in acquiring knowledge of a mystery called 'Numbers,' which bore no relation to the fourth book of Moses, but was merely a euphemism for that hard word 'arithmetic.' Numbers consisted of a long series of tables, which, if done neatly, made an orderly arrangement on the slate, which was very gratifying. But neatness was not enough. Correctness was also a desideratum. So the pleasure of creating an artistic format was marred by the necessity of having the answers right. There was also the matter of language. The tables must be read according to formula. 'One plus one equals two. One minus one equals ought. One times one equals one. One divided by one equals one.' Each of these permutations was carried to twelve, though why twelve instead of ten, which seems the logical stopping-place, the Boy never learned. The outposts of the mathematical world, at least in the Central Primary, were established at the twelfth milestone.

After the tables came examples. Ex-

amples were such bits of anecdote as, 'If a man can saw twelve cords of wood in seven days, how much wood can he saw in one day?' The issue was clouded for the Boy by a vision of Bud Gash, who sometimes sawed the paternal wood, and who could not possibly have sawed twelve cords in seven days. The example best remembered of all was the one which inquired, 'If a stick and a half of candy cost a cent and a half a stick, how much will one stick cost?' which was n't a school example at all, but a catch propounded by some jocose elder outside jurisdiction. They did not have such amusing diversions at school.

Numbers was a greater trial than even Mr. McGuffey's misbegotten alphabet. The Boy, as the phrase goes, had no head for figures. The phrase is all wrong, however. He had a head for figures. He delighted to make them. He liked to carry the tail of the seven below the line, and close up the four at the top the way it was done in print. What he hated was to figure with figures — add, subtract, multiply. He had, I fear, a finite mind. A long column to be added gave him a feeling of faintness, almost nausea, like that with which later he tried to grasp the idea of time and space. He did not at that early hour have the consolation of Thackeray's wise conclusion, who felt less chagrin at his lack of mathematical proficiency when he learned that machines could add and multiply. In the course of time the Boy's hearing failed, and he became deafer and deafer, but he never, never, became an adder.

The slate was the innocent instrument of his greatest triumph and greatest humiliation. One day the teacher instructed the class to copy its lesson upon its respective slates. The lesson for the day concerned the doings, or perhaps the disposition, of a certain dog bearing the unorthodox name of Tray, a name not bestowed on dogs outside of

primers. What the word 'copy' meant to the Boy, memory fails to register; but what he did was this. He construed it literally and reproduced the page with the fidelity of a Chinaman duplicating a patched coat. Perhaps he knew that he was exceeding expectations, or perhaps he really thought that the teacher wanted a holographic facsimile. There were so many puzzling things about the practices of school. At any rate, he made that page, with the folio number at the upper right-hand corner, the running head in Italic caps, a crinkly rule under it; then a picture of the kennel, with Tray lying half in and half out; on either side a neat column of words to spell, and underneath 'Lesson VII,' the title, and the chaste and sober narrative of some incident in Tray's history. With a carefully sharpened slate-pencil he reproduced the McGuffey characters, the silent letters in lighter line, and when the call came for results, flushed and excited, he silently laid his work before the teacher, who promptly told him to take it home and show it to his father and mother.

It was all of a piece with the baffled and confused state of mind that school produced in him, that he went without being clear whether it was reward or punishment. He trotted along as fast as his legs could carry him, holding the slate at arm's length so as not to smudge it, now swelling with pride as he viewed his masterpiece, and now overcome by misgivings that he had again been too enterprising for a conservative age. The event as it appears to recollection was all to the good. Mother admired and praised without stint, and stood the slate carefully on the shelf beside the clock to await father's homecoming. What a pity that such an inspiration should have been confided to so perishable a palimpsest as the slate, washed off next day with a sponge, and almost as soon from the memory of the high

Olympians! But the Boy, too, like Tray, had had his day.

And now comes his degradation. The G. A. R. parade passed the schoolhouse exactly at recess time, and the Boy followed the band until it was too late to return before the last bell, and then followed it all the way. His confederates were a colored boy whose father was a barber, and a Jewish boy whose father was a tobacconist. The word 'tobacconist' is used intentionally, for the emporium of Stremmel and Myers was no ordinary cigar store. It had what the Boy would have called an Old-World air, if he had ever heard of such a thing, with its wooden pails of fine-cut displayed in rows along the counter, and in the window a log cabin most ingeniously built with cigars. It was one of the show places on Main Street, like the model steamship in the window of the emigrant ticket agency, and was religiously visited on those Sunday afternoons when one was allowed to go downtown and look in the windows.

There was something especially heinous in walking out of the schoolyard at recess and not coming back. It was what is now known to a militaristic generation as A.W.O.L. Authority was evidently hard put to find a punishment to fit the crime. The penalty imposed was to remain after school one hour each day until one had written, 'I ran away,' one thousand times on one's slate — a form of punishment reminiscent of mediæval religious orders. Memory insists that the medium used was writing, and not 'printing'; but the cursive hand of that age was not a facile medium, and the days seemed to stretch ahead without end. One of the trio, probably the tobacconist's heir, announced that he was going to devote his period of penal servitude to improving his penmanship; but this virtuous resolve did not apparently soften the heart of Authority. The Boy

made no propitiatory libations, but set himself doggedly to execute his task, turning in his tale each day to be counted and credited before he could go home. The twenty years Monte Cristo spent in the Château d'If were as a short winter's day beside the time it took the Boy to complete his sentence, or, more accurately, sentences. But it must have been finished because all things came to an end in time, even the school-year.

The following year the Boy was promoted. The B class became the A class, and moved across the room and sat in the seats of the mighty. Not all, however. There was a little classmate whose brain was so slow that one copy of a book was not enough to teach her its contents. She had been compelled to remain behind in the B class, and repeat her progress through *McGuffey's Primer*. Swollen with pride at his own recent advancement, the Boy, with his new *Monroe's First Reader* under his arm, one day taunted the backward one: 'O Abbie, you in that old primer yet?' And Abbie, true to type, utterly oblivious of the aspersion that had been cast upon her, proudly displayed a brand-new copy of the primer, and replied, 'No, I got a new one.'

So far as interest goes, Monroe had little on McGuffey. The narratives concerned the adventures of two colorless individuals named John and Kate, who led uninspired lives. They too seemed to live in a world that existed only in schoolbooks. At one place you read that they caught prawns in the pools by the sea. The Boy was not ignorant of the fauna of Western Illinois. He had caught bull-cats in Spoon River, and drowned out gophers on the prairies around the town; but the only prawn he had ever heard of was the species Monroe. He had a faint idea that they were something you played chess with. He did not play chess, but

he played with the chessmen, and the chessmen had little chess boys, which were of course the black ones, and chess girls, which were white, and the grown-up world called them prawns. But finding them in pools seemed to obtain only in schoolbooks.

Nevertheless the *First Reader* had one quality that atoned for all shortcomings, and makes it stand out in memory as a glorious thing; for it was printed with the orthodox alphabet the Boy had learned from his building blocks, and the McGuffey orthoëpic characters passed from memory like a fevered dream. Never again did they darken his mental door. The original alphabet, the one he learned first, was now sufficient for all the reading he would ever do. That year of McGuffey was just so much lost out of his life; and when in time he tackled Greek, and later Anglo-Saxon, the old feeling came back: he remembered that he had learned harder things in his youth. It was just another form of McGuffeyism.

III

No sooner had reading become fairly easy and scarcely a study at all, when he discovered that it was not really an end, but a means to an end. By the exercise of it one learned other things.

One of the other things was geography. Geography was a large, thin, flat book, the largest of the schoolbooks, and its unstandard size made it difficult to carry in conjunction with the other books. It was garnished with a blue checked-gingham slip-cover, fashioned by mother, to protect it unspotted from the world, in the vain hope that it might descend to successive members of one large family; but when at the end of the course the cover was removed, the contrast between the outside and the inside of the book was startling. It was not what the old book-dealers de-

scribe as good second-hand condition.

The outstanding wonder of geography was maps. The text had little to offer so stimulating to the imagination. They gave the Boy a new field for speculation, and added greatly to the store of mental resources out of which he fashioned amusements and devices for mitigating the shortcomings of deafness.

Standing first in the book was a map of the world stretched out on an oblong rectangle, wherein Greenland was apparently the largest body of land. The fine type down in the corner said it was 'The World on Mercator's Projection'; but fine type in schoolbooks was always addressed to teachers and other grown-ups. Meanwhile here was Mercator's world, flat as a table, and square at the corners. The use of globes was not taught at the Central Primary. Indeed, the school did not possess one. The geography contradicted Mercator and insisted the world was round. There was also other evidence. A scrap of rhyme lingered in the Boy's memory from pre-school days, which exclaimed,

The world is round, I do declare,
And hung on nothing in the air.

Nevertheless the book seemed admirably adapted to the needs of that complaisant teacher, who agreed to teach it round or flat as the school board demanded.

The Boy's problem (and after fifty years still a problem) was to establish a working relation between himself and the universe; a difficult job when that universe did not come apparently any closer to him than the outlines of the State of Illinois. The point where he stood was for him the centre of the world, while from Mercator the geography advanced toward him by degrees, — first hemispheres, then continents, and then countries, the United States, his own State — but no further. It was

an elementary book, which did not get down to such details as where one lived. It was elementary at the wrong end. For surely the elementary fact of existence was that one lived in Galesburg, Knox County, Illinois. Even that was a generalization. One lived in a little white house in Monmouth Road. And long before he heard the word geography the Boy had begun his own map, from his own centre, reaching outward vaguely toward the universe.

First, there came the Yard, evidently a much bigger place than the world as Mercator made it, and much fuller of interesting things; bounded on one side by a picket fence, with a gate, on the flat-topped posts of which the Boy sat and regarded the rest of the world; and then the three hard maples, every limb of which he knew like the fingers of his hand; the two apple trees, the big one and the little one; the sweet-brier rose at the corner of the house, and the stonecrop — always called butter-and-eggs — growing beside the bricks of the foundation as far as the cellar door. At the back a broad highway ran straight through a Sherwood Forest of currant bushes, to an open grassplot in the far corner, where stood the swing. A magnificent estate, truly, covering nearly an eighth of an acre. The Boy knew every landmark and could to-day draw a fairly accurate topographical map of the first bit of the earth's surface with which he became acquainted.

Outside the Yard one went two ways, down to the Bridge, and up to the Corner. Obviously there was only one bridge and one corner. At the Corner one looked down five streets, because of the flatiron that had been taken out of one block. The most interesting street to look down was Academy Street, where one could see Noah's Ark standing boldly, with its great weathered gable resting on the street. It was exactly the shape of the toy one, but not

so brightly colored. He fancied the paint must have been washed off by the long rain. He was still, it should be understood, in the Golden Age of legend. Long before Geography he learned that Noah's Ark was really an incredibly overgrown hay barn, a Somebody's Folly, built no doubt to hold food for the lean kine during seven years of famine.

At the Corner was the Octagon House. It belonged to Mr. Dormer. Some houses had windows named after him, but Mr. Dormer's house had no dormer window. Its mysterious form gave one a thrill. One speculated as to the shapes of the rooms inside. They must have been laid out the way mother cut the pie. But the Boy never went inside.

Later he went as far as the Next Corner. After that came Hale's Corner, where one turned and went diagonally through the Park. For this was the Roman Road. It led Down Town. Its landmarks were far older and better established than anything in the geography. You came out of the Park into Broad Street, where the Central Primary stood, and just ahead was the Public Square. In the centre of the square stood the Liberty Pole. It was the Umbilicus.

On one side of the square was E. F. Thomas Corner. It was the first yearnings of a department store. It seemed to confirm the Boy's terminology; that is, if it was right to assume that Mr. Thomas had a corner. Sign painters then as now had no apostrophes in their kits. On the other hand, he might be Mr. Corner.

This then was the known world which the Boy attempted to join up with a green map in the book called Illinois. And in the course of time I suppose he did join it up, with the aid of advanced geography, which went as far as counties, with the further help of a map of

Knox County which hung in father's office, with the tiers of townships running across it, and pictures of the courthouse, the jail, the college, and other prominent buildings, in the margins.

By great good fortune Illinois in the geography was green, and it was green in the world also, as the Boy knew from such bits of it as he saw just outside the town. But when he was taken across the Mississippi to visit his Uncle Charlie in Algona, the first summer after his introduction to *Monteith's Geography*, he was greatly disturbed to find that Iowa was green, too, and not pink as shown in the book. After that he doubted whether China was really yellow. It had seemed so appropriate, because the book said it was inhabited by the yellow race. In time he came to understand that the pleasant custom of distinguishing states and countries by colors that were not really true was another idiosyncrasy like the McGuffey alphabet.

For a time maps superseded the alphabet in absorbing interest. The Boy made maps of the Yard, of the schoolroom, and imaginary maps of places that existed only in dreams. He invented a game, which was played with a piece of chalk on the barn floor. He drew a large and well-equipped farm, such as would have delighted the heart of the editor of an agricultural journal, so well furnished was it with barns, and cow-sheds, and pigsties, and chicken-runs. On this farm life was lived in a plane of two dimensions. The stalls for the horses, for instance, were two short chalk marks, and the horse itself was a black-eyed bean. Other cereals served as other live-stock, such as popcorn for chickens, and black beans for pigs, while scarlet runners made lovely cows and lima beans were big-hoofed draft horses. Human beings were short lengths of elder twigs, with a pin run through the pith. To make

them stand you stuck the pin in the floor, and by sticking the pin through a bean and then in the floor, the man rode his horse.

This game could be left in abeyance, like chess, to be resumed as chance might offer, as on rainy days. The variations were infinite. A creek was drawn flowing through the pasture where the leguminous cows grazed, and was bridged by a small strip of curved strawberry box, and over this the road was drawn. A boat was a pea-pod, carefully opened on the proper edge, and held open by the thwarts. A circus offered an even more exciting opportunity for inventions and discoveries. Can you imagine a better hippopotamus than what the refined know as a Brazil nut, but which the Boy called 'nigger toe'? The deer family were hazel-nuts of various sizes, and peanuts, of course, were camels and dromedaries. A butternut with its bark on made an admirable elephant.

While all such were a by-product and had nothing to do with education, they did show that even knowledge could be made useful in the serious business of life. Another great blessing that geography brought was the means it furnished of getting through the long dull hours of school. Not that the Boy was 'good at' geography. He was not good at any of his studies in the orthodox sense. Instead of learning to 'bound Illinois,' or 'name the principal rivers,' he was off on strange journeys of his own to pink and canary-colored countries, exploring them with the diligence of a Marco Polo or Theodore Roosevelt — countries in which he was perhaps the first white visitor. He spent hours at this fascinating pursuit, and to this day the sight of a map, especially of the pale and empty maps of a school geography, brings back the hot schoolroom, with its prevailing odor of chalk dust, and a small boy bending absorbed over

his book, giving a counterfeit presentment of a pupil studying his lesson, while really surveying the world from China to Peru, figuring out the best water route from Burlington, Iowa, to Yang-tse-Kiang, or wondering whether he would better climb the Himalayas or go round.

The intense interest in maps left an impression on his mind second only to that of the alphabet. It gave him a lifelong interest in the ground plan of things. Once he had got his own tiny cosmos safely located in relation to the universe, he never afterward lost his sense of location or direction. A valuable acquisition for a deaf man, dependent on his own initiative to find his way about in the world! For in the course of time the Boy became a traveler of sorts, a real traveler, and always in strange places his recourse was to maps — countries or cities, the delightful blue-covered Bartholomew's road maps of England and the equally delightful *Cartes Taride* of France; and then the plans and diagrams of museums, art galleries, cathedrals, and castles. They leave him independent of vergers, guides, and custodians, whose patter, even if it were illuminating or understandable, he could not have heard.

Thus he has found his way over much of Europe, in motor-car and on foot, without asking questions and feeling rarely independent and self-contained. Only the other day he sat about in the Roman Forum, on the ends of broken columns, for the better part of a week, with the best obtainable maps and

plans spread out on his lap, and made a delightful Roman holiday of tracing and identifying the heaped-up *débris* of super-imposed civilizations. And he remembers with what satisfaction he bought off for a two-franc piece the old soldier who pretends to show St.-Michel-in-Peril-of-the-Sea, and spent the entire day wandering back and forth through the magnificent *salles* of that old abbey, with Paul Gout's admirable work in his hand, dodging behind a pillar whenever a new troupe of tourists went through, and fitting the plans in the book to the actual structure, until he felt as if he had really seen at least one public monument. Nor did he fail to learn the inevitable lesson: that no excursion on the earth's surface quite equals the delectable anticipatory one on the map.

Geography has flowered into an amiable hobby, a love of old maps for their own sake, — the older the better, — like the love of old books. He likes his maps drawn without too much allegiance to theodolite and sextant, maps in which the old cartographers' imaginations found full play, where *terra incognita* is more interesting than *terra cognita*, with beasts and fish and ships all out of scale, and the four winds blowing with puffed-out cheeks from the corners.

And so the Central Primary, without giving him much of what may be called formal education, did its share toward equipping him with two permanent interests — the alphabet and maps; and one aversion — arithmetic. The Books triumphed over the Slate.

HIGHLAND ANNALS. V

EVVIE: SOMEWHAT MARRIED

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

I

THE Kanes were a deserving family, tainted with inarticulate ambition. I was glad to have them as rather distant neighbors instead of 'share-croppers.' Evvie, the oldest child, possessed beauty of the appealing sort that stirs even the hurried passer-by with a feeling of responsibility. As a tenant's daughter she would have troubled my sleep. Her mother was a Merlin and usually stopped to see me when on her way to visit some member of the clan. 'Hypnotic,' though an intolerably cheapened word, must be used in describing the effect that my typewriter seemed to have on Mrs. Kane. I did not understand this until the day that she brought Evvie with her.

'She hain't strong, Evvie. I kain't git her to stay with a hoe long 'nough fer me to go in an' git the dinner. I say to her, "Evvie, you take my place an' let me go in," an' she'll try fer a bit, but her poppie 'll see her drappin' back an' gittin' her breath hard, an' he'll say, "You run 'long now, Evvie, an' he'p yer mother," an' in she'll come. So I 've got in the way o' lettin' her git the dinner by herse'f an' I stay with the hoe.'

'But she can't be more than ten,' I said.

'She's twelve, an' that's nigh to a woman. Cleve Saunders kain't pass our place now 'thout peekin' fer Evvie.'

I expected Evvie to drop her head or wriggle behind a chair; but her chiseled chin was high, and her eyes darkened as easily as twilight water. She was the traditional woman accepting her rôle.

Mrs. Kane's glance swerved again to the typewriter, and her heart tumbled out as she said, 'I been thinkin' maybe you could learn Evvie to write on that.'

'If she is so much help to you,' I answered, snatching at the first defense, 'why not keep her at home until she is married?'

'That's jest the trouble — her marryin'. She'll disapp'int any boy 'round here. They all expect a woman to take a hand in makin' the livin', through crap time anyway. An' Evvie kain't hold out. If she could learn to work on *that*, an' git a job in town, like as not some boy out there 'ud take a notion to her, an' town boys don't want their wives to work. 'T ain't expected of 'em to do more 'n the cookin' an' housework an' sewin', an' that 'ud be easy fer Evvie.'

Evvie had stepped into the yard. It was a habit with her, I found, to vanish as if for charming asides with herself and to reappear with no sign of absence upon her. I reminded her mother that there might be children to care for in addition to the occupations mentioned.

'Course there would, but she'd have

them anywheres, an' she'd better have 'em where life's easier 'n it is here.'

'No doubt. What is her school grade?'

'She's got to the fourth reader. But she ain't peart in her books, though she's so smart-lookin'.'

Three years glowed in respite, and my voice warmed in reply.

'Bring her to me when she finishes the seventh grade, and I'll see.'

The mother's face grew long. 'She ain't fitten' fer school,' she said. 'She's had to quit, 'count o' that wheezin' 'at ketches her when she climbs up the mountain. Her poppie had to meet her halfway down ever' day an' carry her up on his back. She's too big fer that now, an' he says he reckons she knows enough. He's awful proud o' Evvie. An' she's as smart as Annie Dills who learned to write on one o' them things an's makin' twelve dollars a week in Asheville.'

I held out that skill on the machine would be useless without a little schooling behind it. Evvie, who had shown no interest in her future, revealed no disappointment. She was a flower and had implicit faith in the sun. But there was a touch of desperation in Mrs. Kane's voice as she took her leave. I tried to believe with Evvie in the reliability of sunshine.

A year later Evvie was 'talkin' to' Cleve Saunders. He was a good boy who had here and there learned the carpenter's trade. Occasionally he would go to Asheville to work on a job, and then a weekly letter would come to Evvie. I approved of Cleve, but Evvie was only thirteen, and though vividly and perfectly moulded as a woman, she was small for her years. I protested to Mrs. Kane.

'I ain't goin' to let her git married 'fore she's fifteen,' the mother assured me. 'Not if I can he'p it. Ef she had some work to keep her mind on —'

'I've a friend,' I said, as I stepped between Mrs. Kane and my typewriter, 'who would like a helper with her children. It would be a good home for Evvie and she would have nothing to do but play.'

'You mean anybody'd pay her jest fer playin'?''

'With children. And Evvie is fine with her little brothers and sisters.' (I'll make Sue Waters take her, said I.)

'Where'd the place be?'

'It's on a big farm near Knoxville.'

'It'll cost a heap to go, an' we ain't got nary calf we can sell now.'

'My friend will send the money for her fare, and Evvie can pay it back if she stays.'

Mrs. Kane, thin and worn, threw up her head with almost as fine an air as Evvie herself.

'Ef she don't stay, I'll pay it back ef it takes ever' egg fer a year,' she said.

We thought it settled; but before I could sufficiently browbeat Sue Waters, Evvie's mother came to me with a face grayer and more pinched than ever.

'I reckon,' she said, 'Evvie kain't go till next year. I shore thought I was through with babies, but there's another a-comin', an' Evvie's all the he'p I've got.'

Now, during preparations for Evvie's setting forth, I had seen more of her than usual, and had detected signs of a quick temper that gave me uneasy visions of her amid the Waters brood. Also I feared that her ideas of *fraternité et égalité*, which were as natural to her as the ground under her feet, might give some trouble. If little Margaret Waters should receive a piano for her birthday, Evvie would expect the same or 'just as good.' Sue Waters, having taken her degree in the right subjects, would of course comprehend, but could hardly supply the piano. My relief was almost as deep as my concern when Mrs. Kane made her joyless announcement.

'Perhaps it is better to wait,' said I. 'Evvie will be older and larger by a year.'

'I dunno as that's better,' said the mother. 'She's a woman to the bone, an' a year'll seem a long time.'

Before the year was half out I left the mountains and was gone for several months. As soon as conditions in the Kane home permitted, I arranged by correspondence for Evvie's going away. She was to write to Mrs. Waters when she was ready, and the money for her fare would be sent to her. As the train taking me home pulled into the village, I thought of Evvie, supposing her to be with Mrs. Waters, and I felt that I had helped to rob the hills of a flower that should belong to them utterly.

A woman sharing my seat had been giving me the news. I did not hear much of it, but finally caught the words, 'An' Evvie got married.'

I jumped unmannerly, as if I would snatch the child to dry land. Then I made my conscience comfortable.

'Cleve will take good care of her,' I said.

'Tain't Cleve,' replied the woman. 'It's that young feller from Mossy Creek — Judd Mason.'

II

I had heard of him: a mountain buck; very big, very good-looking. He never worked except to make a little corn that he could turn into whiskey. As soon as I saw Evvie I asked her how she had happened to marry Judd.

'I was goin' to the post office,' she said, 'with a letter to Mis' Waters, tellin' her to send the money an' I'd come right on, when I met Judd an' he walked along the road with me an' begged me not to send the letter. He said I'd find it hard out there with strange folks who would n't keer nothin' fer

me, an' I'd better let him look after me right. I was kinder afraid to go so fur from home, an' Judd — he talked good.'

'Where was Cleve?' I asked.

'He was over in Asheville workin'. He was goin' to meet me an' put me on the Knoxville train. He lost his job, goin' to the train fer a week. I wrote to tell him I was n't comin', but Judd lost the letter an' forgot to tell me about it. Cleve got another job though. Anybody 'll give Cleve work.'

'And Judd has been as good as his talk, I suppose?'

Evvie swung her head to one side as if she forbade it to droop.

'It'll be all right soon as we git to ouse'vs. We're livin' with poppie an' mommie now, an' they's so many young-uns at home Judd gits pouty sometimes. I kain't fix good things to eat where they's so many, an' Judd'll leave the table when he don't like what's on it.'

Notwithstanding Evvie's hopes, it was nearly a year before they got to 'therse'vs.' Her parents, with a home already overflowing with small, unprofitable humanity, would have sheltered the young pair and their expected baby indefinitely and without a murmur, preferring to break their already bowed backs than breach the highland custom of welcome for all; but Judd was growing restless for his old occupation, and Evvie wanted her baby to be born in her own home.

So she said; but I knew that she was frightened, and would have chosen to stay with her mother if she could have given up the hopes she had built on getting Judd to herself.

Mrs. Kane, with her heart breaking over Evvie, took what relief she could from the exodus.

'I could stand Judd,' she told me, 'ef it was n't fer his poutin'. The Merlins don't pout. We git mad and blow off,

and that's all of it. Judd'll hang on an' pout till my bones git sore. I was gittin' so edgy it's jest as well they're gone.'

I went once to see Evvie after she had moved. There was a trail down the western side of the ridge on which I lived that would bring me to Judd's cabin at the end of four miles; and there was a wagon road down the eastern side which would take me eleven miles around the foot of the ridge. I chose the trail and went down alone.

On the ridge top the sun had seemed to be of eternal brightness; but I descended strangely into an unlit world. The interval below me was much narrower than the usual valley where a settlement lies; and it was almost cut in halves by a huge spur that, at its foot, was bounded on either side by a stream of water. The two streams, Night-hawk Branch and Mossy Creek, united at the toe of the spur. I took the trail up Mossy Creek, as I had been told to do, and walked along in sound of the water, but getting no glimpse of it through the smothering laurel. It was the first time that water running behind green leaves had left me untouched by a mysterious joy; the first time that I had ever thought of the laurel as sombre. Its dark radiance seemed like a challenge from Nature ready to spring and regain an inimical kingdom. I was half in sympathy with the Highlander who regarded it merely as a thing to fight or let contemptuously alone. My old admiration for the Greeks came rushing back. What a redoubtable imagination it was that, in the credulous youth and fear-time of the world, could draw all terror from the forest and people it with creatures of play and light!

The trail led me into a cove, away from the quavering incantation of the water, but the laurel went darkly with

me, heavily mingled with kalmia that choked the trees and wrenched at their life with its curling arms.

'The shack's on northy land,' Mrs. Kane had said to me, 'an' the la'r'l is so blustery it 'ud tangle a wild hog.'

I knew why the original settler had chosen such a spot, in spite of his aversion to 'thickety patches.' In the stifling coves it would take a most resolute official to find a hidden 'still.' This made the place equally desirable in the eyes of the latest tenant, Judd. I had known Evvie only on sunny hilltops, and I wondered what 'living under the mountain,' as the natives put it, had done to her spirit. I recalled Mrs. Kane's remark after a first visit to Evvie. 'Seemed like I had to keep wipin' at the shadders all the time I's there.' Evvie must be very tired, I thought, of wiping at the shadows.

The trees rose more freely and I came to a clearing. On a hill opposite me, which faced the east, was a cornfield, two or three acres in size. This, thanks to a low gap in the near-by ridge, received a few hours of morning sunlight. In the hollow below stood the shack where Evvie lived. I found her in bed with one of Judd's sisters in sullen attendance.

'She's in bed 'bout ever' other day,' the sister said, 'an' Judd's always havin' to come over the branch fer one of us to wait on her.'

'I can git up to-morr' sure,' said Evvie, but the faint remark only sent her attendant's nose a little higher.

Evvie was strange to see. Her eyes, dark and burning, clung devouringly to a face that had already lost all flesh.

'Where is Judd?' I asked.

The sister was silent, but Evvie flushed and said he had gone to try to kill her a squirrel. 'I ain't eat nothin' all day,' she said. 'I been thinkin' 'bout the Devil tryin' to ketch Amos Britton one night last week.'

I thought her delirious, but her companion gloatingly explained that the Devil had indeed made an effort to capture Amos alive.

'It's 'cause he killed Wes Baxter in a fight a year ago, an' ain't never said he was sorry. He went huntin' with Jim Webster Thursday night, an' something took after 'em, they could n't tell what. Jim got away an' run home, but Amos got behind a tree to shoot it, an' it knocked his gun down an' run him round an' round the tree fer hours. Then all at onct daylight was comin' in, an' the thing wa'n't there. Amos says it run on two feet, near as he could make out, an' kep' flappin' a tail. He's so skeered he ain't been out of his house sence he got home.'

'Do you reckon it 'uz the Devil, Mis' Dolly?' asked Evvie, as if sanity hung on my answer.

'Not at all, Evvie. The man was drunk probably.'

'No, he wa'n't drunk,' interposed the sister. 'It run him round an' round the tree, an' he could feel its breath on his neck, hot as fire.'

I moved toward the water-bucket, and courtesy demanded that she should go to the spring for fresh water. With her disappearance the room lost its spirit of combat. With swimming head and drowning struggle — how far were we from the Greeks and the bright gods of the woods? — I did what I could to reassure Evvie.

'I ain't afeard when Judd's here,' she said. 'Judd ain't afeard of anything. He'll stay at home more when the baby's here. Don't men always think a lot o' their babies, Mis' Dolly?'

I lied vigorously, and Evvie was smiling when the sister-in-law returned. And she was smiling when I left, for I had promised that her mother would come next day to stay for a week.

I reached home about dark, saddled a mule and rode to the Kane farm.

From there I went to see Jane Drake. Yes, Jane would take care of the Kane household — but 'not more'n till Saturday 'count o' meetin' at Stecoa' — and let Mrs. Kane go to Evvie.

This done, I returned to nursing my canteloupe patch on the ridge, which that one year was a delicious success. But even under the spell of so rare a triumph, life was hardly tolerable on my peaks, with Evvie awaiting her fate in the shadows below. So I ordered the telescope that I had wanted for a decade. Though treated later on with wondering scorn by my astronomer friends, it did serve as a transport to regions where nothing mattered. And when I resumed earthly relationships Evvie's boy was two weeks old.

In the more remote hollows of the mountains birth goes the indifferent way of nature: gliding as the seasons for the most part, but too often ruthless, confounding as storm. Evvie, so fragile and so young, barely lived. I went once more to the shack, going down the mountain with Mrs. Kane and little Tommie, taking old Bill, the mule, to help us climb back. Mrs. Mason, senior, met us at the door. When the customary greetings were over, — greetings that never, under any circumstances, are hurried in the mountains, — the mother-in-law put in her very just complaint.

'Law, I'm glad ye got here! I kain't spen' my time waitin' on a girl 'at won't try to set up, an' her baby two weeks old. Won't eat nothin' nuther, makes no difference what I fix. I baked her some light bread, an' put 'lasses on it, an' some butter I brought from home, an' she won't tech it. She'll not git well till she tries to, an' I kain't wait round fer her to make up her mind. All my own work's to do, an' I got to be at it. You know how it is, Mis' Kane. You kain't stay here all the time no more'n I can.'

As on my first visit, I asked 'Where is Judd?' and I received the same information. 'He's gone out to kill a squirrel.'

Evvie, who was lying with her eyes shut, said with startling vigor, 'He's been gone since yisterday.'

Judd's mother looked toward the bed, and her eyes snapped. 'You kain't expect a man to lay round home ferever waitin' fer a woman to git up. I've had ten young-uns an' I never stayed in bed more'n nine days with ary one of 'em. In two weeks I was out in the crap, if it was crap time, doin' my part.'

There was a big crack in the cabin near Evvie's bed. Her eyes sought the opening in a manner that told me she often found mental escape that way. It was obvious that her last hope was crushed. The baby had come, but had wrought no miracle. She knew, and all present there knew, that Judd was out on a bootlegging adventure; but it was not to be admitted in look or speech.

Evvie gazed through the crack, seeing nothing but the face of a hill that seemed about to fall on to the cabin. She stared as if her eyes would tunnel through it, and a delirious flare came over her face.

'Take that hill away, mommie,' she said, in a fret.

Mrs. Kane surprised me. 'I kain't take hit away, Evvie — but I can take you over hit,' she said, making aspirates in her clear determination.

'Can you set up on ol' Bill? Tommie'll ride behind you an' hold you on. I'll tote the baby, Mis' Dolly'll lead Bill, an' we'll get you home.'

Evvie hardly knew there was a baby, but she caught at the word home — 'O mommie, I can set up!'

'Set up an' ride a mule!' cried Mrs. Mason. 'An' me here niggerin' fer ye, an' ye makin' out ye could n't move!'

I made no protest; for I recalled an

incident of the days before Evvie's marriage. She was ill, and her mother had sent hurriedly for me. I went, accompanied by a friend from the region of grand opera and fever-thermometers, who happened to be in the highlands. She applied her thermometer and found that Evvie's fever was running high. We fumbled about with improvised ministrations until Evvie asked for a 'flitter.' Mrs. Kane was mainly worried because the child had eaten nothing since the day before, and when I saw her face light up at Evvie's request, I hastily withdrew with my friend.

'Why did you leave?' she asked. 'The child may be killed. Her mother may be ignorant enough to give her that fritter, or whatever she calls it.'

'Yes, she is going to get the flitter, and that is why I left. I had to take your disruptive civilized mind off the current. I want Evvie to live.'

The next day my friend returned to the patient, expecting, I am sure, to find a house in mourning. Evvie was sitting on the porch stringing beans. Mrs. Kane's face was luminous.

'Evvie got better right away,' she explained, 'soon as she et the three flitters I give her.'

Remembering that result, and seeing the glaze of resolution on her mother's face, I meekly became a party to the process of getting Evvie out of the hollow. We formed under Mrs. Kane's direction: I first, leading the mule, and Evvie in the saddle, leaning back on Tommie's shoulder, quite safe with his strong little arms about her waist. Mrs. Kane followed, carrying the baby. And so Evvie came home.

III

Evvie did not lie in bed long after returning to her mother's house. She sat in shadowy corners, unseeing, un-

caring. Milk sometimes would be swallowed when brought to her; but eating required impossible effort.

'She don't hardly know me,' said her mother. 'Sometimes I'm 'most afeard of her. She might turn an' claw me with them hands like chicken feet. She's jest yellin' skin an' bones, like a quare little old woman.'

Judd did not come near her, and we heard of no inquiries on his part. But Cleve came out from Asheville and walked under my apple trees.

'I can't fight Judd,' he said. 'He's a heavyweight and I'm not. And I won't gun him. But I know where his blockade still is.'

'Oh, Cleve, would you tell?'

'No, but it's hard not to. He'd go to jail, an' she could get her divorce.'

'And he would be out again in six months, to go gunning for *you*. He would n't have your scruples. Besides, Cleve, if Evvie were free, you could n't take on a burden like that.'

'Burden! Mis' Dolly, I'd be willin' to carry Evvie with one arm and do my work with the other. You don't know how a man feels when there ain't but one woman fer him an' another man's got her — a man 'at would n't pull her out o' the fire! But I'm goin' back to Asheville, an' I won't try to see her. Here's my pocketbook. I want you to lend her father some money, and pay yerself out o' this.'

He dropped the pocketbook and went, with his face oddly reddened after being so white. Evvie's doctor from Carson was paid; the parcel post brought oranges, lettuce, and such to the Kanes' scant winter table. Gradually Evvie began to eat the food that interested her because it was unusual. Her eyes grew gentler and her glance rested intelligently on people and things. She would smile as her father told some pitiful joke ignoring the fact that she was n't 'jest right.'

The growing baby exhibited Merlin traits which made him a favorite. One day Evvie's wandering eyes fell upon him as he lay in my lap. Her glance stopped and became uneasy.

'Is that mommie's baby?' she said.

'No, he's your very own, Evvie, and as fine as they are made. Look! He has your big eyes, and just see how heavy! Let him lie on your lap a minute and you'll find out.'

I started to lift him to her, but her look turned to swift terror and she shrank away. It was the beginning of health, however. A day or two afterward she asked me how long it would be before she died, and I knew she had begun to think about living.

'That depends on yourself, Evvie.'

'Could I live if I wanted to?' she asked, with incredulous hope.

'You could be well in two months.'

'After ever'thing?'

'Every single thing.'

'Mommie don't want me home with a baby.'

'Your mother would n't give up Bennie if Judd came with ten sheriffs to take him.'

'Could Judd take him?' she asked, with vehemence that was full of promise.

'You left Judd, you know, and the law might let the father have the child.'

'When he was so mean to me?'

'Oh! You think he was mean?'

'He'd leave me in that holler by myself an' stay out all night huntin'.'

'The law might think a wife ought to have the courage to put up with that.'

'He knocked me inter the briars when I tried to foller him.'

'M-m-m! How long was that,' said I, touching the baby, 'before your young man got here?'

'Bout a month. I told him I's afeard to stay in the shack, an' he said I wanted to foller him 'cause I thought he was goin' to Lizzie Bowles.'

It was joy to me to see her eyes flood burningly with temper.

'That's where he *was* goin' too! He used to talk to her 'fore we's married, an' she'd jest come back from the cotton mills in South C'lina with two silk dresses. They'd got up a big dance an' I knowed Judd was a-goin'. An' he knocked me inter the briars by the trail round the corn patch.'

'The law might consider that,' I said. 'Don't worry about losing your baby. But first make sure that you want him.'

'I b'lieve I could hold him a bit now if you'll set him here.'

I laid the baby in her lap and slipped out to tell Mrs. Kane. In six weeks Evvie was helping her mother with the housework. Spring came, and I bribed her to work in the garden by supplying the preposterously growing Bennie with clothes. By June she was again entrenched in her loveliness; not quite so plump, but round enough, and with her old wild-rose color. By and by she was duly divorced. Judd, in South Carolina, made no protest. Evvie's perilous excursion seemed over, with no obvious reminder save the incredible baby.

She wore the fashionable knee dress, and with her hair in unfashionable braids down her back seemed to be the child-sister of the youngster that scrambled about her.

'Your little brother will soon be big enough to go to school with you,' said the new County Commissioner on his rounds, hoping to be pleasant.

Evvie stood mute and fiery red. 'Don't tell him the baby's mine, mommie,' she whispered later to her mother. It must have seemed strange to her, — that bubbling other existence around her feet, — and a little embarrassment was, I thought, quite proper.

With autumn and corn-gathering Judd returned. It was a good season in

the woods for the blockaders, and Judd had probably made arrangements in the 'South' for profitable sales. He announced that he was buying calves for the winter and wanted to lay in a supply of feed for them. I never heard of his purchasing any calves, but he went about getting a little corn here and there at the cheap harvest price. Perhaps someone told him that his boy was a lad to be proud of, for he came one day to see him. I had walked over to the Kanes with Cleve, and we were about to take our leave. Evvie shook hands with Judd quite prettily.

'Golly, Evvie, you've come back hard!' he said. 'Let's set on the porch.'

He had forgotten his son, but Evvie brought him out, and Judd had difficulty in maintaining indifference. He looked about and saw Cleve.

'Hello, Cleve! This chap kinder takes my eye.'

'I reckon,' said Cleve, 'he ain't so fine as Lizzie Bowles's boy.'

'That kid ain't none o' mine,' said Judd, too quickly.

'Lizzie'll give you a chance to swear to that, anyhow.'

'What yer warmin' chair-bottoms round here fer, Cleve Saunders?'

'He's here,' said Evvie, her cheeks pink-spotted, 'cause he's the best friend the baby's got.'

'I'm the kid's father, don't you forget, an' I've got some rights. That divorce judge did n't put no paper 'twixt me an' the kid.'

'You can see him whenever you want to,' said Evvie, 'so long as you don't make trouble fer anybody that's been as good to us as Cleve.'

Their eyes met and battled — no doubt reminiscently — and Judd capitulated. 'All right,' he said.

From that time Evvie was sorely troubled by his visits. 'I would n't mind his comin',' she said, 'if he did n't keep aggrervatin' me to live with him.'

'Why don't you take Cleve, Evvie, and end the bother?'

'I don't want to marry,' she said, with a shudder that was a broadside of confession. I was cheered. At least she would never be reconquered by Judd.

But the situation was pressing to a change; and finally it came. Judd was captured by Federal deputies. I went to Sam for particulars.

'They took him red-handed, stirrin' the mash,' said Sam. 'He fit like a bear, an' kicked the officer in the mouth. It'll mean the Pen, shore, an' Evvie'll be shet of him fer a while.'

'Won't somebody bond him out?'

'His own folks don't think 'nough of him fer that. I hearn his own father say he wa'n't wuth a June bug with a catbird after it. Nobody's goin' to risk losin' a farm fer that thing.'

I went home reassured. If Cleve would only pick up and woo furiously, instead of wistfully accepting mere smiles from Evvie, he could win, I felt, long before Judd's reappearance.

The sight of Evvie hurrying toward me gave me no uneasiness. She was lugging the baby, in too much haste to let him toddle.

'Mis' Dolly,' she began, 'Judd's the baby's poppie, an' he's took. Nobody'll go on his bond, an' ever'body's talkin' hard against him, an' him Bennie's poppie. I been thinkin' of that trouble 'way back, an' it was n't all his fault.'

'You fell into the briars, I suppose?'

'No, but I was aggervatin' him. I hated Lizzie Bowles an' her silk dresses, an' when he swore an' told me to go back, I picked up a rock an' if he had n't jumped I'd a broke his head with it. I was ashamed to tell you then. I was wild mad, an' he *ought* to 'a' throwed me inter the briars. I was n't any he'p to him in the field, an' when I got sick I was n't any he'p in the

house, like his mother said. I did n't do my part at all.'

'You did all you could, Evvie,' I said, with no effect on the tide pouring from her heart.

'An' way back, when we's livin' with mommie, I was aggervatin'. At first when he'd pout an' would n't come to the table, I'd slip out with something fer him to eat, an' beg till he'd take it, but once when we had company an' he'd made me ashamed 'cause he went to the barn an' would n't come to breakfast, I got me a bundle o' blade-fodder an' took it to him. I told him if he wanted to live with the steers he could eat with 'em too. I was shore mean. An', Mis' Dolly, I want you to go to Carson jail an' see Judd, an' tell him when he comes back from the Pen I'll be ready an' we'll begin all over. He'll know I'll keep my word.'

It was useless to remind her of pain that she could not recall; but I spoke of her father and mother. Would she break their hearts again?

'But look at Bennie!' she cried. 'He's gettin' more like his father ever' day. If I'm hard on Judd now, how can I look at my baby? Ever'body's against him. You're hard as the others. Won't you go, Mis' Dolly?'

'No, I won't. You don't know what you are doing.'

'Then I'll have to git somebody else to go.'

Her message went to Judd by some busybody, and I wired to Asheville for Cleve. When he arrived on the next train I was at the station. 'The thing to do, Cleve,' I said, 'is to bail him out and let him come home.'

Cleve, knowing so well the Evvie that eluded him, saw the point at once. He also saw that neither he nor I should figure as bondsman.

'It'll be hard work,' he said, 'but I'll find somebody.'

And over the country he went, pick-

ing out men whom he knew to be secret abettors of Judd, and working on their fear of his turning informer. The amount of bail was made up, and Judd was free. Evvie thought that he would come directly to her, but first he went to Mossy Creek to see 'the boys.' They got up a dance, and it would have seemed ungrateful of Judd not to remain for it. When he reached Evvie his face was still slightly swollen from drink and revelry, but his spirits were riding high. Friends had gathered at the Kaness for the evening, and Judd began to recount his triumphs in jail.

'They made me president o' their club soon's I got there, an' kicked the other feller out. We had some regulations, you bet! Ever' feller that come into jail had to pay fifty cents fer ter-backer; if he did n't we flogged him. They would n't let us have whiskey, an' that was tough, you bet! We'd have court, an' try the fellers, an' it was a purty good life if we'd had more to eat. They's all sorry to see me go, an' I promised to smuggle in some hot stuff to 'em if there was any way. Mebbe I can work it with a mulatter girl 'at cooks fer 'em — right purty — color of a hick'ry leaf 'fore frost — she'll he'p me, you bet! I'll try it to-morr' when me an' Evvie go to Carson to hitch up. Some quare, ain't it, marryin' yer own wife? An' what about yer kid goin' on two at yer weddin'?''

Choking and helpless, I slipped away from the sound of his voice. Sam, walking home by my road, began to talk.

'Reckon you noticed Evvie in that corner while Judd was talkin'. Ef you'd a cut off her head at the neck it would n't 'a' bled a drop.'

I could not answer, and hurried on, finding Cleve on my doorstep. I took him into the house, my tears of rage and failure dropping; but when the full light of the lamp fell upon his face I

thought no more of my own misery.

'There's twelve hours yet, Cleve,' I said. 'Evvie is not an utter fool.'

But he would n't speak. For over an hour he sat by my fire, a humped reproach. I exhausted every consolation, even to telling him that she was n't worth it. Then he lifted his eyes, full of such mourning scorn that I became as silent as himself. There was a tap at the door, slight enough to be Evvie's. I asked Cleve to go upstairs, saying that I would call him if he was wanted. When he was gone I opened the door and heard Evvie's voice.

'They's so many at our house to-night. Ever' bed's full. I thought I'd come here to sleep. You don't keer, do you?'

'I'm glad to see you, Evvie. Come, warm a little, and jump into bed. You've been running.'

'Yes, I was afraid — but — I had to come.'

Her little body was quivering. I sat her down, but did not dare to give a sign of sympathy that might plunge her into hysteria. I took up a book and sat reading until she became very still. We were in the kitchen, which was large and possessed a big, ugly fireplace. At the right of the fireplace, in the corner, ran a short flight of stairs, and under the stairs was a closet with an opening for a half-door. This opening was simply curtained.

I had held my book for ten minutes or more, when we heard sounds of talk and laughter from the road. I recognized Judd's voice, and a loud knock followed. Instantly Evvie rose, stooped, and, darting like a bee, vanished behind the little curtain of the closet. There was hardly room for her among the pans and old ovens, but she scuttled her way, and there was silence. Then I opened the outer door and saw Judd with several companions.

'Me an' the boys are lookin' fer

Evvie. We started to have a reel at bed-time an' found she'd gone. I 'lowed right away she'd skipped over here, bein' she's crazy 'bout you. Reckon I skeered her a little talkin' so much 'bout them jail fellers; but I'll make it all right. I'm goin' to be square with Evvie this time.'

He began to peek around me.

'Why — ain't she here? She gone to bed?'

'No, Judd. Did you stop at Len's?'

'We hollered, an' she was n't there.'

'You'd better go on to Sam's then,'

I urged, following, or rather leading him away. 'Take the short trail by the hemlocks.'

When they were certainly gone I went in. Cleve and Evvie were sitting by the fire. Her arms were around his

neck and she was crying steadily. Cleve's arms were determinedly in the right place. The next day they took the early train for Carson, and by noon were safely married.

Yesterday Evvie's mother said to me: 'You ought to go over to Asheville, Mis' Dolly, jest to see how Evvie keeps that little house primped up. They's water in it, hot an' cold, an' ever'thing, like I always wanted her to have. I reckon she's 'bout fergot that shack in the holler.'

I tell myself that it is as well with Evvie as life permits it to be with the most of us; but she is now only eighteen, chiseled in beauty and colored with youth; and I try not to wonder what would happen if she should ever fall in love.

WELLS AT THE WORLD'S END

LIFE IN THE PÁNUCO OIL REGION OF MEXICO

BY MARIAN STORM

I

You have heard of Pánuco. Ancient and far away as once it seemed, it belongs to the day's news now. Next to the southern fields, the 'light oil' region, the Pánuco district has become the most famous in Mexico and the richest in promise — for to it belongs Cacalilao. Cacalilao is the new field, the capricious, the generous, the hope-stirring. Over all the Mexican oil coast you hear that lilting name. Cacalilao's wild well is tamed at last, they are saying. It has thrown forty thousand bar-

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rels of oil abroad daily for five days, and dealt death, too. An oil war in Cacalilao has been checked by a Federal Guard. Have you been out to Cacalilao yet? Must n't miss it. The syllables chirp.

Pánuco is no longer a little town. This metropolis of camps, with all its palm-thatched suburbs, counts, perhaps, ten thousand citizens. Southwest of Tampico it lies — by land, only thirty miles. But by the crazily curving Pánuco River you must travel more

than sixty. There some twenty oil companies have built airy quarters for their workers. They boast a hospital and scores of doctors; cantinas equipped to furnish anything from aguardiente de caña, pulque, and tequila to the most urbane cocktails; a bookshop where you may purchase works amorous, historical, scandalous, and musical, — including the 'amores' of all the popular bullfighters, — besides the very best talcums. Pánuco is indeed a city, but there is not such another.

II

It was a burning day of spring when we drove along Tampico's oily waterfront and paused where the Tamesí joins the Río Pánuco, to wait for the barge that has borne so many millionaires and peons overstream. A boy had just been killed by a wild automobile, but no one was permitted to help him before he died because, in Mexico, a person thus injured may not be touched until the police arrive, and sometimes the police are slow. One can but look on while — perhaps — the sufferer succumbs in agony.

The barge came, feeling its cable cautiously, carrying two Indian girls who had flirted their way across, and then we shot out along the road to Pánuco, cloudy now with brown dust, but in the rainy season often impassable for water. The land lay in its autumn, in April, waiting, parched, for the months of rain. Only a light shower or two, and this desert would bloom. Yellow orchids and fantastic air-plants hung from the trees. An exquisite flight of flamingos, like Aurora's heralds, spread rose-colored above a marsh. We sped through woods where grew mahogany and ebony and where the banyan — a footpad of the forests — was strangling foredoomed trees.

A special little railroad runs from Tampico to Pánuco now, but before trains or automobiles threaded that tropical wilderness the trip was made by launches on the river. Tales are still told of the utter intimacy necessary on these journeys. The launches were not large or swift, but they were the only means of getting to the oil fields. Therefore men, women, children, chickens, pigs, and sewing machines tumultuously occupied common quarters. There was considerable engine trouble and twenty-four hours was thought to be good time for the one-way trip. Nevertheless, passengers and cargo reached their destination, and a world clamorous for chapopote knows what they accomplished, once the strange company had anchored.

Now we were on the road that leads into Pánuco — of the many camps and streets, of peons and scientists, of Indian women selling handfuls of fruit at the curb, and women from the States, dainty in their sheer frocks, idle and wistful. Here, surely, great Birnam Wood was coming to Dunsinane; for mounds of green foliage moved at a good pace, above the dust!

They were only burros, bringing in loads of clover and ojita for fodder, and completely covered by the burden. Sometimes a man was riding inside the greenery, but you never could tell that. It seemed to be just a pageant arranged by Nature.

Past the scores of bungalows of the company camps, past the homes of the peons, which are replaced so easily when they wear out, — materials being at hand, — we drove to the ancient plaza of Pánuco, with its old, high-towered church and its surrounding shops, aboriginal and urban.

'The plaza got well spattered-up when the Villistas and Carranzistas disagreed around here, back in 1915,' said a driller who was chasing his glass

of tequila with a bar of chocolate. 'One lot was up in the church tower and the other was down in the plaza, picking them off. They kept dropping like ripe mangoes and smashing on the stones.'

'In those days you kept on with the work at the wells?' I questioned.

'When we could buy a little protection from either side — and sometimes when we could n't.'

We had come to the gate of our camp, and the guard hurriedly awoke to open it, disturbing several fat mules at their siesta. This was a peaceful and airy little house where I was to live for a while with the wife of one of the supervisors. Two rooms with beds whitely draped in mosquiteras, which gave them a very ceremonious look; between the rooms a shower bath, often enriched by oil, although the water came from a settling tank; doors and windows, always open, on either side; a verandah verdant with small palms, ferns, and geraniums.

'How still it seems!' I said.

'The men are all having dinner,' explained Mrs. Blairsdale. 'We 'll go, too.'

Over in the camp dining-room, shaded by tall banana trees, where bushes bearing impossible green roses flourished at the door, I viewed with admiration the handiwork of Jumbo, the Chinese cook. The menu seemed overelaborate. I found out later that this was only the usual thing. Chicken and ice cream on Thursday, too, just as in the universities.

All the oil-camp cooks are Chinese, highly expert and original, and one weeps to think how beautiful home life in the States might become, could Jumbo, John, or their numerous cousins be captured for private purposes. Why, we had a platter of fresh Oriental candy every night, besides dessert!

For the women of Pánuco life is so

easy, so robbed of every customary housewife's task, that its slow tempo enters the mind like an anæsthetic, like lotos poison, stealing energy and purpose, wrapping the spirit in languor, implanting a reluctance to go back to the land where a life so idle must seem a legend. Unless a woman throws off the spell and finds duties for herself, there is absolutely nothing for her to do in Pánuco. Chinamen cook the meals. Chinese boys come early to sweep the bungalow and bring the drinking-water. They call for the laundry and return it. They take care of the door-yards. The men of the household are far off in the fields from five o'clock in the morning until past six at night, when they return weary and covered with chapopote. The women, meanwhile, read until all novels and magazines seem alike — although the latest are imported quite promptly from Tampico. They embroider until their trunks are full of unused embroidered garments. They sleep and nap and sleep again. Pallor comes over the rosiest. One does not need red blood in this burning land.

'I think if I don't get to the States before the rainy season starts, I 'll go crazy,' said Mrs. Blairsdale. 'You can't imagine how it rains here! And there are so many hours in the day, even when I don't wake up till ten, and spend an hour at breakfast, over there in the dining-house by myself, and take a nap in the afternoon and go to bed at eight! Sometimes when Lew gets in at night, he 's so dead tired that he turns in at half-past six; and he 's gone before it 's day.'

Yet such a life has its unco charm. After a while one sinks into the dream. To do housework again, to have lists and hours! We dropped our sewing-scrap on the floor. There was no wastebasket. What need? The boy always came promptly to sweep.

All night the enchanting fragrance of the oleanders in the dooryard along the river bank was blown across the room. From the other dooryard, that faced the camp, came the breath of tall tuberose and of the scented leaves of orange and lemon trees. The silence lay deep. Then, out of the midnight — uproar, a blare of lights, wild noise! A fearful, splendid pageant was moving down the river. A gigantic golden ship was towering over the little house. Was it a dream? No, with such an infernal sound of whistles, surely no sleeper remained in camp!

'Nothing but the old oil-barge,' murmured Mrs. Blairsdale sleepily. 'They 'll keep passing the door all night, and they have to blow right here because there 's a bend in the river. Once one of them ran down another and turned over. I wish I 'd seen it.'

The phantasma of noise and light passed the bungalow. It seemed to go within a few feet of the bed. After a while I grew used to the oil barges forever being pushed down to the Tampico terminals by stern-wheel towboats, and I learned to admire them as they snorted on with such determination and industry through the night. When the river was in flood, the water and the boats rose even nearer to the door.

Now the five o'clock work-whistle shrilled, jealous of sleep; and peons, drillers, supervisors, checkers, foremen sprang from their sultry rest. On the other side of the shower-room I could hear Mr. Blairsdale murmuring persistently to his companion: 'Poor Clem! Poor old Clem! But you 've got to get up, old man!'

Soon all the men had breakfasted and gone to their exigent work. Once more the camp lay hot and quiet. It seemed foolish to rise. What for? However, in time, we did.

'There's no sense,' said Mrs. Blairsdale, 'in closing these doors. Nobody

around. It will be cooler if we leave them this way while we dress.'

I have never heard an offer so appropriate, so pat, as that which came ten minutes later from a peddler who arrived at this crude moment on the other side of the porch vines.

'Ropa de moda!' he shouted. 'Ropa muy de moda, muy fina!'

The Greek bore 'fashionable clothes' which he desired to sell us — with some reason — at once. All over Mexico go such peddlers, until the desert puts forth organdie.

III

There has been no Kipling to celebrate the strange life of the great oil-fields south and west of Tampico. What themes have been missed! What sagas of sweat and courage, of fierce nights and stern days, of wild hopes drooped and faint hopes blossomed! What life would beat in the true song of the Pánuco!

Before ever I heard of the storied city, or of any particular oil-camp, I firmly believed that the peons who worked in the fields led a life of the utmost misery, and that the hardships of the foreigner's lot were only less than theirs. The dreariness and squalor of the native homes in such regions surpassed, I felt sure, the grimmest of our slums.

'The natives in the oil fields must be wretched,' I suggested sadly, as we left Tampico.

'I 'll drive you out to Cacalilao tomorrow,' said the geologist, 'and you can look around as we go along.'

To-day I am wiser. The oil-field peon lives in a Paradise, compared with New Yorkers, for example, who know hall-rooms, skylight-rooms, basements. Has he not always superabundant sunlight and clean air to breathe? Is there a better-ventilated home in the world

than his? Does not a tender Providence fairly thrust upon him building materials and the fruits of the earth?

His simple house is fashioned of bamboo, which grows near by, tied with bejuco, which is everywhere, thatched with palms. In a few years, when too many guests have thronged into the roof, he burns it down and builds another. The floor is of simple mud, but covered with home-woven petates. No other bed is needed, although in the wealthier huts you often see a hammock or two. What use were windows? The door is always open, being, in fact, an opening merely.

The better-planned huts are built under or around a large prolific fruit tree — a plum, an aguacate, a papaya, or a mango — so that one will be obliged to move as little as possible in order to gather his supplies. The peon's family tree is worth something to him. There is always a banana plantation in the dooryard. So, with a sturdy woman to pat your tortillas and spank your children — there you are! In some of the huts we saw sewing machines. Years are needed to pay the high prices which far-traveling salesmen get for them, but they do give one's hut an air.

It was at noon that we passed a peon dozing at his door, the chickens, now and then, running over him.

'His siesta,' I said benignly, but the geologist only smiled. Because, when we came back at four o'clock, he was having a nap, and that night, at eight, we saw him preparing for a real rest.

'Time means as little to him as to the recording angel,' said the geologist. 'He is a hedonistic opportunist.'

I no longer sorrow for the oil-field peons. They enjoy their days off and they take them in sufficient number. Often, beholding the tarnished fate of other Indians, my heart has filled with anger and pity — those women crouch-

ing on the ground with five or ten cents' worth of gnarled fruit for sale! Those men in the streets of Cuernavaca with heads bowed almost to their knees under loads too heavy for horses! Those fat, delightful, brown children, so friendly and gay, so unconscious of the life of privation and labor that lay ahead! And then those tiny houses, with pointed roofs like dog kennels, in which the workers in the maize and cane fields, further south, dwelt! But as we drove for hundreds of miles, day after day, into the monte and through the abandoned haciendas around Pánuco, the conviction grew upon me that here dwelt a folk finding more joy in their years than did the earnest and anxious creatures who bother about time, seasons, and rents.

Why prod these fortunate people with education and make their lives as annoying to them as ours are to us? I wondered whether Minister Vasconcelos did well to insist on their reading Sophocles. Surely they had accepted fatality more completely and comfortably than the Greeks. On the way to Topila you pass an hacienda that is called 'Paciencia y Aguacate' — Patience and the Alligator Pear!

Over stretches of brooding monte, through brown jungle-land, wound a well-worn road.

'I suppose it was built centuries ago,' I said. 'Perhaps by the Huastecans, bringing "sticky incense" for their altars.'

'I cut it out about a year ago — I and several mozos — with machetes.' The geologist impulsively avoided a large gray snake in the road and then tried to reverse and run over him. 'A year ago all this was jungle, solid as a wall.'

'We came exploring. I was almost sure there was chapopote up here around Tancoco. We'd found seepages

— little black springs and marshes of oil among the trees; but you can't trust a seepage. Oil migrates underground, you see, and it may come out miles from the main reservoir-rock. But what was more important, in this region, was that I'd noticed outcroppings of red shale. Red shale was the first distinctive formation we encountered in Cacalilao whose depth bore a special significance as to the depth at which the Tamasopo lime might be found. The streak rises toward the surface at an angle which can be gauged. Far beneath, the fishtail bit may reach the top of the San Felipe lime, much harder than the earth above, and, under that a way, should be the top of the Tamasopo lime, harder still. It's after the drill strikes through the Tamasopo lime that you find, or don't find, oil.'

'Find oil!' I caught my breath. One catches the fever, living for a while in Pánuco.

'By now the world knows whether we found it at Cacalilao!' exulted the geologist.

We had neared a wooded hill, and here at the base, with the wilderness roundabout, was the strangest city ever seen. Thronged bazaars lay on either side of the dusty road. Here you might buy all the fruits of Eden. Here were rebozos by the yard — and shaving soap and pads and powders and pans. And hanging at the doors of mud-floored, windowless shops were vast quantities of organdie frocks, fiercely orange, tomato, orchid, and flame. And no! Could one believe his eyes? Here was Dinty Moore's cantina!

'The city of Tancoco, below Tancoco Hill,' announced my comrade. 'Risen, like Venus, from a sea — of oil.'

A dark sea. The new, wild well, tamed at such great risk and effort, had laid waste the land around it, creating a swamp of thick, black chapopote. It had blighted the trees and killed the

bushes. Branches drooped black, as if slain by fire. The beauty of nature vanishes, in the oil fields, once her wealth appears. Where once oil has lain, nothing ever grows again. Yet I have never seen a glorious landscape bring a look of such contentment as that which sometimes comes over the faces of men gazing upon the infernal vista made by flowing wells.

They had fought for five days to tame this wild well. Two Chinamen and a Mexican lost their lives from the gas, but the rest wore gas masks and escaped. Rushing from its sunless home in the depths of rock, the oil hurled the drilling tools up against the king block, where they stuck for days. The valve was wrecked. The flow could not be checked.

Men were called from every derrick. Company loyalty bowed to the loyalty of the field. Naked and half naked, they slaved in the thick lake amid the deadly fumes, desperately protected by masks and shields. When a well breaks loose heroism is expected of scientist and peon.

Looking at this rich desolation the geologist grew technical.

'They finally closed her in by putting a steel die collar on the ten-inch swedge nipple, and clamped the valve down so as to secure it on the casing. They connected the flow line right away, and now the oil is pouring into the 55,000-barrel tanks at the pump station.'

There are two ways of getting the oil from the fields to the terminals that line the Pánuco River near Tampico — to pump it through miles of pipe, reheating it when necessary, and to carry it down in the spectacular barges.

The sun seemed to be peering into the growths of the monte, in an interested way.

'And now we'd better get out of Tancoco before dark,' my comrade said

suddenly, 'or we may not leave at all.'

I did not feel anxious, for I had every appearance of being an authentic bandit myself. The riding breeches and blouse which a lady in Pánuco had lent me displayed no affinity, and so we bought some ten yards of crimson cloth at an Indian village in the hills. This made a splendid *faja*, or bullfighter's sash. The ensemble was brilliant. Pity the modest native women, obliged to look upon a foreigner in such a costume and — infinitely more brazen! — sitting on the front seat of an automobile beside a man. (The woman, of course, should sit in back.)

'See the soldaderas getting their men's supper — and cleaning their boots, excellent women!' exclaimed the geologist in admiration. The soldaderas, to whom Señor Ibáñez penned so warm an apostrophe some years ago, are the helpful creatures who follow their men on the march, in the camp, to the fray. On informal occasions they carry the warrior's pack. If, being a good Indian, he prefers to march barefoot, they carry the Government's shoes. They attend to the live stock, the children, the enchiladas. They are indispensable.

'But what are all these soldiers doing here, in peaceful, post-revolutionary, American oil-camps?' I demanded.

'Oh, one of the States companies is trying to keep us from using our sub-surface rights, and they were destroying our machinery and beating off our men at a great rate. One day they'd hire more soldiers and the next day we'd have to increase our guard, to protect our property. It was quite a military competition. But now we've succeeded in bringing the row before the President and we're not molested much.

'You see, hunting oil stirs up more bitterness than hunting gold or silver. If you own a mine, you can feel some

security. But if you bring in a fine producer and don't happen to own the land all around it, then somebody else may drill a well a few yards away, and draw the oil out of yours. That's why we're always in such a hurry to get the oil flowing into the storage tanks, whether we're able to transport it to the terminals for a while or not. It's a ticklish business.'

That is the reason why one of the companies has chosen this touching name: *Tal Vez* — 'Perhaps.'

Imagine a burning hot November. So lay the Pánuco in its brown April. And yet, deep in the jungle, rose heraldry of undimmed spring. Ablaze everywhere, on the ground and high in the treetops, were the scarlet inner spears of the jungle-painting *Tillandsia* — pages, gorgeously clad, who come before the stalk of pale flowers. Dogwood trees shook their small, golden bells. Loveliest of all were the purple masses of 'Pánuco wistarias,' twining with gray moss in festoons overhead.

In the open spaces, in the wilderness of that darkening land, the palms stood up like green and brown feather dusters that Nature had stuck into the ground, in some hour of rest, and neglected to use again.

'Even the fences bloom here!' I cried, peering incredulously into the twilight.

'You can't kill those red cedars,' declared the geologist. 'The peon cuts them down, trims them, makes them into a fence, and in a year he has a thick hedge instead. As long as any of the wood is in the ground it grows. The plum trees do that here, too.'

Actually, the peon has fence-orchards of young plums that were once just sticks. More racy of the Pánuco are the groves of tall ojita trees, bizarre and beautiful in silhouette against the sky, from whose topmost boughs the fodder

of all the burros of the region is cut. 'Ojita' is an item on most camp pay-rolls and is another instance of the extraordinary manner in which Providence provides in the Pánuco. While others must cultivate the fodder for their beasts, here they cut it from the treetops.

We stopped to calm the engine. The sound of bees, working late, came loud from the fragrant forest.

'Want some honey?' asked the geologist. Anyone, after a ride over such roads at such speed in that car, would.

'Then we'll stop at Don Porfirio's for a second.'

Don Porfirio was *en casa*, engaged in telling his boys to get the cows off the road, as we should soon require it. And would we not honor his house by partaking of the *cena*? The griddle was already hot for the tortillas. Pardon us, gracias, but a little honey, now, if it were convenient . . .

Honey — why, naturally! Don Porfirio vanished among the banana trees, to return with a dinner plate full of beauteous golden comb and two spoons. Such is Pánucan hospitality.

Oil men, when they are feeling hot and out of luck, will swear that the natives are not so polite as the theory states, but out in the wilderness, at least, their courtesy is unflinching.

'Buenas tardes,' says the peon, toiling along under his load of wild grass, as you fly past, scattering dust. And 'Adiós!' calls the man on a burro, gravely raising his hand. If you are on foot, in the Pánuco, your greeting is 'Buenos días' or 'Buenas tardes,' but when both are mounted you say 'Adiós,' Castilian fashion.

IV

Driving out of camp early next day we came upon the Robespierre of

Pánuco. A burro, yoked to a large cow, was waiting, his feet braced, a look of stolid resolution on his nose, until she should grow calm. The cow was bucking.

'When she stops he'll go on with his work,' said the geologist. 'He takes two cows down to the abattoir every day. He goes alone. When he's delivered one cow, he goes back and gets the other. Nobody ever has to give him any instructions. He is probably one of the smartest burros in the world.'

We hurried on. We were going out to Tempoal, a native city in the far-off hills. Was ever a city so self-sufficient, so remote, I wondered afterward.

We had before us ninety miles of amazingly good road, for years ago one of the big companies had thought to find oil in that region and had made a smooth way for their trucks. Now it was deserted. The oil had not been found. But everyone was thankful for the service.

We were passing a heap of dirt rising from the brush at the wayside.

'A moment for obeisance,' ordered the geologist. 'Let me point out La Zurita No. 3, the largest producer in the Pánuco field — 25,000,000 barrels to date!' He sat lost in affectionate contemplation.

'That's the kind of well we love! No more anxious work at the rig. No more explosions. No more fighting your oil away from you, underground. Just a nice peaceful heap of dirt, pouring out chapopote day and night, into the tanks, through the pump lines, to the world!'

'Who would dream,' I pondered, 'that a big producer looked like this after it had settled down to work? The capped wells certainly are n't half so impressive as the rigs. People don't call this little mound an oil well, you know!'

'You have beheld,' murmured the geologist happily, 'the sort of well that

everyone around Tampico prays to call his own.' We drove respectfully away.

There had been a shower in the night, and as we flew along we startled into multicolored flight clouds of exquisite butterflies — white, yellow, and pale green — that were sipping deliriously at the puddles. Shining out by the roadside, milkweed showed what it could do in the tropics, where its flowers are half golden, half vermilion, a very Spanish display.

'El Higo — we 'll stop and call on the idol.' For everyone does, yet the ancient, solemn idol, dug up somewhere in the hills, keeps his aboriginal state. The limestone figure stands on a knoll, near a store.

'His wife out in the monte yet,' an Indian told us.

These hills are full of idols — and of the lares and penates of times remote. Out of little mounds, when the Indians come to use them for sites or cemeteries, are dug hundreds of stone dolls, images, gods, dishes, tools. Some of the small heads are magnificently chiseled, the faces wearing unmistakable expressions of amusement, scorn, or joy, when they are not grotesques. I have seen, in the Pánuco, old women's heads, carved of limestone or modeled in clay, that were Grecian in perfection. Rich as Vera Cruz is well known to be in ancient remains, one suspects that the archæologists have not yet sniffed some of the wonders cherished in the oil region.

The natives take scant interest in their 'antigüedades' except when someone wants to buy them; for they have been digging up these relics all their lives and giving them to their children for playthings. To many of the foreign oil men, too, they are barbarous commonplaces. But now and then you will find an amateur archæologist whose collection of idols of the Huastecan civilization, carved out with tools of jadeite untold centuries ago, and

gathered in the course of his labors in the fields, is amazing. And while he treasures his stone images and dishes he wonders wistfully if he 'll be able to get any of them back home — perhaps enough for a Fountain of Antiquities from the Pánuco. Of dates and tribal names he knows little, yet he has somehow learned a good deal about archæological collecting. I know one rig supervisor who has the most fascinating — but there, that is his secret!

We were surprised, as we drove past bamboo huts in the monte, to see hanging at the doors magnificent striped skins. In Mexico every forest cat is a 'tigre.' Jaguars, pumas, ocelots, and more ordinary wildcats — tigers they are, according to their power, and tigers they are named. They are still plentiful here.

Along the road cut from the cliff-side we were approaching Tempoal. Before the gate which guarded the city on the hilltop, feudal fashion, an Indian slept, his great hat over his eyes. Hearing our snorting engine he calmly rose and opened. We threw him ten centavos and climbed with caution the steep, cobbled street.

All Tempoal gazed at us with wide, black eyes. Nude babies, the pink of their skins contending with the brown, scuttled into the doorways. We reached the plaza. Here was an Indian metropolis perched on a lonely hilltop, forgetting the world.

On the shady side of a statue of a military leader who had been born in this city sat the helado seller. Would we have cylinders of shaved ice, flavored diversely, or balls of snow colored with the juices of fruits? Raspas, helados, or mere limonadas — with such a stock of cool refrescos any fancy might be suited!

'Is there an ice factory here?' we questioned in surprise.

'Cómo no?' When the oil men were

in Tempoal they had established a power plant. They might have electricity in any house if they liked, but no Indian liked.

V

To-day, the splendid climax of my days in Pánuco, I was to see miracles. I was to associate in perilous intimacy with wells that might devour me and the landscape at any moment. Before my awestruck eyes other wells would bring up snow from Inferno. I would be burned and frozen in the same instant. To-day I, most fortunate, would behold wells single of their fantastic kind, of which scientists talk in Persia and Siberia: wells at the world's end: wells of wonder.

'We'll start early for Loma del Pozo No. 1,' said the geologist, 'and you can watch her making snow and ice.'

In the distance rose the brown ranges of the Topila hills, that would turn green with the rains. We passed the pleasant old hacienda, 'The Horse-shoe,' once proud and prosperous, now uncultivated.

'Sometimes,' I said, 'I look out over this plain for miles, and I'll see an Indian hurrying along on a burro, way off the road. Where is he going? You can't see any huts.' We were crossing wide stretches of bad lands, with still those tall palms sticking up like green and brown feather dusters.

'Not all the hacendados live in town,' said the geologist. 'Some of them, before oil was found out here, owned a little land. Of course they did n't farm it. Fruits dropped at their door. And then they found chapopote underneath that almost worthless soil!

'The dueño — perhaps he was a peon, perhaps a small landowner of the old aristocracy — knew better than to sell, you may be sure. He rented, and now, in this same hut, he dwells — a millionaire.

'There's old Victoriano Cruz — just one example. I won't tell you where he lives, because some bandit might overhear us and torture you to find out. But one day when I called to see him, his rickety board table was covered with gold. "Quite a fortune, Don Victoriano," I said. "Yes," he told me, "I get these 7000 pesos every month — royalties on my oil lands." "If it's not an impertinence, what do you do with it?" "Well, I'm going to bury this in the banana patch. Come back in an hour, and if you can find it, it's yours," the old rascal wagered. But bandits did get some of his gold, in the revolution.'

'Seven thousand pesos a month,' I whispered, awestruck.

'Why, back in Pánuco I know an old Mexican who gets 180,000 pesos a year, just in rentals. I don't believe he spends 180. What he does with his thousands, heaven knows! Of course he would n't go near a bank.'

Our thoughts were financial and wistful. The purple-flowered vines, the bright yellow dogwood-boughs, the blazing inner spears of the Tillandsia, fled past.

'Now shut your eyes, for in a minute,' my comrade told me, 'you'll see one of the strange sights of this world.'

In a black desert which it had itself created stood the Ice Well. Hour after hour, month after month, in that lonely place, Loma del Pozo No. 1 had been forming its tall white cylinder of ice in the face of the powerful sun. The gigantic forces which brought the gases up from great depths seemed to be struggling like stubborn Titans to build the glittering column ever a little higher. But for a long while now it had not grown. When it exceeds a certain height it breaks off. Long before we reached this well the roar of the ascending gas rumbled in the treetops, and as we came nearer there was such a sound

of sizzling and frying as must mark Hell's kitchen. For Loma del Pozo No. 1 is making snow as well as ice. If this snow touches one's hand, he cannot tell whether the sensation is of freezing or burning; but when, flung far from the icy mouth of the hole, the crystals strike the hot ground, they seem to fry like the whites of eggs on a griddle.

'How far has it risen?' I questioned, a trifle appalled by the infernal display.

'Loma del Pozo is over 3000 feet deep.'

'Has it made no oil at all? Only this endless outpouring of gas?'

'It has. The Ice Well has a long story. They completed it in 1915 for an initial production of about 5000 barrels of oil and 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas. When the well came in, it hurled out 2400 feet of six-inch casing.

'But after it had made about a hundred thousand barrels of oil, salt water appeared, so they pinched it in until it flowed only gas. And now you see it, working away fiercely, as it's been working for over seven years.'

For seven years this Titan had been bearing up from a depth of 3000 feet and flinging into the atmosphere twenty million cubic feet of gas a day.

'To tell the truth,' I said, whispering as if I were in church, 'I don't know just what makes that ice and snow.'

'This gas contains a very high percentage of carbon dioxide. The sudden expansion causes the condensation and solidification of the water vapor in the atmosphere — a process which takes place in the form of that coating of ice around the valve of the well. In time this transformation has built up a regular tube of ice, as you could see if you were n't too careful of your shoes, and the gas rushes up through it as through a pipe.

'These white flecks all over the ground are practically pure carbon-dioxide snow. We'll have time to get

to No. 2 before lunch. This stuff won't burn you — Try it in your hand. It just stings.'

Alas, Loma del Pozo No. 2 is a famous example of the mean way in which the powers underground can bring to nothing the most skillful drilling! There it was, all rigged, machinery in a long caravan waiting to begin its task, the crew on duty, and not a drop of chapopote being produced. It is 3103 feet deep, and an inverted monument to persistence. When the drill was pounding at 3070 feet, it opened some vast reservoir and out rushed fifty million cubic feet of gas.

'We checked it, in time,' the geologist explained, 'by pumping the hole full of mud. That filled up the crevice through which the gas was entering. Then we started drilling again, but bend over and look down and see what happened. When we were trying to bail out the hole the bailer got caught right beneath the valve there, and now the well is bridged with pieces of lime that have collected between the bailer and the casing.'

I stooped to peer at the disaster. The Titans were bellowing ominously, far down.

'Of course,' added my comrade, 'it may break loose at any moment.'

I could see the bailer, a pail forty feet long, barring the giants' ascent.

'Drilling will be resumed just as soon as we get it out,' the geologist said firmly and hopefully.

We observed that a Chinaman, upon the brow of a hill, was bending his Oriental scrutiny upon us.

'It's way past dinner time, and I suppose Arthur's keeping it for us.' He wiped off the chapopote with a wad of waste.

Outside the cook-house we washed our hands in handsome white-enamel basins, in water well heated by the sun.

Then once more I was astounded by the magnificent dinner that you always get at the oil camps and can never get in the towns. It was n't even Thursday, and yet, as we slid on to the wooden benches at table and daintily chose paper napkins adorned with daffodils, Arthur brought us, —

Soup

Chicken à la Maryland, with
string beans, sweet corn,
roast potatoes and hors-
d'œuvres

Tomato and lettuce salad, self-
made dressing

Limeade and coffee

Peaches and cake

Jelly pocketbooks

'I don't,' said I to Arthur frankly, 'get this at home.'

'Boy picked lemons out on monte yesterday,' replied Arthur hospitably. 'You have some more drink?'

The water at the camps is brown and warm, but less dangerous than the clear cold drink you rashly take from the artistic earthen bottles at the hotels. And there are always limes.

'You have to be careful, of course, being a newcomer. But out exploring we're not so squeamish. Once one of the boys washed by mistake in the only drinking-water in camp, and we had to use it anyway.' The geologist pretended to eat, but meals are better than appetites when you've been in the fields for months.

As we returned to the veteran automobile I had another shock.

'What is that lying on that bunk? *Vanity Fair*. And, good heavens, *The Broom*! I suppose Cabell is popular among the peons?'

'Reserve your airs. Of course we get plenty of reading matter at the camps. I brought a load of new magazines from Tampico last Monday.'

'Chicken, jelly pocketbooks, wild lemons, current periodicals, natural

warm baths,' I meditated. 'The ordeal of camp life!'

We drove for a while through a forsaken land and came to a sign: 'Danger — Proceed at your peril!' So we did.

'If you want, you can tease this well a bit. I only wish it would break loose while you're doing it. That would be an experience you'd always remember, if you got away.'

The craving for adventure edged my comrade's tone. We were many paces off, yet I could hear the steady rumble of Quebrache No. 1, suppressing a desire to blow us to perdition.

This was a wicked one. It had made for itself a crater like a volcano's, and low in the centre it hissed and roared and shot out gleaming fragments of snow to fry upon the gravel. It had laid waste the land around, but not with oil. Like a bad boy among the Titans, it had flung stones and was panting to fling more. Deep and far had spread the rocky barrage. I climbed down to gaze into the steaming throat of Quebrache No. 1, ready to fly if it should suddenly come in.

The completion of this well, in 1915, was unexpected and terrific. Thirty million cubic feet of gas, bursting from the depths, demolished the derrick and the valve on the casing. The valve has not been replaced; there was but a slight showing of oil. Still, who knows what wealth the monster may be hiding?

'It's bridged now with bits of lime and shale,' the geologist explained, hurling rocks with beautiful accuracy into the well's threatening mouth, in the hope of rousing it to a fresh outburst for my instruction and possible destruction. 'Be ready to run and get behind that tree in case I stir her up. But during the times when it's gassing it throws out these enormous quantities of shale, lime, and flint. I estimate that it makes at least 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas a day. Look out!'

He had discovered a six-foot length of pipe, and daring all for science, had climbed down into the crater and thrust it vigorously into the well.

'If that does n't make her break loose, nothing will! But it has to drop 3000 feet — Don't run yet, you 'll hear it strike,' said he in an interested, leisurely way. We did hear it strike, and then, with a wild subterranean roar and a charge of hissing gases, Quebrache broke.

I fancy we must have made good time. I had the handicap, for my comrade was in the crater; but we were both behind the tree before the bombardment of rocks. I covered my eyes, but I could hear his calm scientific classification: 'Green shale, gray shale, lime, flint, chert.'

Under cover of the sparse bushes, bending low, we easily got out of range and gained the road.

'I know that gas is n't asphyxiating,' stated the geologist, 'so it is useless to pretend you 're dead. Hurry up. I 've saved the most incredible well for the last.'

No solitary maker of snow and ice, no muffled giant nor costly disaster was this last strange well, Quebrache No. 2. Long before we came in sight of the rig the extemporaneous houses of the peons lined the road. Coated head to foot with chapopote, men came striding from the field. Then we saw it — the unearthly vista: two reservoirs, one above the other, wide, deep, and black, and flowing down to them, a slow dark river, the flood of 'frozen oil.'

The sun beat savagely down. Sweat mingled with chapopote on our faces. But crossing the sticky field, and crouching beneath the rig to touch that thick river, I cried, 'Why it's cold!' For this heavy stream of oil, as it rose from the well in the face of the sun, was to the touch as ice. And it looked exactly like very good fudge, just be-

fore it hardens. Only when it moved majestically down the slope and began to enter the reservoirs did it thin and melt a little.

Quebrache No. 2 is one of the new marvels. It was completed in 1922 for ten million cubic feet of gas at a depth of 3015 feet. By January 1923, the amount of gas had increased to about 30,000,000, and early in March this gas became slightly moist.

'The moisture gradually increased, too,' the rig supervisor told me, gazing tenderly at his great black pet, 'until now this well is making about 5000 barrels of 19-gravity oil. Come closer. Watch it pour out.'

'What —?' I began, but the geologist had the reason ready.

'The high percentage of carbon dioxide in the gas is causing, through its rapid expansion, the freezing of this oil as it emerges from the valve.'

The supervisor brought us glasses of brown warm water, settled, boiled and safe.

We drank to the wells of wonder.

Darkness fell suddenly upon the road from the festoons of gray moss and purple-flowered vines.

'Would you like a swim?' inquired the geologist.

I traced the answer in the chapopote on my face.

'Well, there is a party planned for your last night. We are all going to drive out to the beach at Las Piedras. The river is warm. Afterward we 'll make a fire.'

I sank into happy contemplation. An all-over warm bath, after these ineffective cold showers! Besides, the geologist had told me how he had glanced up one afternoon, in the very midst of his splashing, to see a flat-headed adder coiled around the spray. 'It seemed to be just thinking,' he said easily. 'Of me, perhaps.'

The Pánuco, its brown flood silvered by the moon, lapped the soft grass on the bank. We scampered down, and the soothing waters took us. Who has not bathed in a tropical river by moonlight has missed one of this world's enchantments. Some of us floated with the gentle stream and passed the forbidden bend. This was the peons' part of the river, where they were swimming au naturel.

'Come back,' called the rest — 'Gringos must n't go there.'

But the current was unwilling. Hastening on toward another bend of the thousand that mark its course to Tampico, the dark Pánuco, beneath its peaceful surface, is sinister and swift. One had to fight to return.

A peon was gathering a great heap of palm leaves for some thatching to be done to-morrow — mañana or pasado mañana — and his burro grazed near by. We built our fire and made the coffee. I lay in the thick grass and marveled.

'In the States we 'd be eaten alive, doing this. Why have you deceived me? Where are the garrapatas, the pinolillas? And mosquitoes? Why' — I correctly used the Spanish double negative — 'there is not even a cloud no bigger than a man's hand!'

'You 'll see, doubting Thomas — I can show you the scars in the back of my neck where they burrowed in, too,' threatened someone in the grass. 'Better put on your stockings. The niguas prefer toenails, you know. You might lose a foot. The Indians do, sometimes.'

But no such evil thing occurred. Perhaps the dry season had baked

away these ferocious insects. Perhaps they were less terrible than the tales about them. Anyway, they did not appear, although that coast produces infinitesimal monsters: the garrapata, which screws himself into your flesh and has to be smoked out, when half-way in, with a hot cigarette; the pinolilla, which attacks in the manner of our northern chiggers; the nigua, and the familiar sand-flies.

What drowsy peace marked this moonlit midnight by the warm, swift river! The palm-gatherer had spread his ancient sarape, and lay on the grass, smoking restfully and with a certain elegance. He knew that presently we would go, and he would fall heir to our fire. His liberated burro cropped the soft grass on the knolls, contemplating us mildly, now and then, like a large gray rabbit. Lovable is the burro.

'Is there any poor person around here?' we asked the palm gatherer. 'Alguién que quiere los restos de nuestra comida?'

He rose, debonair and courteous. 'I am not rich myself,' he said.

We filled his red handkerchief with devil's food and chicken.

The burro nibbled on under the moon. His coat was very soft, his disposition gentle. I leaned my cheek against his neck.

'What are you sighing about?' demanded the geologist.

'I have taken to this burro,' I told him, 'and it is n't likely that I 'll ever see him again.'

(But in truth it was the Pánuco lotos, languorous now in my veins, too.)

IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST

BY CLAUDIA CRANSTON

In the name of Jesus Christ —
To whom the sea is as a drop of water,
And a fleck of dust the land;
To whom the pinions of an eagle are a fan,
And the shadow of a mountain as the shadow of his hand.

I asked for wings in the morning;
Plumed they were, like an eagle for a great ascent;
I asked for wings at night,
And they were folded like a flag when the wind is spent.

I asked in the morning for power,
And it crashed like the tide of the sea over the reverberant floor;
In the evening I asked for peace,
And it rested like the shadow of a mountain upon a quiet shore.

For I asked in the name of Jesus Christ,
To whom the sheaves of shining stars
Are but a harvest ripe for reaping;
To whom the four winds of Heaven
Are but a lullaby for sleeping.

ARTIST AND HISTORIAN

BY KIRSOPP LAKE

WHEN the Publisher, the Artist, and the Historian are together, which is not so often as the Historian would wish, one of the few points on which they agree is the greatness of Henry Adams's book on Mont-St.-Michel and Chartres. It was therefore inevitable that, being in Brittany, the Artist should decide to take the Historian, with a borrowed copy of Henry Adams, to see Mont-St.-Michel. It was inevitable that the Publisher should elect at the last moment to stay behind and play tennis, in the erroneous belief that he had found someone whom he could beat.

Thus at 8.30 A.M. — an hour entirely too early for either of them — the Artist and the Historian found themselves seated on a suitcase outside the Ker Maurice, waiting for a char-à-banc which was to carry some dozen tourists to Mont-St.-Michel, while the Publisher, imperfectly clad, scoffed through an open window.

'On est en retard,' ventured the Artist to a bystander.

'Oui, Madame, on est toujours en retard,' was the philosophical answer.

But at last a large char-à-banc appeared. The Historian, with that tendency to false identifications which characterizes his tribe, rushed to the conclusion that it was the Excursion. Nor was that all. He noted with undoubted, though not improper, satisfaction, that a damsel in peasant costume, and of more beauty than any tourist has a right to expect, was seated behind the driver, and that a

convenient seat was vacant beside her. He put his foot on the step and began to swing himself into the vacant spot, but was firmly repelled.

'Monsieur, vous avez tort! C'est une noce!' cried the villagers, and indeed it was.

The church was next door and the party was a wedding, which, indeed, might be going to make history, but which had no need for an historian at that moment. Such episodes are a little embarrassing, but it soon passed and in the end the real chariot appeared. It was a commodious rather than a comfortable vehicle, for the back of the seat had a sharp ridge which came just above the shoulders of the riders, and the springs of the car were too soft, so that the inequalities of the road were accurately registered on the backs of the passengers.

The journey was for the most part uneventful; but in Dol there was an interval for seeing the charming cathedral, eating a brioche, and laughing at the local pig-market. Dozens and dozens of pink pigs — washed and scrubbed to a painful cleanliness.

'Is it quite nice?' said the Artist. 'If they are going to look as clean as that I think they ought to be clothed.'

But before a new chapter of Sartor Resartus could be planned, the signal to get back into the char-à-banc was given, and the journey to Mont-St.-Michel was resumed.

It was not unnatural that conversation should turn on Henry Adams, and, between the two of them, Artist

and Historian came to a clearer understanding of why they admired him than either had ever reached before.

The value of the work of Henry Adams is that he was a scholar who saw the difference between knowledge and ignorance, an historian who studied the sequence of cause and effect, and a mystic who entered at times into the world of the 'other reality,' where there is neither cause and effect, nor object and subject.

Like all mystics it was the 'other reality' which he prized most, although — like all intelligent mystics — he also valued highly the world in which we live, and sought the key which opens the 'Door in the Wall,' not by denying the material and the actual, but by using them as a kind of sacrament through which men are given the power to open the lock. To the Artist and to the Historian this was clear; one question was less obvious.

'Do you think he really was a Catholic in his last days?' said the Artist, who had been reading the *Letters to a Niece*.

'That,' said the Historian, 'depends on what you mean by Catholic. Some circles use the word very loosely to cover general sympathy with certain doctrines, or, more often, with certain forms of ritual; but historically Catholic means that great central form of Christianity which in the West was the historic Church of Rome — belonging to no nation, offering service to each, and asking loyalty from all. All other "Catholics" — Anglo-Catholics and similar sects — bear the same relation to the real thing as does electric-seal to the genuine article. You cannot, with due regard to history, copy parts of the Catholic Church — sacramental doctrine, for instance, or ritual, or an Episcopal polity — and claim to be the real thing. The Catholic Church is a supra-national

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organization; it is not a "national" Church, like the Church of England, or a "free" — that is, "subnational" — Church, like the Methodist Episcopal or the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. You belong to it, or you do not.

'Henry Adams in this sense was not a Catholic. But I think he approached the life of Catholicism and the power that it has over men, with an affectionate and sympathetic understanding. By that effort of imagination which makes the difference between history and chronicles, he could put himself back into the position of the Catholics of the thirteenth century, and join in their worship of the Virgin, so that at times he thought, spoke, and wrote with a feeling which any Catholic would welcome, and a power of expression which few could equal.'

How much longer the Historian would have yielded in this way to his besetting sin it is hard to say. But Mont-St.-Michel began to be visible, and Henry Adams and Catholicism were eclipsed for the moment. The Artist had seen it before, but the Historian was quite unprepared for the overwhelming beauty of the scene. It was low tide, still ebbing a little, and almost as far as the eye could see there was a level expanse of sand and water intersecting each other in a thousand different patterns. It was a fine, but showery, day, and sun and shadow on the flat sand and shallow water made a miraculous and ever-changing play of color. The shallow water was a strange yellow-green; the deeper pools were a dark blue in the sun, and a steely black in the shadows, while the sands varied from gray through brown to green. Over them gulls, gray and white, never ceased to fly, sometimes skimming low over the surface — sometimes soaring higher toward the ramparts of the Abbey.

'They are the ghosts of the Normans,' said the Artist.

Across the bay could be seen the towers of Avranches, slowly coming out of a shower which still hung over the neighboring hills. Not for one minute together did the scene remain unchanged, yet its unity seemed complete and eternal.

For a long time Artist and Historian stayed, looking across the sands, drinking in the comfort and strength which the sight gave them. At last they turned and went up the steps and up the steep, narrow street which leads to the Abbey.

It is not difficult to imagine one's self back in the thirteenth century; and if you know your Henry Adams, the general plan of the building gradually becomes clear. The Church at the top comes first, chronologically and in order of importance, and no one can enter the nave and walk through its Romanesque arches, looking eastward at the beautiful Gothic chancel, without feeling the truth of Henry Adams's observation that there was a strangely happy marriage between the virile Norman of the nave and the delicately feminine Gothic of the chancel. Yet, beautiful though it may be, neither Artist nor Historian felt the thrill of pulsating life which had been given them by the beauty of the sea and the sand, the sun and the showers.

Leaving the church one is led through the rooms of the Merveille and the few still older parts below the nave. They are all beautiful, and the Salle des Chevaliers is one of the most lovely rooms in the world. It is not hard for the imagination to fill it with the great figures of Norman and French history. Yet here again the Artist and the Historian felt a certain sense of death. These buildings had been alive once; they had been filled with the spiritual life, good and bad alike, of

great men and beautiful women. But now they were empty, and the most that could be felt was the presence of pale ghosts who could appeal to memory but could not stimulate life. It was with a certain sense of turning from the dead to the living that the Artist and Historian stood at some of the narrow windows and looked out over the bay.

In spite of the extraordinary beauty of the architecture, and in spite of the strong sentiment created by the genius of Henry Adams, the Historian felt that he had come to see Art and had stayed to marvel at Nature. He found himself wondering why this was so, and feeling, as he did, that for all its beauty the Abbey of Mont-St.-Michel is dead, the question of Ezekiel came irresistibly to his mind — 'Can these bones live?'

To him at least there was no doubt why he kept turning away from the Abbey and the Merveille to catch his breath as, at the corners of the stairways, and through narrow windows, he again saw glimpses of the shadows moving so swiftly over the sands, and the showers and sunshine passing across Avranches, silhouetted against the sky. It was because spiritually if not intellectually he is a Roman rather than a Greek.

In the history of the religion of civilized men the Greeks — at least the Greeks who made the Olympian gods in their own image — always thought of the gods as the great, beautiful, passionate creatures who ruled the world of things, governed the course of events, and controlled the operations of nature. But the Romans did otherwise. They made no gods: they recognized the marvel of nature, and the miracle of life; and they saw divinity in its smallest happenings. To them Vesta was not a beautiful goddess to whom the hearth was sacred, nor Janus

a strong god protecting the door. Vesta was the hearth itself, with its crackling flame, its strange light and curious shadows; and Janus was the actual door which kept out the storm, the cold, and the unfriendly. Hearth and door were both divine.

So it was that the Historian, on that wonderful afternoon at Mont-St.-Michel, found the Roman element in his blood assert itself, and his heart sang its *Te Deum* to the sands and the showers, to the 'tremor immensi Oceani' rather than to the vaults and arches of the Abbey and the Merveille.

Yet when the Artist was gone, and he had made his way, a little lonely and pensive, from Dol to St.-Malo, he had another experience. He reached that delightful little port just before sunset, and strolled into the cathedral. It is not a preëminently beautiful building, and its modern decorations are a little tawdry. But there was a small group of worshipers around one of the altars on which a dim light was burning, and — herein was the miracle — it was full of life. The chancel at St.-Michel was beautiful — but dead. St.-Malo was commonplace — but alive. What made the difference? Ask any devout Catholic and he will tell you. 'It was the Blessed Sacrament. You could feel life at St.-Malo because God was there. He has been banished from St.-Michel.'

An excellent answer for the Catholic, but what should an Historian, a poor heretic if not a heathen, reply?

The problem was not altogether new to him, but it presented itself now with unusual clearness and difficulty. Was it really possible to continue to assert with such conviction that the Mass is a subjective feeling built on a foundation of myth which has no more historical validity than the myths which were the basis of other sacramental religions, now long dead, such as the cults of Isis or of Mithras? History seems clearly

to show that the sacramental cults of the beginning of the Christian era were all similar in their general religious and theological character, and Christianity from this point of view was one of these. It also shows that each sacramental religion had a 'myth' or story of its own, and none of these myths seems to be really historical. Far the nearest approach to history is the Christian myth, which as found in the Mass tells of the Incarnation and Passion of a divine Son of God, who instituted the Mass in order that his followers might share in the glory which was his. Behind this there is history in the sense that the founder of Christianity lived and died. But not in the sense that he did so in the manner implied by the Mass.

Such at least is the conviction of the Historian. It is therefore always a shock to him when he is violently thrown, as he was at St.-Malo, against the rock of Catholic emotion, and even seems, at least for the moment, to share in the spiritual experience which explains it. Henry Adams himself apparently felt this at some moments, and that is why his last book, *Letters to a Niece*, is so perplexing to some of his admirers.

Feeling a little shaken, and still moving in worlds not realized, the Historian went on, first to London, and then to Paris, and in Paris he went on Sunday morning to Notre Dame. It was a wonderful service in that wonderful cathedral, yet it did not approach the vividness of experience found at St.-Malo. How could it? In place of the Bretons of St.-Malo was a mixed crowd of sightseers, chiefly English and American, most of them obviously ignorant of the order and meaning of the service to which they were listening, though they doubtless enjoyed the music.

The Historian had asked at St.-

Michel whether these bones could live, and at Paris he at least found one way by which the bones can be kept dry. It is by the presence of a multitude of sightseers who 'see with their eyes but do not perceive, and hear with their ears but do not understand.'

And as he thought of all this the secret of the difference between living St.-Malo and dead St.-Michel became clearer to him. It is to be found neither in the place nor in the myth, but in the people. To Notre Dame or to St.-Michel men go to gain a thrill, to see beauty, and to hear music: to some extent they get what they seek. But at St.-Malo they go to the cathedral because to them at least this is the way of life. It is an objective reality which they seek. And therefore to them this is the gate of Heaven, where the barriers of the world are raised, and they find the help which they need for their work, the comfort which they seek for their sorrows, and the purification which they crave for their sins. They find it, and those who, like the Historian, feel the same necessities, become aware of the presence of those who have sought and found. Though we do not see the angels on the ladder, we hear their footsteps, and our foreheads are cooled by the touch of their wings.

But — the question comes back — what about the Myth?

Well, experience can reveal reality. It can show the way 'within the veil.' But it cannot rewrite history. The myth is an explanation given by those who have seen the light. Similarly, in the past, Ptolemaic astronomy was an explanation given by those who had seen the stars. Yet the wrongness of the explanation did not prevent the observation of the stars, of the friendly silence of the moon, or of the flaming ramparts of the sky; on the contrary, up to a point it alone rendered such

observation fruitful. But when at last increased observation rendered the old explanation untenable, the further revelation depended on the rejection of what was false, not its retention because of its past value.

So with the world of immaterial reality. Myths based on sacraments, or sacraments based on myths have been the door which has opened the way to Reality. That is true: but they are not the truth of history; and although the Historian has many sins on his conscience — which perhaps do not weigh as heavily as they should — he cannot admit that historical truth may ever be consciously modified, without committing what would be to him the sin against the Holy Ghost.

For to the Historian it is clear that he cannot and ought not to believe in the Myth. He can no longer share in the spiritual experience of the Mass, or of any other sacrament which is irretrievably bound up with myths — though by a kind of induced current he can still share, as at St.-Malo, in the experience of others. For the dangerous gift of sympathy — sharing in feeling — has always been his, for good and for evil. Yet when he said this to the Artist — for they talked of it at St.-Michel — she did not wholly agree.

'Yes,' said the Artist, 'that is all very well for you. Perhaps you are right that for you to *think* straight is the main thing, to which you must hold on at whatever cost. But, for me, to *feel* straight comes first; and if there be anything which helps me to feel straight, I will hold on to it. If it takes a myth along with it, I will take the myth too.'

'Woman,' answered the Historian, 'you are a Pragmatist, and that, as Bishop Butler said of enthusiasm, is a horrid thing, a very horrid thing.'

'Perhaps it is,' she replied, 'but I

gather from your tone that you do not quite know how to answer me.'

It was the truth. The Historian could have replied that she was confusing a judgment on value with a judgment on fact; but it would neither have suppressed her nor satisfied himself. The problem remains: why should historical wrongness and illusion be necessary for spiritual rightness?

The Historian wonders whether the Artist may not be nearer the truth than he has ever admitted, though not quite in the way which she intended. Is it necessary that the Myth should be believed for it to be efficacious? The Historian is inclined to think that in other religions than Christianity, and even in some circles which exist in the Church itself, it proves possible for a sacrament to be efficacious even though the myth which it represents be regarded as devoid of historic truth, and be treated merely as a beautiful and moving symbol which conveys spiritual life though it does not relate historic truth. To take this view would be difficult for him, or for anyone else who has been brought up to believe the Christian myth and has discovered its nature; but is that not partly because he knows so well that those celebrating the sacrament believe, or are supposed to believe, the historic truth of the story which they are enacting? Would it be so if there was no suggestion of personal belief in the historic truth of the Myth?

The Artist and those like her are enabled to put entirely on one side the question of historic truth. For the Historian that is impossible. Yet, if it were understood that historic truth was not implied, he thinks that he could share equally well in an efficacious sacrament. If that be so, the problem which is before the Christian, and especially the Catholic, Church

seems to become a little easier of definition. To the Historian it is certain that the more it be studied the less historical will the Myth appear to be. If the Church insists, in spite of this fact, on belief in its historic truth, it will prove to have nailed its colors to the mast of a sinking ship. The ecclesiastical theologians will have crucified Christ afresh, though this time by binding him to a myth rather than to a cross of wood. That, even so, the Jesus of history will rise again, the Historian does not doubt, and religion will no more disappear than did the observation of the stars at the breakdown of the Ptolemaic astronomy. But the Church, as an historic institution, will perish, as did the church of Caiaphas; and to the Historian—for whom tradition and profession unite to make him admire and love the story of the Church—few calamities would seem greater than this. He wonders sometimes whether it be not possible, even now, that something approaching the old Modernist position might be accepted, which would frankly admit that the Myth is mythical while retaining and emphasizing the spiritual efficacy of the institutions connected with it. He hopes that it is so: nevertheless, like George Tyrrell, he has to admit that though religion lives, religions die.

The pathway to Reality is not one nor is it simple. The Artist and the Historian were very near it at Mont-St.-Michel, but nearer when they were looking out over the sands, and could feel the vibration of each other's thoughts, than they were in the Abbey. The Historian thinks that he was even nearer in St.-Malo. But in each case the Reality, which is Immaterial, was reached through a Material channel. For the sacraments of the Church are but an image of all life. Throughout our existence we are constantly

tantalized yet encouraged by glimpses of another world in which the separation of personality and the clash of good and evil are overcome. We can see, as at St.-Michel,

. . . that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Or, as at St.-Malo, we are taken into a world where, by offering their lives, men win their souls. To the Historian, the element of sadness is added when men turn their backs on the reality which they have reached, to argue blindly and angrily that by no other means can men reach it than by that which they have used themselves, and even, by a species of idolatry, confuse

those means with the reality itself.

Some days later the Historian was at Chartres. He stood late in the afternoon just outside the open west door, in the bright sunlight. He could see nothing through the door. It was too dark inside. He went in, and gradually the vista of arches and the wonder of colored glass were revealed to him. He went back to the door to the brilliant sunlight. He could see nothing. It was too bright outside.

Which was 'true'? Answer that, and the problem discussed by Artist and Historian is solved. We are all purblind creatures, and those who are outside cannot see the wonders of the dim arches and vaults, and those who are inside cannot face the brilliance of the light of day.

ONE CASE OF THE AMERICAN MALADY

A VERY PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

BY THE VICTIM

The following narrative is quite true.

THE EDITOR.

MR. LANGDON MITCHELL, writing in the February *Atlantic* on the 'American Malady,' has diagnosed the subtle trouble from which a large class of Americans are suffering — whether they know it or not — as lack of spontaneous joy in beauty. I am sure he is quite right, and it occurs to me that it may interest him and some others to hear the true story of a perfectly normal young woman who married into such an infected community, caught

the disease, and suffered from it until something happened which cured her.

This young woman, as I remember her, was one of the most ebulliently joyful young beings imaginable until at an early age she married and went to live in a New England city where society was supposed to be in an advanced stage of civilization.

As a girl she bubbled over in all directions, singing, drawing, dancing, writing poetry, and acting in plays, all with originality and charm. At twenty she found herself the mistress of a pleasant house and the devoted wife

of a rising young professional man, and there seemed to be no reason in the world why she should not be a very happy and useful woman.

I have said that her husband was a rising young man, which means that he worked early and late — so early and so late that, as his wife said, his toothbrush never had time to dry. But he was also a very practical man and soon saw that to be at his best for his work he must get exercise in the open air. Moreover, it did not suffice to take bicycle rides with his wife. He got a more vigorous reaction from a game of golf with other men.

These games were good for him and he came home often a little late for the evening meal, but really hungry and healthily sleepy — so sleepy, in fact, that he almost invariably fell into a heavy slumber as soon as they were settled down for the evening. Mending or reading was then the only possible programme for the wife, and this was what she did on an average of five nights out of seven.

Her daytime occupation was divided between housework, marketing, and returning calls that a dutiful neighborhood had made on the bride. The neighborhood conscience had recently been stirred by the report that a certain young married woman had become mentally unbalanced because no one had come to see her during the two years that she had lived there, so our bride was called upon during the first year by more than a hundred women, who came usually when she was trying to make concentration take the place of experience in getting a dinner for the rising man.

When she was free in the earlier hours of the day, she often tried to persuade some neighbor to play with her, but the others were all very busy women, engaged in conducting children to dancing-school or riding-school or

some other educational luxury beyond their means and taken very seriously with all due consideration of the physical benefits that would ensue. If not occupied in this way, these city mothers were working for some Cause, charitable or political, or hearing a lecture on a proposed governmental reform. They cordially invited the young bride to join them and she did as often as she could bear it. Not that these things failed to interest her, for she loved all right things and went ahead and worked sincerely with the rest, but she began to feel old and she never sang or danced about the house any more. Instead she sat at her desk and kept her accounts straight, because although there were no children, the young husband's salary was small, the golf-club's dues were large, and Causes clamored for contributions. For ten years she marked off lines in a big blank-book and labeled the columns, 'Food,' 'Rent,' 'Clubs,' 'Church and Causes,' 'Amusements.' There were many entries under 'Causes' and almost none under 'Amusements.'

It was toward the end of this ten-year period that a younger brother of an old friend of the husband called to see him one evening. He proved to be very congenial, interested in all the things the young bride used to enjoy, — and found she still did enjoy, — the criticism of books, the writing of poetry, music, and laughter. It did not disturb the husband's nap to have the others talk and laugh softly across the room, and it did help out the evenings for the young wife, no longer a bride. She expanded and grew more attractive with this return to her natural element of joy in beauty. The housework seemed lighter and the suffrage meetings less serious after an evening of exchange of thoughts with a congenial friend.

Then after a winter of such companionship came a spring day and a bicycle

ride together — the wife and the friend — out into the country, where they sat on a hillside and drank in together the beauty on every hand. They could not express their joy in words and the local civilization had provided no normal outlet for it, so they looked into each other's eyes; and from that look sprang, first, the illusion of a quasi-happiness, then disillusion, a woman's loss of confidence in herself, and a resultant self-condemnation which threatened to become a mania in a woman sensitive but inhibited on many sides.

May we ask who was to blame? During all these years this woman had been truly loving her husband as deeply as most young women in their twenties know how to love. Moreover she had neglected no duty that she understood. Her house was always homelike, her meals attractive; sick neighbors were visited, accounts kept, calls returned, causes supported — but there was no place for joy. Once in her early married experience she had been invited to a reception at the house of the intellectual feudal-lord of the neighborhood. Up to that time her spontaneity had not been entirely quenched, and on this occasion it burst out in some observation not based on the local Decalogue of the community, whereupon the elderly sister of the host raised a gold lorgnette and looking the young barbarian over, murmured, 'How extr'ord'n'ry!' Being rather sensitive to atmosphere, the newcomer learned repression from that hour.

A wiser woman will say, 'Why did n't the little idiot find her own group in that big city? Surely there must have been literary or artistic or musical groups in which she would have found an outlet for all that was being choked within her.'

Let me answer that such groups are not easy for a newcomer to find, or having found, to enter. This girl was

not a trained performer; she was only a born rejoicer. If there had been community-singing in her group, how she would have enjoyed it! Some brave soul did start such a chorus and meetings were arranged in the high-school building. The young bride went gleefully as long as it lasted, but after three or four attempts the project faded out for lack of general interest. Everybody was always too busy or too tired. A great many people were chronically tired in that city and there was much sickness. The young bride often wondered why there was not more sickness. What object was there in being well?

Is it not true that in some countries this girl would have found a normal channel for the expression of joy in her everyday intercourse with neighbors? A foreign friend has told me recently that in her country the young people sing in the streets and then get together and sing in groups. In some other lands young and old meet in each other's houses to dance. Who shall blame our thirsty young people if the cup of joy, coming suddenly to them, finds them unable to stop and consider who is offering it?

Moreover, what vision can we take with us, we older ones, who go about in sombre dress to reform the world? Is it safe to go on such a mission without joy and a sense of humor? As for charities, what profits it if we give our bodies to be burned and have not joy to offer in love to those less fortunate? As for our young people, I have heard them say, 'Deliver me from being good like my parents, if it means never having any better times than they do!'

And the cure for the 'American malady?' Humbly let me suggest that it may lie in the belief — if one is fortunate enough to possess it — that God is good and that joy is therefore reasonable. Such a belief is supposed to

be the heritage of Christian people, the gift of that valiant man who, though thoroughly acquainted with the seamy side of life, could say, 'These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full'; and speaking of the light-hearted child, 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!'

I started my story by saying that the young wife suffered from the American malady until something happened which cured her. What happened was that she found the Source of joy, and having found it, she did her bit to radiate it, so that she at least would not be responsible for the crushing out of another's happiness.

Rabindranath Tagore says that 'God woos us with his beauty.' Does He in America?

Julia Ward Howe wrote: —

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me.

Does it in America?

Is it too much to expect of a community which calls itself Christian that it shall cease to crucify its young lovers of beauty and joy? Shall we not rather, if we are genuine followers of Jesus of Nazareth, draw the hearts of young America to Christianity by showing them that one of the fruits of the Spirit is joy, showing them by our example that joy can be expressed through countless healthy channels that bring blessing to all the world and a curse to no man?

Must this matter end in a wordy diagnosis, or will the patient, our practical Uncle Sam, turn himself and live?

WHAT DEATH IS LIKE

BY M. M. G.

SOME years ago I visited a friend who was at a sanitarium. Not until my arrival did I know that the physician in charge was employing hypnotism as a curative agency. That evening he gave a parlor exhibition of his skill. He asked those present — eighteen in number — to form a circle. He passed from one to another in quick succession, pressing his thumbs lightly between the eyes of each person and saying, 'Sleep, sleep; deep, deeper still,' and so on until each went off in a state of hypnosis. With the suggestion to sleep he added other suggestions, such as: 'When I count three you will awaken,'

or 'In three minutes you will come to.' And sometimes he added, 'You will not experience any ill effects from what you are about to do.' As he approached me, I motioned him aside, indicating emphatically that I did not wish him to attempt to hypnotize me.

The feats these persons performed while acting under his suggestions seemed to me remarkable and extremely interesting, but I could not think it ethical to do some of the things he did, more especially in one case where the individual was a lad of sixteen, his nephew. I could not think it good, either physically or mentally, for

the boy to be subjected to the great strain he was forced to endure. The last thing the hypnotizer did was to give a lady of my acquaintance a heaping teaspoonful of red pepper with the suggestion that it was ice cream. She ate it with apparent enjoyment and wanted more. A moment later she came to herself, and I said: 'Do you mean to tell me your mouth does not smart? Red pepper has a physiological effect; there must be some of that red pepper in your mouth and throat yet; how does it feel?'

She answered: 'Oh, I know, from what you say, the Doctor has been up to his tricks, but honestly I would n't know it otherwise.' Then she added: 'I can hypnotize people, too; I tried it yesterday. My roommate started to yawn and I said, "Open, open; wider, wider still," and I added, "You can't close your mouth till I tell you to" — and she could n't! And there she sat, waving her arms at me and trying so hard to close her mouth! She was cross with me about it afterward. Come on to my room, and I will show you how it is done.'

I went with her.

She said, 'I'll hypnotize *you*; that will show you more quickly than any other way. Just lie down on that bed and relax; make yourself receptive to my thought.'

'You can't do it,' I said; 'I know you can't. But go ahead and convince yourself of the fact.'

So she went through the formula of 'Sleep, sleep; deep, deeper still,' and so on. At first her words had no effect. Then I responded. Then she made the startling affirmation, 'You are now going to leave your body; you are leaving your body; you are entirely free from the body; you are not held to it by the faintest tie.'

Because she was a novice in this strange art, she neglected to say, 'In

three minutes you will awaken,' or something on that order.

In obédience to her words, something very remarkable happened. I felt as if an inner spiritual body were being dragged out of my physical body through the head — and with intense suffering. I could compare the process only to tearing out a firmly embedded plant by the roots from the ground. I seemed to have a light, ethereal body, floating in a horizontal position directly above my physical body, perhaps three feet away. And this is what I thought:—

'How strange! How wonderful! I am here, and my body is there! Now I know I have never believed in immortality. I have thought I believed it; I have wanted to believe it; but my astonishment shows me I have never really believed the mind could exist apart from the brain. I have never really believed that the self, the ego, could go on thinking and being, apart from the physical self. This must be death. Never again shall I be afraid of death. How free I feel! How delightful it is to be unhampered by all the limitations that are a part of the body!'

Then I found there was a new state of consciousness; I was aware of the objective world and also of what was going on in the mind of the hypnotizer. Also I was aware of spiritual presences about me; and I wanted to go on with them, but felt I was not ready. These words came into my mind: 'Why — I am an unfinished thing, an abortive thing. I am not ready to go on, and yet I don't want to go back to that dry-goods box' — as I scornfully called my body.

Then my attention was attracted to the behavior of the hypnotist and to her mental attitude. At first she felt only exultation. She exclaimed, 'I've done it — I've done it! I've always wanted to do it and now I've succeeded.' The

minutes passed and suddenly she remembered she had not given the all-important suggestion to awaken at a given time. Then she became anxious, at first commanding me to return, to which I paid no attention. Then the thought passed through her mind, 'I shall have to summon Doctor X, and I don't want to; they will all have to know what I have been doing.' Then a swift and deadly fear took possession of her as she recalled the words of her command, and she thought, 'Why, perhaps she is dead; perhaps she will never come back! Oh, what have I done! What have I done!'

In thinking about it afterward, I noticed that all her thought was selfish. She thought of the situation solely from the standpoint of how it affected her. Presently she knelt at the bedside like one crazed with grief, weeping, wringing her hands, and imploring me to return. A wave of compassion passed over me and more out of good-nature than anything else I determined to return. I distinctly did not wish to return to the body I had been freed from, but with the words, 'I will go back,' with the act of will that those words implied, my spiritual self sought entrance into the physical body, and as I had emerged I entered, and with

similar great suffering — agony, I called it at the time.

Then I awoke and found myself weeping bitterly, uncontrollably; then laughing hysterically, — something unknown to me normally, — then crying again and struggling to gain self-control. When I had succeeded in gaining the mastery, I said, 'Don't be disturbed; that's my body; that's not myself!'

'What happened? Oh, what happened — tell me,' she cried.

'Not now; I can't talk,' I said. 'I am going to my room.' So I left her. The next morning early I took the train for New York. I never saw her again and never wanted to. I felt that she had done a most daring and reprehensible thing and that it might easily have ended in death. I was not blameless in the affair, but I was wholly ignorant of such matters when I went there, whereas she had been a patient there for six months and must have known considerable about hypnotism.

I am perfectly willing to answer questions about this experience. There may be points about it that some one would like to know. Nothing that has ever happened to me in actual life is more vivid than this experience, or more far-reaching in its effects.

REALITIES IN THE FAR EAST

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

I

It is common knowledge now that informed and experienced officials in Europe had been extremely concerned for several years before the actual outbreak of war there in 1914 over what the general public had not recognized: namely, that the trend of affairs was making war imminent and virtually inevitable.

In that instance, it appeared as though some people were debarred entirely from making a correct estimate of the situation by their aversion to facing the distasteful conclusions to which known facts pointed and by their adherence to prejudices — however idealistic — that did not rest on a comprehensive foundation of realities. While such people seem inevitably doomed to make misjudgments, the open-minded are confronted by a further difficulty in attempting to make a sound estimate of an intricate international situation.

This difficulty comes from the fact that adequate information, essential to any worth-while estimate, is hardly ever available outside of official circles; and that, even when comprehensive information on such matters is available, it is likely to be so complex and technical that sound interpretations from it are to be expected only from extraordinarily able minds, or from those who can draw on a long background of vicarious and personal experience in the responsible interpretation of such data.

It should cause no surprise, therefore, to those who have not been in close touch with comprehensively informed officials of experience in the Far East that these latter were extremely concerned during the summer of 1923 over the imminent portent of certain matters there of which comparatively little was known and even less was understood by the general public.

During the preceding winter and spring there had been a marked development of liberalism in the industrial centres of the Japanese Empire. The theorem that liberalism is anti-imperialistic and makes for international peace would have led some to conclude from this that the prospect for continued peace in the Far East had been improved by this growth of Japanese liberalism. But when it was discussed with many of the best informed and most experienced American, British, Dutch, and Chinese officials — whether in Peking, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Singapore, or Java — the virtually unanimous opinion was that it boded extremely ill for the peace of the Orient and, perhaps, of the world.

Such a conclusion was reached by such people, first, because they had detailed information as to certain contemporaneous conditions and daring moves that will be outlined hereunder; and second, because they could interpret this information in the

light of a broad understanding of certain long enduring and major conflicts between policy and practice, a realization of which would seem to be essential to seeing the recent drama and present prospect in the Far East in proper perspective.

II

The American policy with respect to the Far East — with which it has become usual to profess accord — looks to the maintenance of the sovereign independence and territorial integrity of China while providing, in principle, for equality of opportunity for all peoples in their economic activities throughout China.

But those who view this policy with perspective recognize that it is counter to the practice of the ages, which has been that the stronger tribes or nations conquered and sequestered the lands and resources of the weaker. The overthrowing of the Aztec and Inca civilizations, the conquests of the Indies, of Africa, and of Australasia, and the continental development of what are now the United States and Canada are among the results of such warlike procedure by Europeans since the latter began their extensive adventures overseas little more than four centuries ago.

The results of the opportunities won overseas by the British were consolidated by their monopoly of their interimperial trade through the Navigation Acts, which were repealed only in 1854, after two hundred years of operation under them had given the British such an incomparable 'going concern' in intercommunications by sea as to promise them continuance of virtual monopoly. And now that new conditions threaten such control, a plan to strengthen it by a system of interimperial preference tariffs was

agreed to at the recent Imperial Conference in London.

One has merely to visit Java and to note how business is conducted there to appreciate how strongly the Dutch adhere to the doctrine of trade monopoly. It is the same throughout the five million and more square miles the French have conquered during the last fifty years. And, at the present time, a dispute is reported between Sweden and Denmark because the latter insists on monopolizing Greenland's trade.

One of the early breaches in this immemorial system of conquest for monopoly was made by Commodore Kearney, of the United States Navy, when the British were acquiring special concessions from China at the close of the Opium War in 1842, and he secured assurances from the Chinese that Americans would be treated as favorably as any other nationals — after which the British Sovereign said to Parliament: 'Throughout the whole course of my negotiations with the government of China, I have uniformly disclaimed the wish for any exclusive advantages. It has been my desire that equal favor should be shown to the industry and commercial enterprise of all nations.'

Though the British had sequestered Chinese territory for their own uses, Caleb Cushing, in negotiating the subsequent Treaty of Wang Hiya, in 1844, disclaimed any such purpose and insisted merely on the United States being granted commercial opportunities equivalent to those conceded to any other Power.

Thus was born the Open Door Doctrine that looks to equality of economic opportunity for all without any sequestration of territory or abatement of sovereign integrity — a doctrine, be it understood, that would leave every nation free to set up what-

ever import or export tariffs, or other trade regulations, it may choose, provided that these apply to its commerce with all other nations without discrimination.

The United States secured professions of accord with the Open Door Doctrine from the principal European Powers and the Japanese Empire in 1900; and these professions — though frequently forgotten — were strengthened by the still unratified Nine Power Treaty of Washington in 1922. But the recent record of realities in the Far East shows how fundamental and irreconcilable is the conflict there between the policy of equal opportunity for all without sequestration and the persistent practice of sequestration in order to gain exclusive, or at least preferential, opportunity.

III

The indubitable record is that the Japanese Empire has risen to its present status, in the main, through its three decennial wars of 1894, 1904, and 1914, whereby it first completed its hold on the insular barrier to North-eastern Asia, from Kamchatka to Formosa, and then began its expansion on to the continent by taking the Liaotung Peninsula from Russia, and by absorbing the ancient realm of Korea — whose independence and territorial integrity it had solemnly guaranteed less than six years before absorbing it.

Just before the Japanese Empire attempted to monopolize Fukien, Shantung, Manchuria, and Inner Mongolia, and to turn China virtually into a vassal state by the Twenty-one Demands of 1915, the Japanese Premier, Count Okuma, is reported to have said: 'Those who are superior will govern those who are inferior. I believe that within two or three

centuries the world will have a few great governing countries and others will be governed by them, will pay homage to the mighty. In other words, about four or five great countries . . . will be developed, and the other countries will be attached to these great ones. For instance, England, Russia, Germany, and France may be such countries. We [Japanese] should from now on prepare ourselves to become a governing nation.'

As Count Okuma was guiding the policy of the Japanese Empire at the time he made this statement, it would seem reasonable to consider it as an authoritative index of the outlook and purpose of the Japanese Government less than ten years ago.

It has been said, however, that the recent Japanese withdrawal from Shantung was because of a general rectification of policy — induced by diplomatic pressure at the Washington Conference. But in informed circles in the Far East it is known that the boycott the Chinese maintained in many provinces against the trade of the Japanese, so long as the latter held the sacred province of Shantung, was costing the Japanese far more than they could afford or could expect to make out of Shantung alone.

So they withdrew from it in order to regain their trade elsewhere; and — highly important with Orientals — 'saved face' by alleging that their withdrawal was because of a change of heart, induced by what the public has been led to believe was the altruistic atmosphere of the Washington Conference.

Similarly, the withdrawal of the Japanese from their protracted excursion in Siberia has been advanced as another evidence of voluntary abandonment of their practice of extending their sphere of exclusive control over territory belonging to others.

But again the best informed people in the Far East point to the fact that this excursion, though it yielded little, cost the Japanese Government over a billion yen, and that it was seen that a continuance of such a great drain on the Treasury would be a less effective expenditure at the moment than to increase the classes of naval auxiliary vessels unlimited by the Washington Conference.

The case of Northern Saghalien is not cited as showing that the Japanese have embarked upon a policy of restitution of the territories they have seized from others; for they are still firmly entrenched there. But it would not be surprising to have them trade it back to Russia, as it is more than rumored that they have been bitterly disappointed in their expectations of finding there a good supply of fuel oil for their navy.

Nor is the case of Manchuria cited as a reversal of their practice of securing control of the territories of their neighbors; for the Japanese have repelled, with a great show of indignation, the Chinese suggestion of last year that they vacate Manchuria; and, as is well known in the Far East, they are in active process of consolidating their control over it with the aid of its ex-bandit chief, Chang Tso-lin.

In short, the record shows that, since professing accord with the Open Door Doctrine in 1900, the Japanese have not hesitated to sequester the territories and to monopolize the resources of their neighbors in accordance with the militant tenets of Prussian imperialism — except when the direct or indirect costs of so doing have proved to be unwarrantably heavy.

In considering this record, however, we should recognize frankly that such practices were in accord with those common throughout most parts of the world from time immemorial until

very recently, and that such practices have not yet been banished from regions other than the Far East.

Furthermore, we should recognize that it has been principally by such traditional and common practices that the Japanese Empire has been raised from relative insignificance in the world of only thirty years ago to its present stature. Though the reverse of ideal, such methods have been proven pre-eminently practical and profitable to the Japanese. So the Japanese should not be expected to abandon them lightly.

IV

Comprehensive appreciation of the Japanese record, of which it has been possible here only to refer to some of the more salient incidents, gave particular point to the very tense situation that was under the sunny surface of the Orient during the summer of 1923 — a situation that, providentially, was relieved, for the moment, by the appalling Japanese earthquake of the first of September.

As has been suggested above, in the winter of 1923 there was such a marked development of liberalism in Japanese industrial centres that it threatened to get beyond the control even of the Japanese police. Being thus seized with what has been aptly described as an acute attack of 'internal indigestion,' the Japanese Government naturally sought the corrective of 'external exercise.' That is, it sought to create a seemingly opportunity for external activity of a promising nature, upon which the attention of the patriotic Japanese public could be focused to the neglect of liberalism — and in order that, in the heat of foreign warlike measures, irreconcilable liberals might be dealt with conclusively by measures more drastic than could be used in times of peace.

In view of the factional strife in China and the disorganization and virtual impotence of the Government at Peking, the simplest procedure would have been to fling some sort of ultimatum, such as the Twenty-one Demands of 1915, before that distraught body, and launch an expeditionary force to carry it out. But memories of how the Chinese boycott over the occupation of Shantung had turned much Japanese trade with China into British and American channels indicated how vast would be the indirect costs of such a procedure. And besides, such crude methods would have belied the rectified rôle the Japanese Empire desires the world to believe it has adopted since having been promoted to the exalted position of one of the four principal Powers in the League of Nations by the 'Big Four' at the Paris Peace Conference.

But if, on the other hand, a situation could be developed in which the United States and the principal European Powers would take the initiative in insisting on an international intervention in force in China, then the occasion would be ideal—from the Japanese point of view. To proposals for such an intervention, the Japanese could object at first, thereby establishing the record not only that the original suggestion for intervention did not come from them, but that, in the interest of peace, they were opposed to intervention.

Yet, if the Americans and Europeans should continue to insist on an international intervention, then, against its officially stated inclinations, it would become incumbent upon the Japanese Empire, as a principal Power, claiming paramount local interests, regretfully to contribute a contingent to the international force aimed at intervention in China.

Such a situation would have been

substantially similar to the international intervention inaugurated in 1918 in Siberia, to which the Japanese were supposed to send not over 7000 troops but to which they insisted on sending far more than all the other contingents combined, and a commanding officer who outranked all others present and who, consequently, took supreme command.

If such a situation had arisen in China, it would have amounted, de facto, to a Japanese intervention, but one brought about by American and European initiative and against the officially recorded protests of the Japanese authorities. So the responsibility and stigma would have been upon us and not upon the Japanese. Yet such an intervention, in which the Japanese surely would have had preponderant forces and the supreme command, could have been developed to serve as the external exercise required to correct the attack of internal indigestion from which the Japanese realm was suffering as a result of liberalism; and such a move would have been especially effective internally if it could have been made through Shantung—to withdrawal from which many Japanese have never been reconciled.

But the initially essential item of an adequate reason why the United States and the European Powers should intervene in force in China was lacking.

It will be recalled that, early in May, a large body of Chinese brigands derailed and held up the 'Blue Express' from Shanghai to Peking near Lin-Cheng, taking from it a score of prominent Americans and Europeans, some of whom were held in captivity about a month. And it may be recalled also that, a few days after this outrage occurred, the American and the British chambers of commerce in Shanghai—with more energy than insight—severally petitioned the American De-

partment of State and the British Foreign Office to intervene in force and to rescue our captive nationals — or their remains.

It was of very great interest to the present writer, on arriving in China early in July, to learn from several authoritative sources — Americans who had made it their particular business to find out — that the Lin-Cheng train banditry had been organized by agents of a certain eminent Chinese, opposed to the Government at Peking; and that he had organized it on behalf of the Japanese with whom he is associated in other matters.

The plan, of which almost all vital details had been uncovered by July, had been double in its purpose. Politically, it aimed to create such a situation that the United States and the European Powers would insist on intervention in force. Thereupon, after objecting *pro forma*, the Japanese would have joined in preponderant force and the resulting invasion of China — upon our expected initiative — would have given the Japanese the 'external exercise' they deemed necessary to correct the 'internal indigestion' that liberalism was causing at home; and this without their seeming to have been responsible for having brought it all about.

'For strategic reasons' it was planned that the Japanese contingent was to have entered through Shantung, putting that province firmly back in Japanese hands — but on our initiative. There was more, however, to the strategic purpose of the plan than that. For by throwing a Japanese force 'against the brigands' north of Kiansu, Anhwei, and Honan provinces, military support essential to the Peking government from those provinces would have been cut off.

And thereupon Chang Tso-lin's forces in Manchuria would have be-

come preponderant and he could have moved confidently against the Chinese capital with what, beyond doubt, would have been exceedingly serious consequences to China.

It was a cleverly conceived plan that promised to satisfy the particular aims of its several Oriental participants. But it was inadequately inaugurated, for we did not rise to the bait and intervene. Also, it was inadequately guarded, for we uncovered it. And meanwhile the pains the Japanese authorities were suffering, due to liberalism in their body politic, instead of being relieved were growing more acute.

V

A careful investigation, made during May and June in the Japanese industrial centres, revealed that the Japanese liberals were so elated over the spread of their doctrines that they were planning a great demonstration, to occur about the first of November, which they hoped would develop into an open revolt against some phases of the Imperial Government.

In July we had for consideration, therefore, the following known items: During the previous winter a comparatively moderate outbreak of liberalism had so disturbed the Japanese authorities that they had gone to the length of inciting the Lin-Cheng banditry outrage so as to create, under the guise of an international intervention, an opportunity for external activity that would enable them to correct their internal ills. The plan had failed to develop.

But liberalism had continued to grow — even to the extreme of planning a revolt for the late autumn. It seemed impossible to avoid the conclusion that, before November, and in order to head off the revolt the liberals were known to be planning, the

Japanese authorities would make some external *démarche* more daring, if need be, than the Lin-Cheng episode.

Indeed that was the conclusion usually reached when, during July and August, this situation was discussed all along the coast down to Java, with some of the people most experienced in estimating such matters; and several emphasized particularly their belief that while a Japanese excursion onto the continent before November seemed inevitable, yet such a move would be counter to the policy the Japanese Government seems to wish to follow at present, and would be made only because the Japanese authorities were being driven to it in order to retain control over conditions at home.

Here it should be realized — as it was realized especially in responsible American circles in the Far East — that if the Japanese had made such a warlike move as seemed to be impending last summer, their action would have presented the United States with a very serious problem and with a unique responsibility. The antagonisms of the European Powers among themselves in Europe, and their commitments in the Near East, in Africa, and in the Middle East were such as virtually to immobilize their forces in those regions and to prevent their playing a part of any considerable effect in the Far East. Consequently, on the United States would have fallen virtually the undivided responsibility of deciding whether merely to file a paper protest and practically to acquiesce by inaction to whatever the Japanese might set out to do — or to endeavor to halt them by a threat of force if need be.

But we knew, and presumably the Japanese knew, that such a threat would have been quite empty. For the rigid economy that we — who least of the great Powers need do so — have

been practising in our naval expenditures has so impaired the efficiency and capacity of our navy as to make it, for the moment, totally incapable of acting effectively in such a situation in time to stop its materialization. In other words, we have deprived ourselves of the force that would be necessary to maintain peace and equity.

It so happened that the broader bearings and possible developments of this entire situation were discussed at great length on the afternoon of the first of September with a particularly well informed group of men. At that very moment, however, the great earthquake had just occurred and Tokyo and Yokohama were in flames — which, as was said after the appalling news came, 'solved the situation for the moment, but only for the moment.'

It may be recalled that the Japanese authorities issued a statement, soon after the earthquake, in which it was alleged that the pillaging that naturally ensued was being done by Koreans previously employed as laborers in the devastated region; that these Koreans had started many of the fires that sprang up naturally among most of the demolished houses immediately after the earthquake; and that they, together with radicals, were organizing an attempt on the Imperial Government.

To this appeal Japanese of all classes responded instantly and virtually to a man. For it focused the patriotism of the public against an alien, and recently subjugated, race now alleged to be attempting to take a quite understandable revenge in the hour of Japanese calamity. According to boasts heard from Japanese — before they realized the unwisdom of such boasts — about fifteen hundred unfortunate Koreans, as well as some Japanese radicals, were slaughtered out of hand

by the Japanese soldiers, police, and populace.

Thus the appalling earthquake disaster was very cleverly used by the Japanese authorities to create a racially external issue, in order to get their own internal situation in hand by directing public emotion against lowly aliens defenseless in their midst.

One would think that the internal effects of the earthquake, on the one hand, and the fact that the Chinese were among the very first to rush aid to the Japanese, on the other, would have ended Japanese activities in and against China for a while.

Word comes, however, that even since the earthquake, the Japanese, indirectly, have been urging that an international police-control over the Chinese railroads is essential to public safety — because of bandits, forsooth! But they are avoiding any appearance of initiating this suggestion; and it is understood that they would refuse, at first, to join in any international police plan, thus proving their aversion to such a move by the Powers.

Nevertheless, if the Powers actually were to inaugurate such a police control over the Chinese railroads, there can be no doubt but what Japanese interests would call for Japanese participation in it; and Japanese facilities on the spot would result in the international control being dominated by the Japanese. So the net result of this move that the Japanese are trying to bring about by indirect means would be the control of the Chinese railroads by the Japanese authorities.

This move since the earthquake reveals an attempt to obtain by indirect means, through the Powers, some of the ends more openly sought, but not attained, by the Twenty-one Demands of 1915. But more, perhaps, than anything else, it shows that, while the appalling earthquake disaster

solved the very tense situation in the Orient for the moment, it solved it only for the moment, because it has not diverted the Japanese from their purposes and practices.

VI

While the matters just outlined were of immediate moment last summer, they also threw light on a broader subject that was discussed in every centre from Peking to Java — a subject of much greater ultimate meaning in international grand strategy.

As is well known, within the Japanese bureaucracy two quite different plans have been contending for preference. What might be called the Japanese Territorialist Plan is sponsored by the Chosu clan that predominates in the army. Naturally this is reminiscent of Prussian thought in its desire to spread direct military, political, and economic control progressively over adjacent parts of the continent of Asia as extensively as possible so that the Japanese of the future may live, in the main, on their economic exploitation of China and of the Chinese.

The development of such a plan, of which we have witnessed the first stages, with its conquests of territories, its overthrowing of governments, and its political and economic enslavement of peoples, is so noisy and obvious as to arouse extensive interest. But its scope ashore is limited by the ability to extend, and the capacity to maintain, police control by means of overland communications; it is likely to be very costly in more ways than can be anticipated — as both the Germans and the Japanese have discovered; and, in itself, it is not as likely to have as world-wide effects of great importance as would a procedure involving extensive maritime operations.

In contrast to this Territorialist Plan is what might be called the Japanese Maritime Plan that is supported by the naval Satzuma clan. This springs from an appreciation of Mahan's doctrines to the effect that the ability to conduct extensive communications by sea one's self, and the power to deny adequate communications by sea to one's opponent has been a most potent and far-reaching factor in the history of peoples — and this because such control over communications by sea gives preferential access to overseas lands, and to their human and material resources, while enabling one to minimize such access to one's opponent in peace and virtually to deny it to him in war.

Mention was made above of the fact that the Japanese Empire 'first completed its hold on the insular barrier to Northeastern Asia from Kamchatka to Formosa.' More specifically, in one way or another, the Japanese have acquired during the last fifty years the Loochoo Islands, the Kurile Islands, the Bonin Islands, Saghalien, Formosa, the Pescadores, the Mariana Islands (except Guam), the Pellew Islands, the Caroline Islands, and the Marshall Islands.

The result is that now, apart from the Aleutian Islands, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, northern Borneo, a few small and scattered American or British islands, and the coastal islands, all the islands of the Pacific north of the equator are in the hands of the Japanese.

One effect of this is that submarines or airplanes, based on islands remote from Japan proper, could seriously impede the advance of an enemy force toward Japanese home waters. Another is that the control of the entire insular barrier to Northeastern Asia makes it possible for the Japanese navy to isolate that region from direct over-

seas communication and to deny commercial access to it from the sea except by a naval force based near enough effectively to break through the barrier and to hold open the breach made.

So when some talk easily of throwing this or that force into China, say, against brigands, it does not seem that they have given due consideration to the control the Japanese might exercise over such operations because of their naval control over the northern part of the insular barrier that lays across the lines of communication to northern China and Siberia.

It was interesting to find that such effects of the control the Japanese Empire already has over the islands of the North Pacific, and over the northern part of the great insular barrier that extends virtually down to New Zealand and into the Indian Ocean, are realized as a matter of course among those in the Far East who are conversant with the elements of international grand strategy and with its Far Eastern factors.

But it was far more interesting to find that the American, the British, and the Dutch circles there concerned with such matters had each arrived separately at further deductions that are so similar to each other as to vary only in minute details.

The substance of all of these three sets of deductions is that the purpose of the Japanese Maritime Plan is to extend Japanese control progressively along the insular barrier down to its southern terminal and around to the Indian Ocean. And it was interesting to find how certain recent Japanese activities in the American Philippines, in British Malaya, and in the Netherlands East Indies have confirmed these deductions.

It was as though three people had been given a formula from which each

separately had plotted a similar projection of a curve, and that, on top of their projections checking each other, supplemental data had come to hand from three separate sources, which data had confirmed all three projections.

A glance at a map should suffice to show that the retention of the Philippines by the United States is the present outstanding obstacle to the Japanese extending progressively their control along the insular barrier. But if Filipino politicians were free merely to grant to the Japanese a certain naval-base site in the southern Philippines, — as there are reasons for believing some would be glad to do, — then the remainder of the task ahead of the Japanese would be easy in comparison to its present difficulties. And this for the simple yet all important reason that the United States, should we so desire, could focus adequate force to stop the Japanese at the Philippines; whereas the British, for politico-naval reasons that are too complex to be outlined here, could not focus adequate force at Singapore to stop the Japanese there if the latter were based on the Philippines and had a secure line of support to such a base.

The conclusion from this situation is that, in deciding on the future of the Philippines, we are likely to be deciding on the future of the Netherlands East Indies and of Australasia — to say nothing of the future of India, of Malaya, of China, and of all for which our civilization may stand in the Orient.

In short, the American, the British, and the Dutch circles concerned with matters of international grand strategy in the Far East recognize explicitly that the guard the United States mounts at the Philippines is essential to the security of Australasia and to whatever measure of peace may be maintained 'east of Suez.'

On the other hand, it is recognized in such circles as beyond question that, if the Japanese could secure merely an appropriate naval-base site in an 'Independent Republic of the Philippines,' they would be able to isolate Eastern Asia from commercial or political or military relations with or support from either Europe or America.

Consequently, the Japanese could set aside that vast region as their own economic preserve, without the trouble of having to police it, by securing merely control over the sea lines of communication to it, in accordance with only a partial development of the more extensive Maritime Plan that the naval Satzuma clan are known to be urging; and by so doing they would reap the bulk of the benefits while avoiding all the turmoil and costs necessarily incident to the Territorialist Plan of the army Chosu clan for the progressive conquest of Eastern Asia.

From this it should be obvious why, on the one hand, the Japanese are not pushing forward into continental Asia as extensively as they might while, on the other hand, they are doing everything in their power, indirectly, to bring about Philippine independence.

VII

The foregoing outline of some of the more important realities that confront responsible people in the Far East may suggest a possible reason why the foreign policy of the United States, during most of 1923, seemed to avoid with particular care any transatlantic undertaking that might impair our capacity to act as we might think best in any transpacific crisis. Indeed, color is given to such a surmise by our Secretary of State having suggested, in December of 1922, that we participate in an attempt to solve the problem of German Reparations; but that

thereafter, so far as is known, the matter was allowed to rest until over a month after the Japanese earthquake — by which time it had become clear in the United States that that horrible cataclysm had relieved the tense situation of last summer in the Far East for the moment.

But the principal purpose of giving here this outline of Far Eastern matters has been to bring out the way in which the persistent practices and apparent purposes of the Japanese Empire are diametrically opposed to the comparatively new world policy for which the United States stands: namely, equality of opportunity for all without sequestration.

Equality of opportunity without sequestration is, and must remain, irreconcilable with sequestration designed to gain preferential or exclusive opportunity. This irreconcilability between the policy of the United States and the practices of the Japanese Empire would be sufficient cause in itself for the known attitude of distrust and antagonism that Japanese authorities maintain toward the United States under a surface of official amenities. But there is more to this situation than a clash between policy and practice.

On our side, we are becoming more and more dependent on selling overseas our surplus products in order to maintain and advance our standard of living. And since 1900 our transpacific trade has increased over a hundredfold: so that now it is nearly a quarter of our total overseas trade, although, as yet, we have little more than sampled the transpacific market.

On the side of the Japanese, we should recognize that their sequestrational and monopolistic practices have been vastly profitable to them, and have been in general accord with the traditional procedure followed from time immemorial by virtually all needy

peoples capable of so doing. Their apparent purpose to build a great maritime empire that would enfold Eastern Asia and would command the Pacific holds out to them a brilliant promise of making secure their future as one of the very greatest Powers the world has seen.

It is merely an intelligent application to the geography and other circumstances of Asia and of the Pacific of those procedures whereby capable peoples, throughout the ages, have built empires for themselves — witness the evolution of the British Empire in the last three and a quarter centuries only, or the conquest by the Third French Republic of over five million square miles of new territory since 1875, although, before that date, less than half a million square miles in all were under the French flag.

The Japanese see for themselves, as the reward of astute persistence, a future empire that shall enfold Eastern Asia and command the Pacific — if they can parry interference from the United States and from Russia when that drugged giant shall have returned to potency. But we, on the other hand, see that such a future Japanese Empire would debar us from Asia and could menace our future security.

In this antagonism between interests, between Japanese practice and American policy, there is, however, much more than a material issue. For there is at stake a possible step for us to take toward the effective substitution of equity for force.

It would be interesting to speculate as to how much less war-ridden the past would have been had our comparatively recent Open Door Doctrine of equality of opportunity for all without sequestration been propounded and put into general practice centuries ago by others. It is far more important, however, to recognize the very great

extent to which real adherence to this doctrine by all Powers, from now on, would tend to remove one of the great incentives to wars in the future.

Beyond question the greatest obstacle to real adherence by all to the doctrine of equality of opportunity without sequestration is that some Powers — not to say most — believe that their own interests will be better served if they seek to sequester and to monopolize such opportunities as may come within their reach. As Thayer pointed out in his *Life of John Hay*, some have been shamed into professions to the contrary. But precept and example have failed to deter them from such practices.

More specifically, the evident intention of the Japanese Empire to continue practices that have proved so vastly profitable and are so very promising would seem to confront us with the necessity of choosing between the following courses: —

We should be prepared to offer the Japanese, in convincing terms, a prospect even more profitable than their vision of empire if they will abandon their practices and really adhere to our policy instead of merely professing to do so.

Or we should be prepared — also in

convincing terms — to make their continuance of their practices unprofitable to them.

Or, regardless of our own ultimate interests, we should abandon our half-hearted attempt by our policy to substitute equality of opportunity, equity, and peace for the immemorial procedure of war, sequestration, and subjugation for gain.

It does not appear possible to offer the Japanese convincing prospects of greater profit than they see for themselves through persisting in their usual practices. But it would be possible to make it imminently unprofitable to them to continue their practices of sequestration and monopoly; and this in terms that would carry conviction to them: namely, a navy capable of supporting our policy and our interests in the Far East — a navy within the Naval Limitation Treaty in every specified respect and fully up to the 'treaty ratios' in every essential respect.

In short, realities in the Far East seem to confront us with the necessity of choosing between the maintenance of a force adequate to stop flagrant and dangerous inequity there, or our abandonment of our attempt to substitute equity for force.

THE PROLETARIAT IN POWER

BY CHARLES F. G. MASTERMAN

I

THE Government of the Proletariat has arrived. It has caused, in the announcement of its personnel, some astonishment and some tranquillity. Anything less like the 'proletariat' as imagined in the nightmares of wealthy men could scarcely be conceived. It calls itself sometimes a 'Labor' Government, and sometimes a 'Socialist' Government; but it seems to consist in the main of Labor men who repudiate Socialism and of Socialists who have no claim to speak for Labor. For more than a week I listened to the prophecies of 'red ruin and the breaking up of laws' from the Conservative side in the House of Commons, and to the defiant assertions on the other, that the poor and those who had direct knowledge of the poor were at last coming into their own. Meanwhile, the newspapers outside indulged in a frantic dance of exultation, or almost hysterical alarm, at what would result if this new party came into office, although, from the nature of the division of the House of Commons into three nearly equal parties, it could not — of necessity — come into power.

One class of speakers pictured a rising from the slums; quoted the ferocious attacks on all who lived on rent or investments as 'bloodsuckers' and 'parasites'; on the lawyers with great practices as 'thieves.' There was the vision of lean hands and thin-lipped fanatic faces destroying the 'Capitalistic' system and replacing it by the 'Socialist'

State. On the other hand, those who had indulged in this queer claptrap on the platform announced that the rule of the rich and the lawyers was over, that for the first time those who had intimate and personal knowledge of the life of the poor were coming into their own, and that the domination of the landlord and the private capitalist and the inheritor of fortune and the bourgeoisie had closed forever.

It was in such circumstance and amid such argument that the Government, which had plumped for Protection and lost, was thrown out; and it was with the hopes or fears excited by such oratory that the country awaited a new Government in power.

To paraphrase one famous line of Clough: If hopes were dupes, fears have proved to be liars. In the new Cabinet which has been formed, the 'bloodsuckers' and the 'parasites' are substantially in the majority. One looks in vain, either with disappointment or satisfaction, for the men who have lived for twenty years in slum or garret. The Proletariat Government, with whose advent comfortable, wealthy, and middle-class people have scared their children, and who are supposed to be committed to the overthrow of society, is the most curious Government recently formed in this country. It consists in part of prosperous Trades-Union Secretaries, many of whom for many years have supplemented their Trades-Union salaries by the earning of

considerable sums of money for articles contributed, under their own names, to the great 'Capitalistic' newspapers. It consists in the main of men of wealth, and of others living in comfort in that middle class which Socialism has always denounced. It consists largely also of men who were sometimes claimed as converts and sometimes stigmatized as renegades, recruited from the two great historic parties of the past. There is no particular reason why it should call itself a Labor or a Socialist Government. It might equally well call itself a Government labeled either Conservative or Liberal.

II

To go into more detail, one may examine individuals. The Cabinet consists of twenty of them. The Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, a clever parliamentarian and a man respected by all alike, is the pivot upon which rests the whole machine. It is quite obvious that, if he had to retire for health or any other reason, the machine would fall hopelessly to pieces. He is a Highlander from Scotland who has never known the meaning of poverty since nearly thirty years ago, when he married (in a union which was a real romance), a lady of substantial fortune. He has lived the life of the cultured classes, with a town house and two country houses, with a substantial library, and capacity for unlimited entertainment and travel, and many other of the enjoyments of existence denied to the less fortunate. The Lord Chancellor, who occupies the second most important position, is Lord Haldane, an ex-Liberal Chancellor, who has never forgiven the Liberals for dropping him in the Coalition of 1915. He acquired an immense fortune at the Chancery Bar, and is a great society entertainer, providing perhaps the most

elaborate food, the choicest wines, and the largest cigars, of any host of the West End of London. Lord Parmoor, again, is a convert — or renegade — from the Conservative party. In nearly ten years in which I was a Member of the Liberal Reforming Government in the House of Commons, he used to oppose almost every measure which we were trying to pass for the social welfare of the people. And what was worse than opposition — he used to speak on every subject for at least two hours. Lord Chelmsford, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, an ex-Viceroy of India, who did not particularly impress the Government of that difficult continent by insight or ability, has never declared for Socialism of any kind in the whole course of his career; and has probably never been familiar with the life of the workingman. Mr. Noel Buxton, — a recruit also from Liberalism, — the Minister of Agriculture, inherits a great fortune from one of the most famous brewing firms in London. Mr. Charles Trevelyan, a former humble Liberal Under-Secretary, now head of the Education Department, is the son of Sir George Trevelyan, the famous historian of the American War of Independence, and will be the inheritor of a fortune of many hundreds of thousands of pounds partly derived from rents, partly from cotton-spinning, and partly through his wife, the daughter of Sir Hugh Bell, one of England's greatest iron 'capitalists.' He seems to come lamentably under the claptrap definition of the Glasgow Reds as a bloodsucker and parasite. The Secretary for Air, Brigadier General Thomson, an efficient soldier and member of the Staff College, who will no doubt do his work well, has also, so far as I know, no direct knowledge of the life of the poor, nor has he ever publicly accepted the Socialist position as an economic ideal.

Perhaps the most curious appointment is that of Colonel Josiah Wedgwood as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster — a position I once held in a Liberal Cabinet. Coming of a famous family in the Potteries, which had built up a great and historic reputation and a great and legitimate fortune from the Wedgwood ware, and having shown extraordinary gallantry in Gallipoli — where he was wounded — and in East Africa during the Great War, he is deservedly one of the most popular Members of Parliament. But he is in the very fibre of his being an anarchist, hating state and all other control, and the chief apostle in this country of the single-tax system of Henry George — which is, of course, the antithesis of Socialism. The only man who could claim to be a representative of the Reds is the Minister of Health, Mr. John Wheatley, who has raised himself from humble origin to a comfortable position as a 'capitalist' publisher, and who, after announcing before Christmas that he would oppose Labor ever taking office dependent on Liberal support, has now accepted office in a Labor Cabinet which cannot continue in Parliament for one week without the active and not merely the passive assistance of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons. For if the Liberal Party were merely to abstain in any critical division, the Conservatives, with a majority of something like sixty over Labor, would have no difficulty in turning them out.

If one may classify the Cabinet, therefore, in various groups, he would find, belonging to the wealthy: Lord Parmoor, Lord Haldane, Lord Chelmsford, Mr. Noel Buxton, and Mr. Charles Trevelyan, or one quarter of the whole number. He would find belonging to the comfortable bourgeoisie, who either possess private fortune or have obtained it through their wives:

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir Sydney Olivier, Mr. Sidney Webb, — one of the greatest of society's hosts for the last twenty years, — Mr. Philip Snowden, — a journalist of distinction, — and Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, making another quarter. He would find among Members of Trades-Unions who have supplemented their incomes with money obtained from journalism, who live in comfortable houses in middle-class surroundings and have a 'stake in the country': Mr. Clynes, Mr. Henderson (who was for many years a Liberal Agent), Mr. Thomas, Mr. Hartshorn, and Mr. Jowett, making another quarter of this strangely mixed gathering. And of the five remaining in a hopeless minority, you have: Mr. Steven Walsh as Secretary for War, and Mr. Thomas Shaw as Minister of Labor, both representing those Lancashire Trades-Unions which are and always have been essentially Conservative; Mr. Adamson, the Secretary for Scotland, who represents the moderating influence among the Scotch miners, sharply distinguished from such a man as Mr. Smillie who represents the Left Wing and who is not in the Government; Mr. Wheatley, as I have said, a Glasgow 'capitalist' with violent opinions on the platform; and General Thomson, who is not exactly a 'horny-handed son of toil.'

I do not see the pillars of society shaken, or any reason why rich men should not sleep at night, or why the middle classes — who were to be the special victims of Karl Marx and his followers — should feel any trepidation at the coming into office of such a Government as this.

III

An element which was frightening the minds of men was not only that what many regard as the wickedness of spoliation of property might immedi-

ately commence. It was that, even if that 'wickedness' were averted, the eagerness and inexperience of youth might cause the overthrow of society, not so much in definite class-warfare as in sanguine and perhaps violent pressing forward of measures, in the desire of young men for immediate remedy for ancient ills. But this is not a Cabinet of youth. It is a Cabinet of old men and men of advanced middle-age, probably older than the Cabinet which it has displaced. It is encouraging to people like myself, after more than twenty years of political warfare and nearly ten years of office, to realize that if we had been members of this Government we should be to-day almost the youngest of its queerly assorted company. Mr. MacDonald is nearly fifty-eight; Lord Haldane is ten years older; Lord Parmoor is over seventy; Mr. Sidney Webb is sixty-four; Mr. Henderson, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Stephen Walsh are over sixty; Mr. Adamson is another sexagenarian; and most of the remainder are beyond the half-century of life. I can find only one who appears to be in the 'fortunate forties,' and none younger. This is a Government of aging men, very different from the Cabinet of which I was a Member, and which was so distinguished for reforming zeal — in which, at entrance, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Runciman, Mr. M'Kenna, Sir John Simon, and myself were all in the early forties or below it, and a man over sixty years of age was a unique and venerable figure, whom we younger and more ardent spirits regarded with the respect due to the weight of his years.

The average age of the new Government is something over fifty-eight: an age normally beyond rash experiment or romantic endeavor. It is probable that the younger Liberals, upon whose support they depend for their existence,

will have to assist in providing the driving force necessary for social reforms.

Something of the same comment can be made concerning the Members of the Government outside the Cabinet. It is true that here, as of necessity among Under-Secretaries, the age is lower. But there is the same quaint combination of Socialist and non-Socialist, of men who have either descended from the heights or climbed from the ranks; and of men of the classes who have been denounced at every street corner by Labor orators, with representatives of the very men who have denounced them. Thus Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is the son of Sir Arthur Ponsonby, who was Secretary to Queen Victoria. He was born in Windsor Castle, was a godson of Queen Victoria, and inherited a substantial fortune, living hospitably in an old monastery converted into one of the most charming country houses in England. Mr. Patrick Hastings, the new Attorney-General, is probably earning the largest income of any of the practising lawyers at the Bar. Mr. Sidney Arnold, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, is a wealthy Manchester stockbroker, who left the Liberal party on the question of a Capital Levy. The Under-Secretary for India is Mr. Richards, a Welsh Professor. The Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. W. Graham, is a distinguished journalist and writer of Edinburgh University. Mr. Slessor, K. C., the Solicitor-General, is a Jew who has become a High Churchman in the Episcopal Church. These are rubbing shoulders with such men and women as Miss Bondfield, for many years a shop assistant, Mr. Ammon, for many years a telegraph messenger and sorter, with Mr. James Stewart, a sixty-year-old Glasgow hairdresser and violent Socialist, and Mr. Lawson, one of ten children of a Cumberland miner, who began work in

the pit at the age of twelve. Perhaps the ablest of this group of lesser officials is Mr. Shinwell, of East London and Glasgow, a Jew who has suffered imprisonment for his opinions, and is now Secretary for Mines. There is a curious combination of men like Major Atlee, Under-Secretary for War, who has a record of distinguished service in Mesopotamia, Gallipoli, and France, and men like Mr. Morgan Jones, Secretary to the Board of Education, who was one of the leaders of the No Conscription Fellowship, who was among the first of the conscientious objectors, who passed through the dreary record of arrest, court-martial, detention, imprisonment, and persecution even after the Armistice, when he was arrested again as a deserter and kept in prison at Aldershot for several months.

Generally one may interpret the test of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's selection as far less one of adhesion to economic Socialism than as a reward for those who assisted in the work of the Union of Democratic Control, in active opposition to the spirit of the people, which maintained a terrific struggle and sacrifice to its victorious close. It was in opposition to such spirit that men like Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Graham forsook the Liberal Party and men like Lord Parmoor the Conservative. And it would be ridiculous to brand such individuals either as possessing the qualification of direct acquaintance with the life of the poor, on the one hand, which would enable them to call themselves 'Labor,' or on the other, with sympathies with the ideas of Mr. Sidney Webb and his supporters, which would enable them to call themselves Socialists.

IV

Another curious and noticeable fact about the new Government is the com-

parative subordination or obligation of Englishmen. England, in population, wealth, and dimensions, bears about the same relation to the British Isles that Prussia does to the remainder of Germany. Yet this Government is almost entirely composed of members of the minority of what is sometimes called the Celtic fringe. Immediately after the general election, enthusiastic Reds from Glasgow announced that if Scottish Home Rule had been granted, the red flag would be triumphantly flying at this moment over Edinburgh Castle. And it is perfectly true that if to-day there were a Scottish Free State and a Welsh Free State, each with a Parliament for its own country, and neither sending representatives to the House of Commons at Westminster, and if the qualification of such representation at Westminster was that each individual member should be a pure-bred Englishman, there would be practically no Labor Party here at all.

Of the Cabinet — Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, of course, is not only a Scottish Highlander, but in appearance and method of thought almost a typical representative of that great and astonishing race. Other Scotsmen include Lord Haldane, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Adamson, and I think some others of Scottish blood if not of Scottish birth. Mr. Clynes, the new Leader of the House, is the son of an Irish laborer, and Mr. Stephen Walsh is also of Irish descent. Mr. Thomas is a typical Welshman, Mr. Hartshorn is of the same race. Mr. Sidney Webb belongs probably to a more ancient and renowned civilization. Of the twenty Members of its Cabinet less than eight probably, in any case a permanent minority, can claim to be of undiluted English blood. We Englishmen make no complaint at this domination of the races which we once conquered by the sword, and which rule us for our own

good. Nor is this anything peculiar to the new Government, for — so far as I can remember — Mr. Asquith is the only Prime Minister of any party who had any claim to be an Englishman, for the last eighty years. It is interesting, however, to note how much the energy and driving force of any new Labor or Progressive movement comes from Scotsmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, and Jews. How little the great mass of stolid Anglo-Saxons really care for the difficult problems of social organization! How content they are to put up with inequalities and injustices until such inequalities and injustices become intolerable! How much they prefer, in rather happy-go-lucky fashion, to enjoy the simple pleasures of the day — the racecourse, the football field, the cinema entertainment, the happiness of home, rather than in fierce crusade to indulge in the impeachment of those more wealthy or more lucky than themselves, in a sustained effort to overturn present society and build something better upon its ruins.

I have said something of the personnel and the previous career of the members of this strange coalition which is now in office, although representing less than one third of the votes of the House of Commons and considerably less than one quarter of the electorate. In intelligence and experience it certainly compares favorably with its predecessors. For at the end, when Mr. Baldwin and his curious, obscure confederates had managed to get rid of the ablest Conservative parliamentarian in the person of Mr. Austen Chamberlain and the ablest platform speaker in the person of Lord Birkenhead, it was quite obvious that they had nothing left but a rather dismal line of men whose proudest ambition could never — except under such abnormal conditions as prevailed on the break-up of the Coalition — have been legitimately advanced

beyond the standard of an Under-Secretary. In the debate on the King's Speech, at the end of which they were turned out by a Liberal-Labor combination, by a majority of seventy-two, they presented a most pitiful and dismal spectacle: going to the slaughter almost like sheep, with a bleat or a cry but with no real effort to defend their own grotesque strategy or past ignoble record.

I may, of course, be prejudiced; but I can see no particular reason why this present Government should be preferred to a Liberal administration. If the test were to be personal knowledge of the life of the poorest, we should come as triumphantly out of the ordeal as they. For if Mr. MacDonald, for example, was the child of a peasant Highland home, Mr. Lloyd George was reared in the house of a Welsh village cobbler. If Mr. Clynes was the son of an Irish laborer, Dr. Macnamara was the child of an Irish common soldier or private, born in a barracks. And if there are in the new Government men who have studied economics in theory, there are in the Members of the old Liberal Government men who, — if I may be forgiven for boasting, — like myself, have spent most of the best years of their life in voluntary residence in block-dwellings in the slums of great cities, in order to learn and to help the life of the poor.

And if the test be less of that direct experience than one of familiarity and long skillful handling of national and international affairs, the Liberal party is first and the rest are nowhere. Mr. Asquith, Prime Minister for eight consecutive years, in the recent debate once more asserted his acknowledged and unassailable supremacy over all parties in the House of Commons. Mr. Lloyd George was a Minister of the Crown for more than sixteen years, and his name will always be associated, not

only with the winning of the war, but with efforts of courageous and wide-spread social reform. And one could mention many more: Mr. John Burns, who arose from poverty through his own efforts; Mr. Winston Churchill, with unrivaled powers of oratory; Mr. M'Kenna, who has held almost every high office in the State, and was desired even by the Tories to be their Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir John Simon, who has already refused the Lord Chancellorship and is at least as distinguished a lawyer as any of those now occupying office; besides many lesser lights who could form a Liberal Government of distinction.

The majority at the last election, — of a very few thousands only, — however, put the Labor Party in the position of being second in number in the House of Commons. The Liberals have generously recognized that Constitutional position. And despite all the wild cry of a defeated Conservative party and press that their vote meant Socialism, Bolshevism, and Red Ruin installed in the Executive and Parliamentary Government, they have promised general support to the Administration, in so far as its actual effect of Government is efficient, and in so far as the laws which it introduces are not directly harmful to the credit and social welfare of this little crowded island.

V

There has hitherto been no suggestion advanced as to what this programme is to be. Mr. MacDonald will probably have a difficult task in concentrating so heterogeneous a Cabinet upon any specific and far-reaching change more extreme than that which Liberalism, or a combination of Liberalism and moderate Labor, would itself have introduced, had it been called to power. But parties — and especially

new parties — which enter Government after long periods of opposition are generally very well pleased with themselves. Out of one hundred and ninety supporters he has some sixty whom he can provide with places in the Government itself, and many more who will be candidates for the vast patronage at home and abroad which a Government can exercise. I do not see this particular Labor Government speedily committing political suicide. I think it will be found easily to defy any growlings of those who demand the immediate destruction of the 'capitalistic system' or who have denounced, at every street corner, the wealthy and successful as all criminals.

It is true that these have formed in every constituency the spear-point and driving force of the Labor movement. Some have been inspired by hatred of men more successful than themselves. Others have been inspired by the vision of a great ideal in which poverty and riches will alike disappear, and effort for public service replace the incentive of private gain. These are the men and women who, without any remuneration or reward, in dark days as in bright, in factories and dingy halls and on street corners, have preached a cause with a fiery zeal characteristic less of advocates of political change than of converts to a new religion. How far they will now accept, as a result of their efforts, a Government so largely composed of the wealthy and prosperous, of the aged and the aging, of those who have vested interest in the capitalistic system and have no wish to see it overthrown, remains a question which only time can answer. Four or five of their extremists, at least, have found no difficulty in accepting office in a Government predominantly non-Socialist, and which cannot move hand or foot without support from one of those 'capitalistic' parties, denunciation of

which is the stock jargon of their eloquence. I wonder what my friend Mr. Keir Hardie, who earned in my first years in Parliament the hatred of the House of Commons and the passionate affection of the poor, would have thought of this strange triumph of the 'Proletariat.'

The men who are most trusted by the bulk of the workers and whom they regard with the most conspicuous personal devotion are not to-day found among the new membership of the Government of Labor. Such are, for example, Mr. Smillie, Chairman of the Miners' Federation, who is not only the most transparently sincere but also far the ablest of the working-class leaders with whom I came personally in contact in the work of Government. And Mr. George Lansbury, of Poplar, a well-known Christian Socialist with a character which makes him beloved by all, regardless of his opinion. And Mr. Johnston, the editor of the *Forward* of Glasgow, the most vigorous and alive of all the Socialist papers of England. And Mr. Brailsford, editor of the *New Leader*, the organ of intellectual Socialism, one of the best journalists and most informed European and international minds in England to-day. And there are also other men of the type of Mr. Roden Buxton, who only lost his seat in Lancashire through an unholy combination of Tories and Liberals supporting a glib and undistinguished Welsh 'carpetbagger,' and who has not only devoted all his life, but actually dedicated his complete fortune by trust deed, to the interests of Labor. And men like Mr. Tawney, who passed from Oxford to live in East London among the very poorest, and whose published works have proved an inspiration here — and, I think, in America — to those who are seeking a new way of life and a day of better

things. And I could name many others whose long years of devoted and impersonal service to a great cause would seem to have earned them a position in the first Labor Government more than the services of such men as Lord Parmoor or Lord Chelmsford or Mr. Patrick Hastings or other somewhat too recent converts to what may have appeared in later years to be the winning side. It may be that such men as these were invited to join the Government and have refused. If they refused from merely personal disinclination for office, while at the same time determining to give their support with enthusiasm to the new Administration, that Government is in no danger. But if the refusal is due in any way to the preponderance of the 'moderate' men and men of great possessions, to distrust of its personnel and policy, or if no offer was made to them at all, because of their divergence from 'moderation,' then I can foresee trouble brewing up for those who are now in power. You will have a new Left movement forming, attracting all the youth and ardor and idealism which secured for Labor its present success; and you will have the present Labor leaders either compelled to join with that Liberal and Radical Party whose programme is in fact indistinguishable from theirs, or being squeezed out, as being in character purely opportunist and in membership on the whole lacking in distinction and conspicuous efficiency in the extraordinarily important work of the daily administration of public affairs.

VI

But I do not wish in this article to intrude into the regions of prophecy. My object has been rather description and explanation. Politics have been defined as the passionate pursuit of the second best. Under the

extraordinary circumstances of English parliamentary life at the present, which repudiates alike the two-party system of America, and the group system of Europe, I am convinced that the 'best' would be either a Liberal Government in power or a Liberal-and-Labor combination with a majority which could probably keep so progressive a union in office for ten or twenty years. But I am quite sure that the 'second best' is the advent of the Labor party. Whatever criticism one may pass on them — or rather, on the too extravagant claims made for them — in a contrast with others which cannot be sustained by reason, they represent a body of men intensely in earnest, many who in childhood have experienced the hardships of the life of the cottage in the little struggle for existence in the great towns of England, and all of whom are inspired by an overwhelming desire for the restoration of the peace of the world. All the obstacles which make for the violation of that peace and which form the shibboleths of a Conservative creed have been entirely brushed aside. There is no more talk of raising barriers against international trade. There is no more talk of throwing into the gutter the League of Nations, whose existence and continuous developing power seems to us on this side of the Atlantic the only hope of relief for the tormented family of mankind. There is no more encouragement of French chauvinism, or desire to start again in another mad competition for armaments, or to keep up the silly quarrel with the Government of Russia, or to emphasize the dissensions and possible causes of trouble be-

tween America and the British Empire. The Prime Minister himself, a man of wide culture and learning, has visited almost every country in the world, and is a familiar friend with most of those who are now charged with the government of human affairs. Even those who are purely raised from the position of Trades-Unionists have — largely in international conferences held in the various capitals of Europe, or at Washington — acquired something of the international mind. An administration which includes among its members an ex-Viceroy of India, whose name is associated with the greatest measure of reform ever voluntarily bestowed by a great Empire upon a subject people, is not likely to embark upon any scheme which will bring that now distracted Empire into ruin and despair. A Government containing so many men of property is not likely to advocate or attempt to put into force at this time either the much advertised Capital Levy, or any other scheme which may destroy credit or may frighten investment from the London money-market. I doubt if its action will prove as sensational as those expect who hail the advent of the first Labor Government in Britain, either as the end of prosperity or as the beginning of the millennium. It will do its work according to its lights, without making any great substantial change in the fabric of society. And it will be fortunate if, at the end of its period of rule, it can boast of as successful a series of measures for the amelioration of the condition of the bulk of the people as has been harvested by former administrations which it is now the fashion to despise.

UNKNOWN AFGHANISTAN

BY ARTHUR MOORE

I

I SUPPOSE that of all the dreams that haunt travelers the fairest is to find an undiscovered country. Even the tourist prides himself above all things on getting off the beaten track. If a man go no farther from his home than to visit the next county he will find pleasure in following some scarce visible footpath through the woods, and in pretending to himself that he is a discoverer, voyaging as he did in childhood into some mysterious unknown land where trees and sky, man and beast, custom, commerce, and food are magical with newness and dowered with the unspeakable power of romance and faëry.

Much virtue lies in the quest. Nearly all civilized men and women pursue it in the measure of their opportunity, whether that opportunity come to them but in a day's travel from their own home, or in the gorgeous dreams they find between the covers of printed books in which Robert Louis Stevenson, or some other literary anæsthetist, has precipitated imagination's powerful drug. But one must count one's self fortunate if, after many journeys undertaken not in the spirit but in the flesh, one reach the end of the quest and find even for a brief space the witchery turned to reality.

All this is by way of prelude to explain the feeling that possessed me some months ago when a quite ordinary Indian coolie handed me a yellow telegram in the frontier city of Peshawar.

The telegram was from the Foreign and Political Department at Simla and said that His Majesty, — for since the Declaration of Independence in 1919 he has been translated from a Highness, — the Amir of Afghanistan, had that day in Kabul signified his pleasure that I should visit his country hitherto hermetically sealed against Europeans. As I looked at the telegram, its sprawling black lines on tawdry paper seemed to me the wispy stuff wherefrom romance is spun.

The opening of Afghanistan had begun a month or two before, when the first diplomats from Moscow and from Simla had arrived at the Court of the Amir. As yet no private person had set foot in Kabul. Moreover, there were no telegraph lines in Afghanistan; but by still more surprising magic the Amir's wishes had reached me. For the British minister had thoughtfully taken up to Kabul with him from India a certain instrument, keyed in tune with another instrument in Simla, and had set up in Kabul town two tall poles connected by wire. By this surprising necromancy the Amir's whisper in Kabul had been heard in Simla and flashed thence to me at Peshawar.

II

Bright and early, a few days later, I left Peshawar in the still cool dawn

and set forth on the northwest road into the unknown in a modern fire chariot, made in America by busy factory workers, christened after the old English county of Essex, and shipped East of Suez to pursue relentlessly its mission of driving camels, mules, and hardy pack-ponies off the roads and tracks that for thousands of years they have made musical with sweet bells and gay with their trappings and blue beads and cunningly embroidered cloth. The road to Afghanistan runs through the Khyber Pass, famous in border song and story, the great gateway that guards at this point the northwest frontier of India, and the narrow channel through which Central Asia has in past time poured its warriors and to-day pours its wares into the plains of Hindustan. The Indian Government, which once found advantage in the impassableness of the Khyber, is now, for reasons best known to itself, building a marvelous railway right through it, up to the threshold of Afghanistan. The line winds along the heights that overhang the road, zigzags from side to side, and is forever vanishing into and reappearing from the blackness of tunnels. Gangs of coolies were laboring on it and from above displaced immense rocks which rolled crashing down the hillside, plunged into the roadway and, by God's grace, missed hitting my car. It emerged safely from the bombardment, slid through Landikhana Camp at the western end of the Pass, and much barbed wire, and drew up short on the sacred frontier of Afghanistan. There are frontiers which travelers can cross without being aware of them, but this is not one of them. Barbed-wire trestles block the road, and on a great board is written in large hypnotic letters, in English: 'It is absolutely forbidden to cross this border into Afghan territory.'

But every rule has an exception. Up came an Afghan and pulled the trestles aside; somebody evidently expected me. One soldier showed himself, jumped on the steps of the car, and signaled for it to move forward. Off we went into Afghanistan, with never a word said about passports. It was a gay spring morning, the snows had all melted from the road, and far away on the left hand Safeed Kuh, or White Mountain, showed its eternally snowy head, towering up some fifteen thousand feet into the shimmering sky. We spun along to Dakka without difficulty. Here I changed my soldier for an officer and set forth again upon a tolerable road for Jalalabad, which lies a hundred and twenty miles beyond the frontier. There I slept the night in a palace which, in winter, is a residence of the Amir, but was now bright with the trappings of spring. The gardens were bursting into blossom and all the trees alive with singing birds.

The evening passed with an interchange of formal calls with the Amir's representatives in Jalalabad, and next morning, early, I set forth for Kabul on a road built apparently upon the Coué principle of every day getting better and better. For miles beyond Jalalabad it runs through shady avenues, but the greatest charm of the road lies in the people upon it and, by good fortune, there were many caravans on the move. The merchants and the merchandise of Central Asia lumbered past me on camels, mules, and ponies. The Bokharans were the brightest of all with their robes of crimson and gold and their little caps slashed into colored stripes. Most of the ladies were swathed in garments that came over their heads, covered their faces as with a mask, save for breathing spaces and eye-holes, and descended to their feet. From Jalalabad

to Kabul the run is about a hundred and twenty miles.

Kabul has some fine houses, lit by electric light, and there is a factory with electric power where a variety of goods, including arms, are made. The names, dates, and factory-marks of European models are carefully copied by artisans who, of course, cannot read a word of European languages. Workers of all sorts in Afghanistan wear long robes and turbans. The Government employs a great deal of labor, which is organized on a military basis. Gangs of workmen are marched to and from their work upon the roads in military formation; the whole country resembles a private feudal estate. The Amir's word alone counts.

The young Amir, Amanullah Khan, is one of the most important factors in the future of Central Asia. His father, the Amir Habibullah, was mysteriously shot dead while he slept in his tent, in March 1919. The murdered king's brother, Nasrullah Khan, who was universally suspected of complicity in the assassination, proclaimed himself Amir and succeeded in forcing the rather weak-minded eldest son to stand aside. But Amanullah Khan, the third son, encouraged by the Queen Mother, Ulya Hazrat, opposed himself to Nasrullah, whom he accused of having murdered his father, and had the advantage of the Pretender that Nasrullah was unwisely at Jalalabad whereas Amanullah was in Kabul, where he placed himself at the head of the troops and took possession of the State Treasury. The troops in Jalalabad promptly followed the example of Kabul, made Nasrullah prisoner, and handed him over to Amanullah. The new Amir now not only stood forth as the avenger of his father's murder, but by public proclamation he commended himself to the people as the champion of national independence.

III

Since Britain's second Afghan War, in 1878, Afghanistan had been a closed country, possessing complete internal independence but carrying on her foreign relations with other countries by means of a British Indian Resident in Kabul who was the representative of the Government of India. No Englishman or any other European was allowed within the borders of the country; but Great Britain undertook the protection of all Afghan subjects and interests in foreign countries. During the World War, however, German and Turkish missions had penetrated the country and had made strenuous endeavors to seduce the late Amir from his neutrality and from his loyalty to his treaty with Great Britain. All such attempts had failed with Habibullah, but they had not failed with his Court or with the Afghan nobles and leaders of opinion. To these it had been successfully represented that no State could be truly independent so long as its foreign relations had to be conducted through another Power and that therefore, in effect, Afghanistan was enslaved by Great Britain for her own purposes. After the Russian revolution this teaching was still more vigorously spread by Russian agents.

The treaty made by Great Britain in 1878, and subsequently renewed by successive Amirs, had been designed solely to put an end to Russian intrigue in Afghanistan against the British position in India. The struggle for influence between the two Powers, Russia and Britain, was continuous and open in Persia, but Russia had secured for herself an exclusive position in the Central Asian khanates of Turkestan, and Great Britain felt it incumbent upon herself to check her diplomatic advance into Afghanistan.

By the Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907, Russia had finally acquiesced in this arrangement, but the Soviet Government sought to bring it into contempt as a pact between two imperialistic governments and, professing solicitude solely for Afghanistan, urged the repudiation of all alliance with Great Britain.

When Amanullah came to his murdered father's throne, the country was in a state of great agitation. Intrigue and conspiracy were afoot against him in several quarters. He seemed to feel it necessary to take some decisive step which should rally the country to his banner. He wrote a letter to the Viceroy of India in which he announced his own accession and, at the same time, used vague language with regard to Afghanistan's independent position. The letter reached the Viceroy when he had just finished writing his reply to a letter from the 'wicked uncle,' Nasrullah Khan, who had previously written announcing his accession as Amir. In Simla it began to look as if Amirs were coming thick and fast! The Viceroy took six weeks to think things over, and then wrote a polite letter to Amanullah wherein he congratulated him and expressed a hope for the continuance of the same entirely friendly relations as with his late father, and said nothing at all about Afghan independence.

It would perhaps have been well if the Viceroy could have seen his way to explain to the new prince, as was the fact, that at that very moment the Government of India was considering how it could most suitably show its gratitude toward Afghanistan for its loyal and very effective neutrality during the war, despite great pressure and inducement offered to depart from it, and was hesitating whether to show that gratitude by increasing its annual subsidy, or by continuing the old

subsidy without any longer asking in return for it that Afghanistan should conduct its foreign relations through the Indian Foreign Office. Kabul was excited, and the young Amir was driven by political necessity. Without further consideration rash action was precipitated; troops were assembled at the Afghan end of the Khyber Pass; Indian territory was occupied, and without twenty-four hours' warning India and the British Empire, to their intense surprise, suddenly found themselves engaged in the third Afghan War.

The war was soon over. The British marched to Dakka, and when an aeroplane dropped bombs on Kabul the Afghans realized that their action had been precipitate. By the end of the summer a peace was patched up at Missourie, a pleasant Indian hill-station; but it was not till the last days of 1921 that a formal treaty was signed in Kabul between Great Britain and Afghanistan.

IV

Foreign policy is a difficult matter for the new independent State of Afghanistan, and for the young Amir. The old suspicions which Russia and Britain entertain of each other continue alive though soviets have succeeded tsars, and an Indian parliament sits in Delhi. Kabul, like Teheran, is the meeting-ground of the antagonists, and so great is their activity that Lord Curzon lately demanded from Moscow the recall of Mr. Raskolnikoff, the Russian agent in Kabul. Mr. Raskolnikoff, who was once a midshipman in the Tsar's navy, and has the open face of a sailor, tells all the world what he told me in Kabul, that nothing would induce him to intrigue against Great Britain. However that may be, the fact is that the British Government has not believed Mr. Raskolnikoff's protesta-

tions, and, whether he is an intriguer or not, he gets the credit of being one. In international politics the dog with a dog name is best left at home for a space, and Mr. Raskolnikoff has left Kabul.

Then there is the very troublesome Bokharan question. The Amir of Bokhara, a cousin of the Amir of Afghanistan, is a refugee at Kabul and a pensioner of his cousin. The Soviet Republic of Bokhara has a diplomatic minister and a Bokharan legation. The death of Enver Pasha, which took place in a battle in Bokhara, in August of last year, — it has often been denied, but the news is true, — was a setback to the anti-Soviet party; nevertheless, though the resistance of bands is now scattered, plots are continually on foot to expel the Bolsheviks from all the Central Asian khanates, and create a federation of Mussulman States of Turkestan in opposition to Moscow. Much of this plotting inevitably takes place on Afghan soil, and inevitably also the Turkomans seek to induce Afghanistan (and likewise Great Britain) to have part in it. That Afghanistan should put itself at the head of such a federation is continually suggested. So far, however, the Amir has succeeded in keeping himself clear of all these complications. His diplomatic corps is lengthening. In addition to the countries already named, France, Italy, China, and Persia have ministers at his Court, and Mr. Engert, lately American chargé-d'affaires in Teheran, has been to Kabul to make a preliminary report to the State Department on the subject of trade openings and diplomatic relations.

The Amir, at State expense, has sent a hundred Afghan students to European countries, principally France, to study Western science, more particularly mining and mechanical engineering, and mathematical sciences, for

which the Afghans appear to have aptitude. Professor Foucher, the distinguished French authority on Buddhist art, has been given special facilities for archæological work, and hopes to have the privilege of excavating the wonderful treasures of Balkh, the far-famed but still unknown and mysterious lure that makes glow the thoughts of savants whenever Central Asia is mentioned.

Education in Afghanistan is as yet in an extremely primitive condition. Magic, the mediæval forerunner of science, is still supreme in the highest walks. Chemistry among the Afghans means alchemy, and the search for the philosophers' stone and the elixir of life is unweariedly prosecuted. In neighboring countries there is a legend that the secret is preserved in Afghanistan, and many dervishes follow the example of the Persian in de Gobineau's tale of L'Illustre Magicien, who was tracked by his disciple to a mysterious cavern near Kandahar. I have also met Persian mystics, seeking 'the ancient wisdom,' who told me of their belief that it was still to be found in Afghanistan, though others point to the High Pamir. It is not a little curious that the scientific wheel has come full circle, and that the first Afghan students who have come westward find European savants working hopefully in their laboratories at the old problems of transmutation of metals and the renewal of youth. The modern alchemist talks of disintegrating the atom, and the elixir of life has become 'an internal secretion of the glands'; but *plus cela change, plus c'est la même chose*. And the Afghans are catching the modern way.

Schools are being opened up in considerable numbers, and the education in them is no longer entirely confined to the Koran. Most wonderful of all is the success of a girls' school. At

first all Kabul was aghast at this innovation, and, although education was offered free, few parents were found to send their daughters. Harem ladies had hitherto fulfilled their duties without the dangerous knowledge of letters, and it was not considered either right or proper that Eve should be reminded of that unhappy gift of knowledge which she herself had introduced to man and thereby cost him his Eden. But the Amir did not accept this boycott of progress. The Queen Mother became patroness of the new venture, and royal princesses became pupils. The parents of Kabul reconsidered the question and soon the new girls' school was packed to overflowing with some thousand pupils.

V

At a dinner to which I was invited in the Afghan Foreign Office, I had the pleasure of meeting ministers and many of the official world. Dinner except for certain rice dishes was quite *à la Faranghi*, that is, in the European mode; but considerably more courses were served than are now usual in Europe. We sat in a long verandah open to the starry night, while in the garden a military band clad in tartan trews and a close imitation of British scarlet uniform marched up and down playing stirring music. Most unexpected of all were the Afghan pipers, a fine imitation of the real Scotch article, who made upon the bagpipes the true bloodcurdling sounds that all Scotchmen love and about which most Englishmen are polite. When the late Amir Habibullah visited India in 1907 the glamour of the pipes and the brave scarlet trappings of our military bands caught him. He took back to Kabul pipes, uniforms, and a bandmaster, and the good work has been carried on ever since.

Persian is the language of Kabul, and it was in Persian that we discoursed while the Afghan band played Scotch and Irish airs. Nearer the northwest frontier, Pashtu is the language of the people. The Amir speaks Persian, Turkish, and Pashtu, and it is in the last-named language that he talks with Colonel Humphreys, the minister who represents Great Britain for the first time in Afghanistan.

After dinner we drank tea which I was told came from 'Kitai,' in other words from 'Far Cathay.' Caravans carry it to Kabul across the leagues of Central Asia, through remote Kashgar and Turkestan. Real Eastern music was played after dinner. The musicians sat upon the floor and thrummed it from stringed instruments, bursting at intervals into fierce familiar melancholy-sounding song such as one hears in many parts of Asia. The success of the evening was a long eulogy of Amanullah Khan, the reigning Amir.

Finally I played bridge with Ministers. It was not auction but the older bridge, and had two features to me unusual. The first was that the dealer's partner was not allowed to look at his hand until the dealer had decided whether to declare or to leave it to the partner. To allow the partner the possibility of betraying by his face whether he wishes the declaration left to him or not is considered to be trying human nature too far in Afghanistan. The second feature was that a junior diplomat was detailed to keep the score and stood impassively behind our chairs throughout the game. A human marker at bridge struck me as a very odd and Oriental idea at first, but after all I suppose it is no queerer than to have a living billiard-marker.

We played for 'love.' The outward observances of Islam are strictly kept in Afghanistan. We neither gambled nor did we have wine at dinner.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IS IT PRESUMPTUOUS TO BE A FOREIGN MISSIONARY?

'Do you mean to say you think it is right to go to China to make Baptists out of Buddhists?' This was the question put to me the other day by a new acquaintance with more wit than many. But wherever I go I see the same puzzled expression in the eyes of the people I meet, and find the same very human and friendly effort to understand the workings of my oddly grouped brain-cells.

Now this attitude on the part of my compatriots can but fill me with wonder and hope. It is as if these children of Christian America were saying to me, 'Inasmuch as we recognize our own sins and the sins of our country, how can we dare to point out the shortcomings of the Asiatics?' And it is splendidly inspiring to discover that, although our commonwealth may have many notable irregularities to be deplored, our people is, after all, redeemed by a very becoming modesty. Surely this in itself is a most Christian virtue.

But sometimes my mind is troubled by doubt and a disconcerting analogy keeps coming into my head. I am entering the house of a well-to-do Chinese lady to make a formal call. I have just passed through the inner courtyard where the magnolia tree blossoms, white and glorious, against the graceful gray tilework of the wall. At its feet lie old heaps of decaying vegetable-matter and broken pieces of pottery filled with stagnant water. My hostess is saying to me, 'My house is so dirty and yours is so clean.' Now if I had come to China recently and had not

heard this remark before, I should be much embarrassed to know how to answer it. As it is, I smile politely and reply, 'On the contrary, it is your house which is clean and mine which is positively filthy.' This I do, knowing that a lie is a lie only when it is intended to deceive; and that this whole conversation passes not the least judgment on the relative condition of the two houses *vis-à-vis* to a broom. It is merely a national form of courtesy to decry one's own possessions and praise those of others, regardless of what the actual circumstances happen to be.

The real explanation seems to me to lie in this: that America is presumptuous enough to claim Christianity as its own particular little courtyard, that it shows such an arrogance of possession that it can afford to be modest about its religion. It takes it for granted that missionaries go out to teach a kind of spiritual Americanization to the Chinese.

To me, America is not in any way identical with Christianity. I am an American of the Americans, born in Chicago of New England stock. But with due respect to the 'land of the Pilgrims' pride,' I must say that in all my wanderings on the face of the earth I have never yet met an American whom I could have suspected of the ability to invent the Christian religion. It is not in our line. I had almost said, it is contrary to the nature of our American genius. Not only was the Founder of Christianity an Oriental, but He expressed Himself in the terms which could best be understood by an Oriental audience. That such a religion could have been able to naturalize itself

so thoroughly upon this alien Western shore that our people have begun to feel coy about it, is the most astounding testimony to its universal human appeal.

Sometimes it happens that Chinese living in America become Christians without the mediation of the foreign missionary. Once a young Chinese student in one of our universities, a man of great social position and influence in his native city, where I have been living, wrote home to his family that he had been baptized into the Christian faith and urged them to attend the mission church to learn this doctrine. He could not explain very well by letter how this had come about and it caused considerable surprise among the missionaries.

When I came to America this year I took pains to meet this young man and question him about his experience. 'How is it,' said I, 'that after seeing the social injustice, the religious incongruity, and the moral laxness of America, you are yet able to recommend our religion to your family?'

Answered this Eastern sage: 'After investigating carefully the human conditions in this country, I have discovered that the only force which prevents it from slipping into rapid and unmitigated ruin is the Christian religion which still keeps a strong hold on the people. If therefore even Americans can be inspired by this religion, how much the more will our cultured Chinese be profited thereby?'

That seems to me to be a valid point of view, although not especially self-abasing. I wonder if I may thereafter in common justice be allowed to boast just a little about America? Seeing the evils of our country and having a predisposition to extreme statement, we have all too easily formed the habit of disparaging our own institutions. But have we seriously considered the

boarding-house as an emblem of our national culture? I had never devoted much thought to that prosaic convenience until I happened to mention it one day to a group of Chinese ladies. Immediately they were all attention, plying me with question after question.

'Do you mean that in America a private family can rent furnished rooms to strangers? Don't the boarders carry off the bedding and other fixtures? Don't they steal the goods from the other rooms? Can you allow them to open the front door and come in late at night? Do you say a widow with grown daughters can carry on such an enterprise without the family's losing every vestige of reputation for decency?'

Very suggestive those questions, very indicative of the practical working out of a non-Christian society. It made me glad I came from a land where the humble boarding-house is an unquestioned daily miracle.

Whether America would have been better or worse than China if our ancestors had not become Christians, I cannot say. I rather think — worse. It is possible that a wise Providence left their conversion to the last because they did not need it so badly. And when China has become Christian, as we believe it will, whether it will be better or worse than Christian America, I also cannot say. I rather hope, better.

It is not a matter of making Buddhists into Baptists, or even into Episcopalians, which happens to be my own personal *penchant*. And yet we do both of these things. We cannot teach either religion or arithmetic without a form. The important thing is that we are making these people into disciples of Jesus of Nazareth. And we may well leave it to them — and Him — to work out in due Oriental leisure the final form of the Chinese Christian Church.

WHO IS WHO

'Missy mean well but missy no savvy China custom. Missy talkee bargain — missy throw master's money out of topside window by the handful.'

Thus Chang, fourteen years my husband's servant, put me, the bride of two weeks, in my proper pigeon-hole in China.

Neat, complacent, courteous, self-satisfied, he stands before me with an air of suave reproach. His head is shaven clean in accordance with the new fashion since the disappearance of the queue. His black silk trousers are always bound trigly at the ankle with bands of purple satin. His long white uniform fits snugly and is fastened at the throat and down the left side with tiny covered buttons; the sleeves touch his wrists, the hem the top of his silent velvet shoes.

I stand before him guilty and resentful at heart. I had thought he was out of the house before I summoned the lacemaker. But seemingly I am never to have an orgy of purchasing, undirected and unsupervised. Thoughts enter my mind of running away to a distant street and squandering my cash in a joyous splurge of spending.

'Missy chose which piece she likee. Put all one heap. Merchant-man not drink tea bottomside. I take lace missy want catchee and go talkee bargain.'

I am brought back from my mad dream by the sound of Chang's voice. In a flash of memory I recall the light tap on my study door, the entry of Chang, the exchange of greetings between Chang and the lacemaker, the disappearance of the latter down the back stairs. Suddenly I am hot with rage.

'I have made my bargain,' I say coolly, in my best Chinese.

'What money lacemaker talkee?' queries Chang in broken English.

I know I am beaten. My anger will not outlast his patience. I tell what I have said I will pay. He takes my selection of laces and departs kitchenward. Ten minutes later he returns to tell me that he has saved fifty cents. I put the money away quietly.

Another time it is my husband's shaving-brush I would hide, in return for a trick he has played on me. I wrap it carefully in green paper, tie it with Christmas ribbon, and secrete it in his shoe.

In the usual time he returns from his dressing-room to ask if I am ready to go down to breakfast. I am puzzled. My curiosity gets the better of me.

'How did you get shaved?' I demand.

'Shaved?' He is plainly puzzled.

'But your shaving-brush —'

'My shaving-brush! What is queer about my shaving-brush? It was beside the hot water as usual and did its work very well.'

Just then I open a dressing-table drawer to get more hairpins and discover the green paper beautifully folded, with the Christmas ribbon beside it. My husband denies ever having seen the paper or ribbon. Chang, who looks after my husband's clothes as well as the affairs of the house, is heard moving in the next room.

'What about the paper?' asks my husband.

'Nothing,' I respond; 'I just wondered how it got there when I usually put paper in the box in my study. Absent-minded that time, I suppose.'

Our house is built on an English pattern, large, with many bedrooms. The thought comes that I will convert one sleeping-room into a cozy study; the study I have been using is too huge for comfort. I call Chang and

give my orders. I want the bedroom furniture moved to the storeroom, an old desk and two chairs brought from the third floor, two cases of wedding presents opened, and pictures changed. I would do it all in haste and surprise my husband when he comes to tea.

Chang listens with his usual courtesy and goes downstairs. Five minutes pass, ten minutes pass, fifteen minutes are gone. I go to investigate. On the lower landing of the back stairs I find a meeting of all the servants of my household. I interrupt them.

'Why do you not begin work?'

Chang moves toward me and bows. 'Missy, does our master know that you would make this change?'

I have to acknowledge that he does not. No furniture is moved until he returns home.

Again, it is a warm spring day. I decide to take the motor-car out of the garage and go to meet my husband at his office without the chauffeur. The garage-key is kept hanging on a nail in the kitchen. I go to get it and I am asked if I want Lui to take me out. I answer that I will go alone.

'Missy no can go alone through crowded city streets; missy no savvy way of China people. Lookee very bad all neighbors see official man's wife drive car; missy have got motor-man with plenty uniform.'

Chang takes the key. Persistent effort fails to get the key. In a loyal group the servants cling together — the gardeners, the gateman, the coolies, and even the *amah* who does my mending. Then I order a mechanic, who works at the gasoline pump for the day, to break the lock with his hammer. He owes no loyalty to Chang and his confederates. The hammer is raised. Chang gliding swiftly turns the key in the lock.

I drive the car away, leaving the air behind me thick with disapproval.

Under my husband's office-windows I honk the horn gloriously, noisily, freely. I turn my gaze upward and wait for his astonished face at a window. Hat and stick in hand, ready for departure, he comes through the gates while I crane my neck expectantly.

'Chang telephoned me when you left the house so I am ready,' he says smiling. 'The old boy seemed to fear you would n't get the "fire-wagon" down safely.'

Chang has served fourteen years. I have been married seventeen days. There is nothing I can say.

Another time a gardener leaves us suddenly and must be replaced. A neighbor recommends one. His home is Shantung and not Peking, the birthplace of Chang and his associates. Living in Nanking, the geographical difference means nothing to me. The man is a born gardener and gardening is my hobby. Together we plant, pot, and sow. He likes the touch of the warm brown earth and so do I.

A morning dawns when my gardener is gone. He spoke no English and so I never knew what lay behind his weather-beaten brow. We communicated by gesture. Chang informs me that all Shantung men are worthless. He advises, since I know so little, that he select the next gardener — in fact he has a Peking man waiting in the kitchen all ready.

The Peking gardener proves efficient. His wages are one dollar a month less than the wages of the Shantung man. There is no possible cause for complaint to 'the master.'

Each day since I came to dwell in the house I have gone through the formula of housekeeping. I make out menus and lists of duties. If I order fruit-jelly, Chang gives peach pie, pie with a crust which melts in my mouth; when I suggest lamb with mint sauce, I have beef with delicious Yorkshire

pudding; should I think biscuits, I get rolls, crisp exquisite rolls. The mere mention of beginning to clean the west rooms and progressing to the east causes the method to be reversed, but my house is spotlessly clean.

Three such weeks go by, and then the small matter of a Madeira table-centre when I said Irish crochet drives me to ring a bell furiously. The *amah* answers it and informs me that Chang has gone to market.

The click of a golf-ball as my husband practises strokes in the back garden breaks on my ears. I decide I will go and make a clean breast of the whole affair and discover who is who in the household.

But the way to our back garden lies through a bower of flowers and across a smooth stretch of grass. Dew glistens on poppies as they raise their silken petals to the kiss of the morning sun. Larkspurs are spikes of heaven-sent blue. Old-fashioned pinks are gentle and sweet with perfume. A band of late primrose is pure gold. The first bloom of a rose is a sacred thing. My feet can never be made to pass them swiftly, and I am drugged when the odor of new-cut grass mingles with the incense of flowers.

Nature has her way with me. The sudden knowledge comes that life is too crammed with beauty to hold the pettiness of rankled personal feeling. Roast duck or chicken, clear soup or thick, Madeira or Irish crochet — what does it matter who is who? Life is too wonderful for fussing.

My husband is accustomed to

Chang. He would yield to my wish and try to make things right if he knew that they were wrong; but I resolve not to disturb things. Chang knows his shirts, his socks, his habits; he has served him well for many years. With my decision comes a sense of triumph. In American slang, 'I have one on the Chink.' He no longer has the power to ruffle me.

I cease to fume and begin to rejoice in house, garden, and service. I congratulate myself after another week that my air of superior indifference to mundane things has brought about a change in Chang, because suddenly my slightest suggestion comes to be carried out exactly.

Months later, when it is all so remote as to be a joke, I tell my husband all about it and end up with the sequence that as soon as I rose above hurt pettiness, Chang recognized my virtue and became my 'servant.'

A slow smile plays amusedly about my husband's mouth. 'It is a very pretty tale, — I don't like to spoil it, — but when did Chang's change of spirit begin?'

I think back.

'The morning of the first day of the month.'

'The morning after I settled all accounts with him and told him you were the holder of the privy purse.'

Perhaps it is because I am a lady of superior temperament, perhaps it is because I am Chancellor of the Exchequer; but, whichever it is, Chang is a diplomat of rare ability. He is my *very worthy houseboy*.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

DISCUSSING our relatives is perhaps the most ancient, certainly the most delicious, form of criticism. **Hilaire Belloc** is sensitive to the contrast between the American and the English 'Social Spirit,' and, as brother-in-law of Gilbert K. Chesterton, he has written his impressions with an acute, often paradoxical, distinction that would seem to be a family trait. **Hans Coudenhove** still keeps his tent in the Nyasaland country. It is nearly twenty years since last he touched the outskirts of civilization—to use a term which he would not admit. **H. H. Powers**, lecturer and publicist, will be remembered for his much-discussed 'A Question for Christians,' which appeared in April of last year. **Mary Webb**, a young Englishwoman, has written this, her first story in the *Atlantic*, about a parish tradition such as is all too scarce in the United States.

* * *

Gamaliel Bradford, analyst of souls, believes that some of us will find much that is familiar in the worshipful attitudes of the great Diarist. **Archibald MacLeish**, recently a Boston lawyer, feels, after the poet's fashion, the New Hampshire winds blowing along the boulevards of Montmartre. ¶Now engaged in the work of the National Research Council at Washington, **Vernon Kellogg** was formerly professor of biology in Leland Stanford Jr. University. **Earnest Elmo Calkins**, by profession a master of the advertising art, continues in this issue the adventures of that small deaf boy who in the *Atlantic* of last July had something to say about his reading. **Olive Tilford Dargan** is a poet and woman of letters who has been a sensitive dweller among the mountain folks of Kentucky and the Carolinas. This is the fifth of her 'Highland Annals.'

* * *

Most opportunely **Marian Storm** makes her *Atlantic* début with an article on oilwells which is both rich and above suspi-

cion. **Claudia Cranston**, once of New York, now of Florence, Madrid, and way stations, is the author of fanciful sketches and unusual, imaginative verse. **Kirsopp Lake** is the Winn professor of ecclesiastical history at Harvard where his interpretation of the Old Testament has become a glowing reality. An anonymous Contributor presents, in all modesty, a true account of that prevalent malady which Langdon Mitchell has so successfully diagnosed. ¶Of the many papers which were stimulated by M. E. B.'s 'Death as a Dream Experience,' none, we believe, has possessed a larger significance than 'What Death Is Like.' Its author, **M. M. G.**, writes us: 'The experience was extraordinarily vivid, but it is well nigh impossible to convey to other minds what must be experienced to be fully realized. It was because I felt the inadequacy of my words, and also because of omissions in the account, that I offered to answer questions if any were put. . . .'

* * *

William Howard Gardiner, well known as a serious and penetrating student of naval problems and foreign affairs, may be suspected in his present paper on the Far East of expressing the stern voice of authority. The Honorable **C. F. G. Masterman** is a scholar, publicist, author, M.P., a former member of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet in 1914-15, and always a Liberal. **Arthur Moore**, correspondent of the London *Times* in the Balkans, in Russia, in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, and in Persia here relates the supreme adventure of finding an undiscovered country.

* * *

Mrs. **Ellen Egryn** gives us a glimpse of that struggle which so many have to face in choosing Mr. Traquair's 'Art of Expression' or Miss Marsden's 'Art of Living.'

Claremont, Cal.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Always I have loved children — babies, tiny babies. Always I wanted babies of my own, not

just one or two, but a dozen or two. At least there was a time (a long, long time ago) when it seemed to me that a dozen children would hardly satisfy me, so much I loved them. When I was married I wanted children. But not right away. For I loved music, too. I was studying and I wanted to study a little longer, get a little farther on before turning my attention to babies.

But the babies did not wait. One after another they came into my life, as fast as babies can come. Five of them. Business reverses came too. And I learned to work as I had never dreamed of working. I cooked and cleaned and ironed and sewed and took care of the babies. I finally learned to wash. I remember that the first time I did my family's washing was one of the proudest, if also one of the tiredest, days of my life. I had admired and rather envied women who could do their own washing if they had to. Now I could. And for a while I had to.

I was not strong and I was not the 'natural-born housekeeper' that many fortunate women are. Everything involved effort. Always I was tired, desperately tired. And it is not too much to say, it is hardly enough to say, that never for one moment, night or day, during those first years, was there absent from my mind the longing to go back to my music, the longing to play. I used almost to wish that I could like music, instead of loving it, that I could enjoy it in a comfortable way, as most people seemed to do, instead of in such an uncomfortable way. I almost hoped that my children would not care for it, that they might escape my conflict.

Always I knew perfectly well that I would not give up my husband and babies for all the music in the world. Wifehood and motherhood were more than I could have dreamed. The coming of our first baby was a revelation, the opening-up of an unimaginable world, both to my husband and to me. But that did not change the fact at all that part of my nature was unsatisfied and crying always for satisfaction.

I used to think that very likely if I had been a genius, my time and strength would have gone to music first, in spite of everything, and my family would have had to get along with what was left. But I know that I was wrong. Even if I had been a genius, my family would have won in the struggle, music would have lost.

Perhaps this struggle, which is a part of many a mother's life, this longing for something that she cannot have and would not have for the price she would have to pay, perhaps this is part of the stuff that her son's genius is made of.

* * *

Would Mr. Sherman, for all his professional authority, have dared to say this to Cornelia?

Yonkers, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In Professor Sherman's profound analysis of the problem novel, in his 'Conversation with Cornelia,' I am arrested by this statement: 'I find myself in pretty thorough sympathy with the current tendency to revolt against the doctrine of the irrevocable as applied by Goldsmith and certain of the Victorians. The early Georgian principle that virtue, in this connection, means to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly agreeable to you begins to sound like orthodoxy, that to maintain permanent relations with one thoroughly disagreeable is vice.'

This recalls a conversation I had a number of years ago with a friend who had lived a great many years in Latin America, and had worked untiringly for the betterment of conditions among the peon class. I heard everywhere of her work and yet, even on her husband's 'haciendas' and in the villages near I found marriage among these people almost unknown. One day I voiced my concern for the morals of the people to this friend. She smiled and said, 'I felt just as you do when I first came down here. A happy young bride myself, I could n't imagine an unmarried relation between a man and the woman he lived with as being anything but immoral — degenerate.

'So I started in to reform the world about me, beginning with the servants in my own house and the workers on the coffee plantation. I offered to pay all expenses incurred in legalizing and sanctifying the relation between each man and his "woman." I felt like a crusader and my husband was as zealous as his manifold duties would permit him to be.

'The men met my proposal willingly enough, but you can imagine my dismay when I encountered strong opposition from the women! I could n't fathom it, for my limited Spanish and their limited vocabulary made ethical discussions difficult.

'Finally, however, an old woman of more than ordinary education and intelligence — really "une grande dame" in her class, solved the mystery for me. She walked ten miles over mountainous country roads from her village to beg me to confine my missionary activities to securing better teachers for the children and vocational schools for the older girls. These she heartily approved.

"But, Señora, do not make my people think it is wrong to live together without the ceremony of a marriage. So long as a woman *consents* to live with a man, he treats her with respect and is faithful to her, and is considerate of the children. When she *has* to live with him, he abuses her, takes the money she earns, and is not afraid to go openly to another woman. And if the children be-

long to him he hires them out and pockets the wages or even sells them. Oh, don't you see, Señora, we women have more freedom and happiness and our men are better when we are not bound to them — when we can pick up and leave them if they don't behave?"

'And,' added my friend, 'all the old Doña said is true of these people. And,' she laughed, 'I sometimes encounter an attitude toward one's responsibilities among my own friends which almost makes me wonder — Oh no!' she interrupted herself, putting up her hand to shield her from my horrified expression, I suppose, 'I still believe in the institution of marriage!'

M. M. B.

* * *

Philistia, after all, is not an unsocial or unsatisfying place.

Bristol, R. I.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your very mournful February number, with Mokleby's diary and the story of bad dreams, was certainly the place for Mr. Langdon Mitchell to have his say. It is very interesting, but why should Mr. Mitchell take it upon himself to say whether or not others are happy — really enjoy themselves? Why should he assume that because a certain person does *not* enjoy something that means a great deal to him evidently — as the theatre, or poetry — that that person is not able to be happy, or to lead 'that larger, freer, more fruitful life'?

One friend of mine is ninety-one years old. He is the *active* head of a big manufacturing company, which he owns, is a chemist, in his industry, known all over the world, has twice been Governor of his State, served the United States as Consul-General at one of the great European capitals for six years. His recreation is not the theatre, but mathematics; he has been working for the last ten years on an astronomical theory. He is one of the most delightful men I know, able to talk on a wide range of subjects. And certainly no one can say his mathematical recreation is unintellectual!

I come under Mr. Mitchell's heading of commercial traveler. I have had twenty-five years of chemical engineering, pretty well over the Western Hemisphere, and have finally gotten 'back home,' on the business side of my profession. But I do not stand on the street corners; I am most decidedly not discontented; and as for having to kill time, as for being bored — why, I always have many things ahead that I am doing for love of doing them. I don't mind going to the theatre, but can remember just twice in my life going to see the play; all the other times were to be with whoever the other person — occasionally

persons — was. I am very fond of poetry, but hesitate to think of Mr. Mitchell's shudder when I say Longfellow is my favorite, with Chaucer, Whittier, Kipling, and Don Marquis *very* close. I was forced to read one of Shakespeare's plays — I forget which — in school, and I never will read and I never have read another! I am fond of music, but cannot even dance decently, because the time means nothing to me, and I will always remember my one evening at the Boston Symphony, where I sat with my watch in my hat, hoping it would be over. But I read a great deal: history, economics, several novels a year, every issue of the *Atlantic*, *Life*, and the *Literary Digest*. I love to talk about what is going on. These things are recreation. BUT, they all pale into insignificance — I have no dictionary handy, and that does n't look right — beside my Marblehead twenty-one-footer! My ancestors have sailed the ocean for generations, and the salt water is as near Heaven as I ever hope to get. I would rather sail than eat, but I would about as soon work on a boat as sail her. It is n't the joy of creating, for I have built several plants and while I love that, the feeling is not the same; I can't describe it. But Mr. Mitchell will object — if he should ever see this — that there is nothing intellectual in such a recreation. I wonder how much he knows about mathematics, even the simple redesigning of your sail-plan? I really don't care the snap of my finger for any of his pleasures, but I am thoroughly happy all the time. I can hardly say anything about vulgarity.

One more illustration. My brother is a doctor, and — I, at least, believe — rather above the average. He is as fond of the theatre, music, and poetry as I am. His recreations, outside of social meetings, are purely mechanical. He built a beautiful doll-house for his daughter, and I believe derived more pure joy from the building of it than even she has had from using it. He gets out of inventing and installing automatic control for his oil-burning heater the same pleasure that I get from my boat. He is thoroughly happy, and he never has any time to kill!

PHILIP DE WOLF.

* * *

Mr. E. M. Fergusson sends us this epigram 'as a postscript to Mrs. Adams's tonic plea for "The Will to Love."' It appeared in one of Nolan R. Best's editorials in *The Continent* some years ago: —

Love in man for woman and in woman for man is a gift that the wise bestow where it is deserved, and a debt that the faithful pay where it has been promised.

We do not think the following compliment entirely prejudiced.

Cleveland, Ohio.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It would interest me to know more of Elizabeth C. Adams, whose article — 'The Will to Love' — appeared in the February *Atlantic*. Am I prejudiced, I wonder, by the author's name — when I say I think it the best article of its kind which has yet been published in your columns.

ELIZABETH C. ADAMS.

* * *

M. E. B.'s 'Death Dream' has aroused interest far and near. Operations and nocturnal rabbits were the usual causes ascribed for the subsequent phenomena, although one reader, a lawyer, seems to have been swallowed by the identical tiger. For want of space we must reserve for our own and M. E. B.'s pleasure all but the following.

Schenectady, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR, —

I can parallel M. E. B.'s account of 'Death as a Dream Experience.' I was in a prison death-house about to be electrocuted. The dream began precisely at that point and I cannot say aught as to the crime that I had supposably committed. I had no remorse, no fear of death, no speculation about a hereafter. I was simply waiting to be led out. My state was unaffected by the impending event except for wondering somewhat who would be the witnesses and whether I should recognize any.

Presently the march began. We passed through the 'little green door,' which I had once seen during a visit to Sing Sing Prison, the attendants strapped me into the chair, adjusted the electrodes — and I braced myself for the shock. I had once accidentally come into contact with high-voltage electricity and I knew how horrible the sensation is. But though I waited and waited in a growing anguish of suspense, still the shock did not come. My distress relieved itself in anger that I should be kept in a situation of such agonized uncertainty.

My eyes had been closed; but I opened them in the act of voicing my protest to the sheriff, and though my head had been covered, I found that I could see. My bonds too had become loose and my limbs were free to move. My instant thought was that something had gone wrong with the dynamo and that the officers, unwilling to protract the horror of an interrupted execution, had resolved to return me to my cell. The attendants seemed however to be paying no attention to me and when I rose from the chair, no move was made to hinder.

I walked toward the row of chairs where the witnesses had sat. Standing near them were

several men whom I recognized as friends or acquaintances of former years. I engaged them in conversation, marveling that such liberty was accorded to me. One of these men was W—— L——, a boyhood friend to whom I remarked, 'I suppose they'll be taking me back to my cell directly. Perhaps you can come to see me before they really execute me.' His reply was tinged with a sort of grimness as he said, 'You've got another guess coming. You've *been* executed.'

From this preposterous assertion I vigorously dissented, but L—— smilingly insisted and added that when *he* had died he had not realized it. 'Hardly any of them do,' he added. I turned toward the electric chair, reasoning in my bewilderment that if he were right I should behold it still supporting the body that had been mine. A glance over my shoulder found my eyes resting not upon that ugly oaken frame nor yet upon the walls of the room that I had lately entered. There was bright sunshine and L—— and I were in the open country. We had not gone there by any act of motion. We simply *were* there. We talked, but I do not remember of what. I was conscious mainly of a great sense of exaltation and relief, and I remember repeating many times those words: 'Just to think of it! Dead! Wonderful!'

This sensation of extreme solace and wonder continued until — without any evident provoking circumstance — I awoke. It was still night, but I realized that I had had an unusual dream and so I forced myself wide awake in order to fix it firmly in memory.

At the date of this occurrence, I had had no news of my friend L—— for many years. Students of the occult would probably find it significant were this chronicle to add that on the morrow I received word that he was dead or that he had indeed died on the very night. The truth is not such, however, for he is still very much alive.

E. A. BALDWIN.

And what an awful Pilgrim's Progress this!

East Orange, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I dreamed I died. Still in mortal form I immediately set out upon man's last journey to his final home. I at once found myself trudging, alone, up a broad, dusty, slightly ascending road filled with myriads of footprints. After negotiating, in my solitude, about a quarter of a mile of this much traveled thoroughfare, I arrived at its apex, staring at an old two-way country signpost, guiding one into either of its two forks — the right-hand finger reading, 'To Heaven'; the left hand 'To Hell.' Just the four words — nothing more.

Perhaps it was the journey upon which I was bent, or it may have been that which in all men dictates to them that only in this earthly life can they fool themselves; at any rate, with the thought 'I know which way my ticket is punched' I turned into the left-hand fork. I had but made the turn when I felt a hand gently laid upon my right shoulder and, upon turning my head, found myself gazing into a face that indelibly impressed itself upon my memory for two reasons: first, its wonderful kindness of expression; second, it was the original of all my childhood pictures of St. Peter. He was robed and sandalled, too, as tradition has portrayed him to us and in his right hand carried his long, crooked staff. In the mild, fatherly voice that could but be his he asked of me simply: 'Have you not made a mistake?' Neither the solemnity of the occasion nor the august presence in which I stood were quite sufficient to down the modicum of humor which had been my only gift in life and I, perforce, did answer, with a dry smile: 'I reckon not.' To my surprise and relief, good St. Peter replied: 'But, you know, there is a way of telling.'

This prompted me to counter-query: 'And how, may I ask?' With that my elderly friend slipped his left hand through my right arm and, turning me around, straightway started for the right fork. The road was wide, even at the top, and the forks were broad, and it took us some minutes to traverse, at a slow pace, the distance we had to go. Upon our way he imparted to me that the footprint of every living human being at the time his journey started was in that road, some taking the right-hand fork, some the left; that he thought we might at least look for mine first in the right-hand fork.

At this moment we reached the entrance of that fork. The kindly old man peered intently, for a brief space, at the many prints which stood out so plainly in the dusty highway to eternity and, indicating with his staff a No. 12, remarked: 'That looks as though it might be yours. Try it!' I raised my right foot and was carefully lowering it to the print in the road when, at the precise moment of indecision upon the all-important question, I awoke, sitting straight up in bed with beads of perspiration standing out from every pore of my forehead.

I submit that from the purely personal standpoint M. E. B. had the most satisfying dream. He knows his finish; I do not.

J. C. WICKLIFFE.

* * *

Initiation fee: As many pages of genial humor as one can comfortably afford.

All letters intended for the Contributors' Column must be short. Two hundred and fifty words is a reasonable limit and briefer communications are much to be desired.

Somewhere in the Carolina Mountains.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

If it is not too much trouble, will you please tell me what one has to do to be eligible for membership in 'The Contributors' Club'? Does it yield any further reward than the honor of appearing in print in such dignified company? I am a hobo by temperament and have had as a result a lot of amusing experiences that ought to make good 'copy.' I have tried unsuccessfully to teach in a New England country school, boarding meantime in the village. I spent nine months in France, including a two weeks' 'leave' devoted to browsing round the battlefields all by myself. I have slept in a haystack a few miles outside the Baltimore city limits, and have put in a week-end as a guest of absolute strangers. I've been lost in the mountains of North Carolina where I have tramped and motored for miles. (There are places where driving a Ford over the main road is an adventure in itself.) Now, I am helping start a chicken farm in the country in South Carolina, and manning a public service bus on the side. The wolf is sitting in his taxi at our door. He has several times got as far as having the chauffeur take off his bags preparatory to settling himself for a long stay. I'd give anything to be able to turn some of this into amusement for others and bread and butter for the family. Is there any chance?

ISABEL N. FISHER.

* * *

Our stern Readers have come to sympathize deeply with all mothers of straying children. Occasionally in the mail will come a letter announcing that its author is hopefully sending us under separate cover a manuscript. Why letter and manuscript are separate — so very separate — it is hard to say. Each successive mail must be searched for the young hopeful, and only after days, even weeks, of apprehension, can letter and manuscript be united in the embrace of a wire clasp. Then comes the reading, and perhaps the hue and cry have not left the Readers in their usual receptive humor. There is a moral!

* * *

Ladies will please turn to the rotogravure advertising section which graces this month's issue of the *Atlantic*, and consider the really important things of life.

High Lights in Spring Fashions.



This sports frock of white crêpe is all-over accordion pleated, and topped by a Balkan coat of Madonna blue velvet decorated with multi-color embroidery and bands of ermine.

IN the following pages the Dry Goods Economist presents a rotogravure style section which has been prepared under the supervision of its Fashion Editors for The Quality Group of publications, of which this magazine is one. For the better part of a century the Dry Goods Economist has been the leading trade authority of the dry goods merchants of America and today, with its affiliated papers, it is the style authority for more than 30,000 American merchants.

Bizarre and freak styles designed solely to attract attention are not fashions and the illustrations shown in the succeeding pages are something very different. They show the designs which have been approved by the leading manufacturers and modistes of America and which will be displayed in the show-rooms and windows of the best stores in the country within the next few months.

In advance of every season the Dry Goods Economist imports the leading styles which have been approved by the great Paris houses. It is on such importations that American designers model their offerings for the American woman of taste for, in spite of all talk to the contrary, Paris is still the supreme arbiter of fashion. The designs presented herewith are confined to those which are in conformity with the creations of the highest style authorities both in the United States and in Paris.

DRY GOODS ECONOMIST

Editors of the Rotogravure Style Section of The Quality Group



This charming bit of headgear is rather large as to size, fashioned of black milan faced with black taffeta and draped about the crown with a black lace scarf caught with a jeweled ornament.



Shades of brown are featured in this tailored hat, an off-the-face model of novelty straw braid with straw applique work on the up-turned brim, the trimming consisting of a burnt goose "fancy."



TOLD in pictures, for pictures, like actions, speak louder than words, the Spring style story is revealed in the pages that follow. The story may be briefly summed up to read: "Adherence to the straight silhouette; only occasional recognition of the existence of a waist line; skirts for street wear short and somewhat scant; the vogue for pleatings, tunics and circular effects continued; sleeves all lengths; the three piece costume a great favorite with jackets in fingertip length, knee length or longer; the Indo-Chinese influence on dress emphasized both in line and coloring."

And here's a point that must be italicized. The spotlight of fashion has played with great intensity this Spring on the strictly tailored, two-piece suit! This type of costume had made determined efforts to gain and hold a

place in the fashion parade for several years, however, without much success and how long and how strong its grasp will be this Spring only time will tell. The one-piece dress and costume suit are hard to oust.

As to fabrics, crepes lead the silk procession with satins, Ottomans, moires and alpacas following in close order. In wool fabrics, reps, twills, jacquards and mohairs are all registering. Wool crepes also have many friends and there is a wide range of novelty weaves employed principally for coats and wraps. Bold and striking plaids and stripes are extremely popular in the development of separate coats, which, incidentally, appear in jacquette, three-quarter and full length with as wide variety in the matter of sleeve cut.

Laces are in high favor, both for entire costumes and as trimming.



Whatever the length, straight lines are generally featured in the Spring lineup of coats and wraps. Variety in fabric selection and free play of fancy in the matter of trimming serve to make the wraps offered for the Spring season distinctly alluring.

(Left) Self straps and pin tucking trim this coat of velvety wool pile fabric in kit fox gray, fastened at the side with an ornamental clasp.



(Right) The fancy for three-quarter length coats is indicated by this model, of the sports type, fashioned of brocaded rep in light green and with the pattern of the brocade outlined in orange yarn to form a border. The fringed scarf collar is interesting and smart.





(Above) This costume of sand colored silk faille with cape to match is trimmed with appliqued printed silk crêpe in heavy weave and with ribbonzine and silver thread embroidery.

(Right) Slightly bouffant and with normal waist line is this evening frock of cafe au lait chiffon, trimmed with gold lace and pinked ruchings of shot taffeta. The matching cape carries all the trimming features that help give charm to the frock.



The vogue for matching capes is demonstrated in the two frocks shown on this page. Milliners frequently fashion short shoulder capes of taffeta or longer ones of Georgette to match items of headgear, and the evening gown with filmy cape or scarf of lace or chiffon is in high favor.





(Above) The new "U" shaped lines are emphasized in this frock of green crepe and black chiffon, trimmed with green lace and beaded in red and black. Decidedly colorful but with tones well blended!

(Right) This very lovely frock is of cafe au lait crepe of filmy weave combined with dark toned satin. The cross-wise tucking of the waist is interesting as is the lacy apron front of the skirt, which is formed by skillful handling of the fabric fashioning the frock. This type of "made" lace is high in favor.



The vogue for lace is portrayed in the two frocks pictured on this page. Laces of all kinds are being pressed into service, not the least attractive being the very unusual "made" laces, in the development of which the fabric of the frock itself plays the major role.





Youthful and charming is this little frock which combines beige colored batiste with narrow Valenciennes lace dyed to match. The girde is of ribbon, skillfully blending several pastel shades. Here the existence of a waist line is admitted and the "straight silhouette" rule is deviated from.



The three piece or costume suit seems destined to enjoy an exceptionally strong vogue for Spring. The style diversity entering into the matter of coat or jacket length makes the costume suit adaptable to any type of figure, and there is fully as great variety in the range of fabrics pressed into service for this very practical outfit.



(Above) The Chinese vogue is emphasized in the lines of both coat and tunic of this three piece costume. The jacket is in the fashionable three-quarter length. Novelty checked covert cloth and Roman striped silk are combined in this suit, the lining of the coat matching the tunic.

(Left) The black and white combination is distinctly approved for Spring, this costume suit being developed in white broadcloth and trimmed with black embroidery and black monkey fur. The sleeveless dress closes at the side with buttons and loops. The jacket speaks for itself!



The importance of choosing fabric having character and individuality is of tremendous importance when garments of the tailored type are under consideration. Novelty weaves and colors are offered in most attractive array for the Spring season immediately ahead, the two models displayed on this page featuring fabrics of exceptional charm.

(Below) This cape back coat is fashioned of an imported material in a "nubbed" weave, the nubs forming a bold plaid in tan and white over a background of almond green. Collar and cuffs are trimmed with a pleating of the fabric.



(Above) The new and very short boyish coat is an interesting feature of this suit, which is of Balmoral plaid in tones of crab apple and copra on a tan ground. Collar and cuffs are of mink squirrel.

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The Indo-Chinese influence on dress is quite pronounced this season, expressed not only through the medium of straight hanging tunics, but also in motifs and coloring worked out in embroideries chosen to embellish many of the costumes. The style is pre-eminently one for the slender figure. The two models pictured here are excellent samples.

(Below) The two piece costume shown below has long tunic blouse of Chinese red crêpe Morocain embroidered in black wool, worn over a black satin skirt.



(Above) Distinctly Chinese is this costume, fashioned of bois de rose rep, embroidered in Chinese motifs and fastened, coolie fashion, underneath the arm. The hat harmonizes in shape and coloring with the costume.



Whether belted or beltless, the dominating tendency in Spring frocks, especially those designed for street wear, is to adhere to a very straight silhouette. In other words, belts are not taken very seriously. At best they do no more than indicate a waist line, and that is usually well below normal.



(Above) This frock is of gray faille, with beltless tunic, straight and slim, having tucks and self colored silk tassels as ornamentation.



(Left) Putty colored silk poplin fashions this smart tailored dress, featuring the long tunic blouse. A brown suede belt and white crêpe de Chine collar and cuffs finish it.



Curtains of Oxford Cross Net in the sunshine coloring give added personality to this living room of Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson's New York residence. Mr. Wilson is a brother of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, and the late Lady Herbert.



Curtain Your Windows With Sunproof Sunshine

The use of a touch of color is the latest vogue in window curtaining.

It may be a golden tone to give the room a cheerful, sunny character even on sunless days. Or it may be a coloring characteristic of the furnishings—a touch of blue to give the colonial feeling to colonial furnishings or architecture.

But there is one thing it must not be—it must not be so obvious as to make the windows a patchwork of color when seen from the street.

In short, it must be a touch, not a splash of color. And of course it must be sunproof.

(Note that we say "sunproof," not merely sunfast; see caution below.)

There are several new Quaker Craft Lace Curtainings meeting these requirements, the most favored being Oxford Cross Net, in Sunshine color or a combination of sunshine and old rose or blue; Sunshine Casement; and Colonial Fillet Net in sunshine or colonial blue—all both sunproof and tubproof.

CAUTION

A glass curtain is subjected to a burning, as well as a fading action of the sun. Therefore, a net (or lace) curtaining should be selected, since lace is a "three thread" fabric, with each warp and weft tied (or knotted) by a bobbin thread. Moreover, Quaker Craft Lace is made of firm longstaple thread, specially tested against the sun's burning action.

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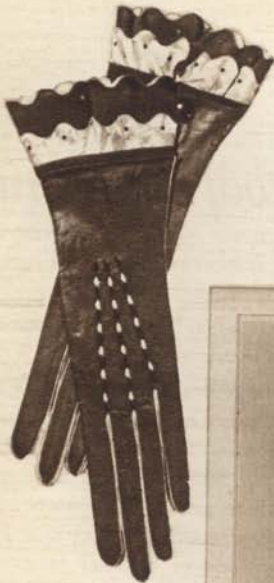
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The gloves above are of glacé kid with two-tier gauntlet top in ombre and black, pinked and perforated. The backs are embroidered in white and black.

It's the little things that count in determining whether or not a woman may rightly lay claim to being smartly dressed. An embroidered veil, such as the one shown, may trim and give distinction to the simplest chapeau.



These gray glacé kid gloves have a turnover cuff of black suede showing white kid underlay. The backs are embroidered in black and gray. The gloves fasten with single clasp.



The handled silk bag with metal or jeweled frame may practically be recorded a perennial favorite.



This small envelope purse covered with a novelty shirred silk richly ornamented is in size and type a season favorite.



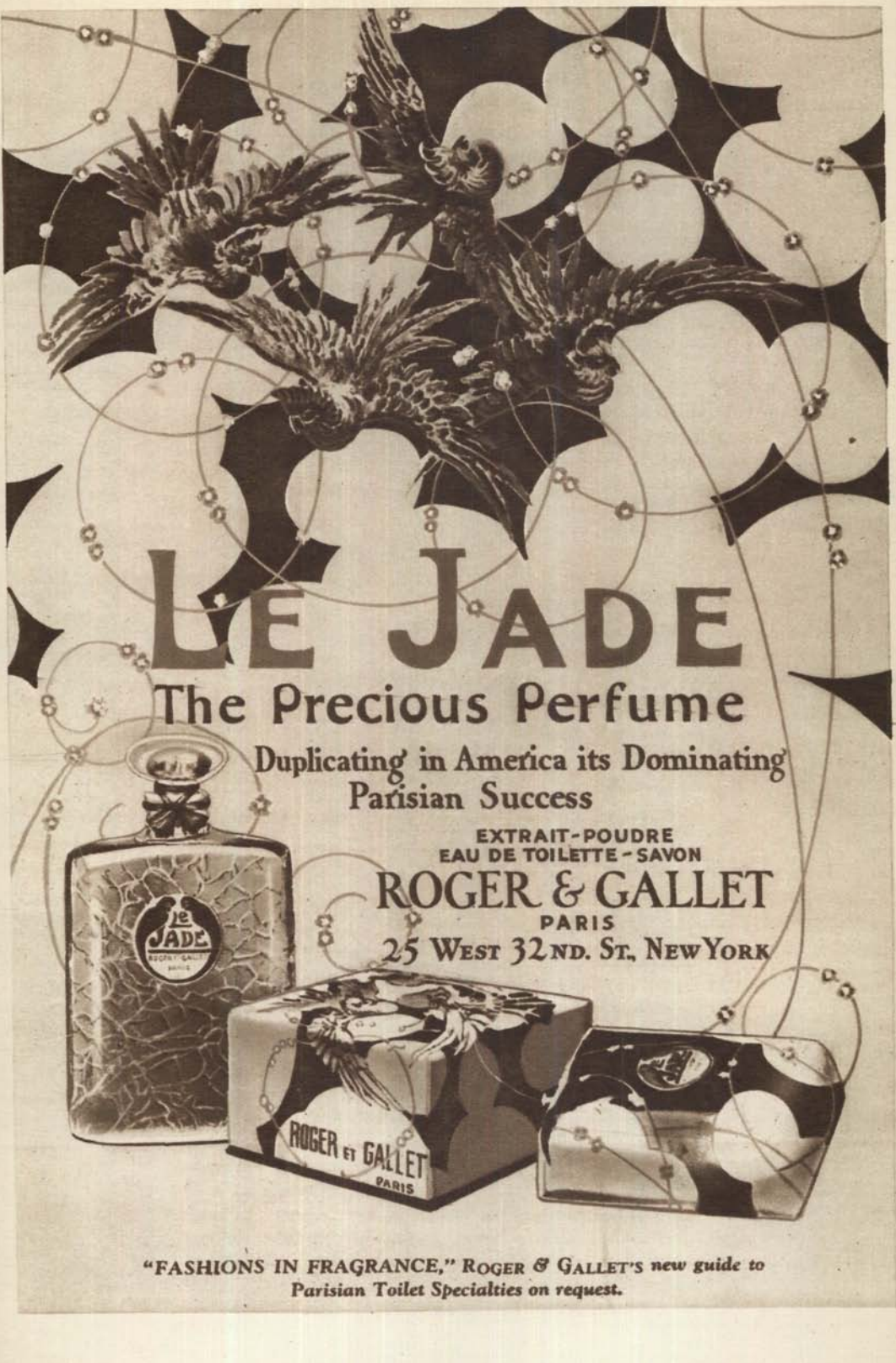
This handsome envelope bag is embroidered in steel, jet and ruby and lined with ruby moiré.



Emerald green and crystal beads trace the delicate leaf design in emerald green crepe that is applied upon this gray crepe dinner gown. The frock is sashed with green tulle. It features the popular neck line approved for evening and dinner gowns, that is rather high in front and decidedly decollete in the back.



The very pronounced vogue for lace and embroidered net is emphasized in this charming costume. Satin ribbon in a soft pastel shade is used for the twisted double girdle caught at the side with a bow of the ribbon tied with long ends and short loops.



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Parisian Toilet Specialties on request.



Soft navy straw fashions this draped turban, with outstanding wings of dyed lace.

The cloche continues to hold an all important place in the line-up of fashionable millinery. Early bulletins recorded an effort on the part of milliners to place the cloche in the discard, due to the fact that its reign had been so long and so all-pervading, but it seems to have successfully defeated this effort. Turbans, toques, and tricornees are also prominent in the line-up of Spring headgear. Many hats with oddly shaped brims are noted. The hat that droops becomingly over the face is to be found in the procession, and the Russian influence on dress is expressed through the medium of smart hats having brims that lie flat against the crown. Narrow backed brims continue to be approved, and small or medium large is the general trend in the matter of size.



Bold and striking plaids are much to the fore for Spring coats, the one pictured featuring a three-tone plaid in a soft finished worsted, with squirrel collar harmonizing with the general color scheme.

This modish turban is of raspberry colored milan braid with a cuff brim of velvet overlaid with straw braid. The ostrich "brush" is in raspberry color.



Amazingly interesting things are done with ostrich, as the fan or shell shaped arrangement at the side of this hat helps to prove. The hat is of milan.





The novelty fabric employed for this coat helps to give it distinction. It shows a crosswise pile stripe combining two colors. An ideal wrap for motoring or other real service wear. Shoes, gloves and hat carry out the general sports effect.



Introduction of charming color and line into the bathroom of today has been effected by the taste and skill of Crane designers. The commode lavatory shown above is of imported "fleur de peche" marble, on a hand wrought 18th Century Italian cabinet, finished in soft gray green, black, rose and gold. Behind the

panels at either side are cabinets for toilet articles, with drawers above. This is only one unit from the complete and interesting line of bathroom appointments and plumbing and heating materials Crane provides to meet the needs and opportunities of the simplest and most luxurious houses, apartments and hotels.

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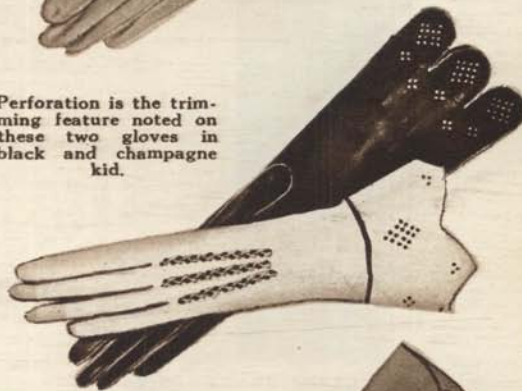
*Additional pearls for the Add-a-pearl necklace
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ASK YOUR JEWELER

These fabric gloves in brown and tan combination show gauntlets edged with knife pleated frill.



Perforation is the trimming feature noted on these two gloves in black and champagne kid.



The new cable stitching is featured on these gray suede gloves with turned-back cuff.



Sea green and Roman purple are the colors blended in this fan of straight ostrich.



Simple but decidedly new and novel at the same time is this pump with its unusual side button fastening. Rather tailored!



A brand new Oxford is here shown, having Louis heel and "cutout" or open work effect on front. A two color combination is featured.



Both fabric and design combine to make this sunshade decidedly out of the ordinary. Novelty parasols are approved for the coming season.



THE question of accessories is always interesting and important. There is a leaning to style simplicity in the matter of shoes for Spring. Both single and cross strap pumps are offered, and Colonial effects ornamented with rather striking buckles, usually placed so as to give a wide effect, are also approved for street wear. The Oxford claims attention when sports shoes are under consideration, and for evening there are novelties galore, including sandals. Satins and gorgeous brocades appear in the lineup of evening footwear. As to gloves, the short gauntlet promises to be the favorite, worn either with short or long sleeves. Veils in semi-circular, circular, scarf and square shapes have all received approval. The Spring veil, however, is a picture veil. It must be lace trimmed or embroidered. In bags those of silk lead. Small envelope shaped bags are good, and there are also many in conventional and pouch shape mounted on ornamental frames. The under-the-arm bag of generous size continues to have its adherents.



The side fastening coat has been a favorite for several seasons, and it is in the front rank of styledom for the Spring of 1924. The one shown above is developed in a soft weave worsted, finished with dyed squirrel collar and caught at the side with an ornamental clasp. The sleeves, with turn-back self fabric cuffs, flare a trifle.

***I** NQUIRIES regarding merchandise described in this section, and where it can be secured in your town, as well as comments, suggestions or criticism, will be welcome. Address, Style Editors, The Quality Group, 681 Fifth Ave., New York City.*

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